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Why don't you write?

The Atlantic BOOKSHELF

A Guide to Good Books

PRIVATE T. E. SHAW of the Royal Air Force is, of course, none other than Colonel Thomas Edward Lawrence of Arabia. Fresh from Oxford, Lawrence spent four years excavating on the Euphrates, an experience which stood him in good stead when at the age of twenty-nine he became the British firebrand who roused the Hejaz against the Turks. Believing that the Versailles Conference had broken faith with his Arabian allies, Lawrence declined all honors, changed his name, and hid himself away as a private soldier. To-day, speed, whether in the air or on the water, is his pastime, but in quieter moments he has found time to translate Homer.

THE MAN *of the* MONTH

T. E. SHAW

The Odyssey of Homer

[Oxford University Press, $3.50]

OTHER reviews of T. E. Shaw's brilliantly vivid translation of Homer's *Odyssey* into English prose will have already appeared, and people will be familiar not only with the author's remarkable life but with the opinion of critics as to the present work, that it approaches the original less in verbal fidelity than in interest and animation. With this much gained, therefore, it may not be without purpose to examine a little more deeply the causes of difference between the original and the translation.

The study of recent years has made it more than ever clear that the Homeric poems differ radically in composition from other works, modern and ancient, of comparable greatness. In the first place, they were composed from traditional materials. The public knew and expected nothing other than the epic stories. Then they were composed orally by means of traditional phrases and epithets, the polished creation of generations of minstrel poets. Such phrases as 'the rosy-fingered Dawn' and 'swift-footed Achilles' were the very body and sinew of the poems. Every person, every act, had its appropriate adjective, and, as the metre required, the poet composed his verses of these phrases which custom had made the perfect vehicle not only of the metre but of the action, and the characters. One can, therefore, go beyond Matthew Arnold's description of Homeric style as one rapid, direct in expression, direct in thought, and eminently noble, and can say that these qualities were themselves products of a traditional mode of utterance, fashioned through years by the early Greek poets and finding its culmination in the Homeric poems.

The translator's method will be best illustrated by examples. The following is a literal translation of a sentence describing the end of the last council of the Greeks at Troy (III, 149–50): 'Then up leapt the well-grieved Achæans with an unearthly shout.' Mr. Shaw translates, 'The Achæans impatiently sprang up with thrilling, tumultuous cry and clang of armor.' It will be seen that he does two things here: he writes vividly, somewhat expanding the original; he deduces from the Homeric epithet 'well-grieved Achæans' the attendant circumstance 'clang of armor.'

The following is G. E. Palmer's close translation of V, 391–3, describing the end of the storm which had wrecked Odysseus's raft: 'Then the wind ceased, there came a breathless calm; and close at hand he spied the coast, as he cast a keen glance forward, upborne on a great wave.' Mr. Shaw translates: 'Then the gale died away and an ineffable quietness held air and sea. Still the mighty rollers rolled, but when he was on the crest of one of these, he happened to glance quickly up, and behold! land was just ahead.' The phrase 'the mighty rollers rolled' is not in the text; it again is deduced from the fact that Odysseus was lifted by a great wave. Yet this, as well as the added words 'ineffable' and 'behold,' has its own grandeur and movement.

Finally we choose an example which illustrates his treatment of characters. Palmer translates the opening lines of the eighteenth book: 'There came into the hall a common beggar who used to beg about the town of Ithaca and everywhere was noted for his greedy belly, eating and drinking without end. . . . Arnæus was his name, the name his honored mother gave at his birth, but Irus all the young men called him.' Mr. Shaw translates: 'Then arrived on the scene a vulgar tout who used to cadge his living everywhere round Ithaca and had the champion gluttonous belly of the world, that put no bounds to his eating or drinking. . . . Arnæus his respectable mother had called him at birth; but all the lads nicknamed him Irus.' The extraordinary combination of archaism and modern slang in the first sentence is apparent. Less obvious is his translation 'respectable mother.' For the phrase 'lady mother' is another example of Homeric epithet. It recurs constantly and has little further significance than 'mother.' To attribute the idea of 'respectability' in the modern sense to Homer is to go very far from the original.

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The BOOKSHELF

Every page offers similar examples, and it is evident that the translator avails himself unstintedly of polite and colloquial, old and modern forms — in a word, of the English language as it would appear in fullest riches to a mind that lives at once in literature and in action. That state of mind is strangely Elizabethan. To it the intoxication of words, the enchantment of creation, outweigh fidelity; to it, again, action is paramount, but that action has a contemporary color. Homer's simplicity is lost in such a translation, as is his noble ease of style in the fixed recurrence of phrase and epithet. Instead are given vividness and mastery of language in accordance with our more varied English tradition. Yet the style, if un-Homeric, has this advantage: Homer was not archaic to his hearers. In freshness, the original and the translation are at one.

But if, like Chapman, Mr. Shaw renders Homer imaginatively, unlike him, he does so with a purpose. The preface sets forth his belief that the *Odyssey* is a derivative work, in time long after its great example, the *Iliad*, and thus his own varied and derivative language is appropriate. For he sees in the *Odyssey* both borrowings of language and decline in ability to portray character, views which, based on intuition alone, reflect a real ignorance of the Greek epic age. Diction and poetic method the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* possessed in common, and what Mr. Shaw sees as borrowing is dependence on a tradition older than either. Difference in portrayal of character comes from a difference in kind between the two poems. The *Iliad* is tragic, the *Odyssey* romantic. We have the additional evidence of the oldest Homeric Hymns to show that lightness and charm, as well as vastness and majesty, were characteristic of the greatest of the Greek ages of poetry. But delineation of character is not to be sought equally in tragedy and romance — as well seek the same inexorability in *Othello* and *The Tempest*. Indeed, it could be argued that, seeking tragedy in the *Odyssey*, and for lack of it treating the poem only as a swift story, the translator misses the chief quality of the poem — its romantic lightness.

Yet, in fact, if the preface sets forth the author's belief, it is inadequate to explain his practice. For often when the original is clear and simple the translation is varied and allusive. Rather the explanation must be sought in the translator's gifts which prompt him to make the narrative his own. The result is a work of kindled and brilliant creation which, save in freshness alone, neither verbally nor, at times, imaginatively reflects the original.

JOHN FINLEY, JR.

AMERICAN NOVELS

I HAVE not in a long time read so moving a novel as ***God's Angry Man***, by **Leonard Ehrlich** (Simon & Schuster, $2.50). In writing it the author, evidently inspired by a great subject, has achieved a quiet, homely eloquence very rare in contemporary fiction. One may suspect that the key was set by the spoken words and the letters of John Brown of Ossawatomie, who is the protagonist of the story, and colored by the *Journals* of Thoreau, who appears memorably though only for an instant. The men of the eighteen-forties and -fifties, fired by a great ideal, spoke an English of Biblical strength, homely as the soil, lofty as religious faith; and this is the style of the book throughout. And yet the author has employed all the devices of the new fiction and new biography, beginning with the 'Pottawatomie Massacre,' turning back to Brown's earlier days in the Adirondacks and even further back to the life of his father, and yet never halting the grim forward march of Brown's destiny, to its tragic climax at Harper's Ferry; and as a kind of diapason there runs the theme of Brown's religious fanaticism, expressed in passages from his letters, prayers, and speeches.

John Brown had eleven children, each concerned in some way in his desperate venture; and they are portrayed in all their variety and degrees of devotion or skepticism with admirable vividness; nor are the women neglected, or the members of the Massachusetts-Kansas Committee, or the many military and political personages whose lives in some way impinged upon Brown's plot. But above all towers the impressive figure of John Brown himself, fearless, devoted, ignorant, foolish, inconsistent, heroic; willing to commit almost any crime or treason because he believed himself dedicated by God. Tragedy, in the old sense of profound significance and epic dignity, is so rare in our literature to-day that one welcomes a book which in both subject and telling really achieves a tragic effect.

Sinclair Lewis's new novel, ***Ann Vickers*** (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50), is the biography of a modern girl who became a Famous Woman. She was born in Illinois, the daughter of a professor, her mother dying when she was ten; she learned of life and love from one of the town boys, from a young teacher at college, from a Jewish recruit about to leave for the War, from a somewhat blatant social worker whom she married, finally from an Irish judge whose mistress she became, after he had been imprisoned for misappropriation of funds. This was her private life. Publicly she was successively a suffrage agitator, going to jail for her principles; head-resident of a settlement house; secretary to a millionairess; warden of a women's prison; recipient of honorary degrees; superintendent of an industrial home; and authority on vocational training. The list, although it indicates the richness of subject matter of the book, gives only a faint impression of her education and career. She also had two babies, out of wedlock, the first of which she disposed of by illegal operation; and, in addition to the men, she knew all sorts of women, from the abnormal Isabel Herringdean and the criminal Kittie Cognac to the 'meagre and earnest' Pearl McKaig and the robust and enlightened Dr. Malvina Wormser.

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383 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

The BOOKSHELF

Pages more crowded with modern lore would be hard to find, as would pages more full of the zest of living.

Amid such variety one may perhaps choose as the dominant theme the one I have named, zest of living. For Ann is never one to let "'I dare not" wait upon "I would."' As a younger girl she declares: 'I don't want to be loved by any spaniels. I am me. I'm going to see the world.' And she remains true to both resolves. Her adventures at suffrage headquarters, at Copperhead Penitentiary, or among the æsthetes, intellectuals, uplifters, — all narrated with a fine gusto, — however disillusioning they may be, never kill her instinctive conviction that the best thing about life is the living of it. She represents women in general by her longing for love, a child, a home; she represents the women of the century by her espousal of causes, her social-mindedness, her quick action and grit. And in the course of her career she makes several major discoveries: such as that it is better to be alive than to be proper; that 'sex is as normal as eating and digesting food'; and that 'people actually are people,' no matter what their social position.

The most successful portrayals in the book are perhaps the instinctive creatures, like Birdy, Tessie, Kittie, Miss Filson, and the aggressive, enlightened women, like Miss Bogardus and Dr. Wormser. The effect of reality would have been heightened if the author had restrained his tendency toward militancy and satire. His finest accomplishment is the building up, decade by decade, of the sense of social change. This is the sort of thing which, with his eye for significant detail, he has always done well. Under a style at times a little smart, one feels a dominant temper of honesty, testing all people, ideas, movements, by the touchstone of hatred of pretense.

R. M. Gay

***Lovely Laughter: An Anthology of Seventeenth Century Love Lyrics*, edited by Earl E. Fisk**

[Knopf, $7.50]

This book is just what a volume of love poems should be — delightful. In type, in printing, in form and in illustration, it leaves nothing to be desired.

The late Sir Walter Raleigh — not Queen Elizabeth's friend, whose head was later cut off by King James I, but the Oxford scholar of the same name and title — once published a book, *Laughter from a Cloud*, and such a title might well have been chosen by Mr. Fisk for his selection of lovely lyrics, for originally they must have been sung through a cloud of incense burnt on the altar of passionate love.

The seventeenth century, which provided these poems, was very outspoken, almost as much so as the twentieth; yet it was dainty withal, as these verses show. The selections were made by a scholar who knows his way through the maze of love poems which delighted King Charles II and his courtly gentlemen and naughty, if beautiful, ladies. Only a few weeks ago I heard sung in London, at a meeting of the Pepysian Society, the verses attributed to the King in this anthology. And a very charming performance it was, too, sung by a fine tenor to the music of a harpsichord and flute, to a tune which the King himself chose for it.

If some of the lyrics are well known, we meet them as old friends, and if some are new, — and many are to me, — one has a feeling that out of acquaintance friendship quickly grows and will inevitably ripen into love. I suspect that Mr. Fisk had a fight with himself not to include a lot of notes which might have shown his scholarship but which would certainly have spoiled the beauty and purpose of the book, which is to give delight, and it cannot fail of its purpose.

A. Edward Newton

Reading at Random

***The Journal of Arnold Bennett*, Vol. II**

[Viking, $4.00]

The usual obligations of life were not Arnold Bennett's business. He was an artist, and his art was based on a knowledge of millions upon millions of definite, accurate, concrete facts. Facts, facts, facts — he was forever jotting them down, endlessly inconsequential, yet, when the time came, each dropped into its place like linotype on a Mergenthaler. He never felt a melancholy responsibility for the universe, like Hardy, nor, like Galsworthy, sought to distill an epoch into a few generations of Forsytes. Life to him was a concatenation of atoms piled God knows how or why. He liked to pick up a handful of the universe and, understanding every molecule of it, to set it perfectly and beautifully before the world. And best of all, he liked to be well paid for doing so.

Money was precious to him, and the frugality of his early life made oysters and champagne delicious to his palate, but his cockney soul needed beauty and battened on it. A 'ripping' aquarelle of Winslow Homer, the Chavannes of the Boston Public Library, 'the most beautiful things in America,' the 'thrill' of a chance chapter of Turgenev, a casual Bonington in the British Museum — his businesslike pulse leaped at the thought of them.

These Journals of his are formless and desultory, but the secrets of remarkable men are among the most interesting things in the world, and here are Bennett's secrets. He may have meant to publish them, for he never wasted copy, but there is no 'front' here, no window dressing, nothing literary or artificial. He jots down the world precisely as he sees it. Nothing is sacred. Anguish and heartbreak are generalizations and a little abstract. What he wants is a picture to see and record — not a feeling of vague and useless sympathy. A railroad train is smashed, crushing passengers and

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crew: 'I had no desire of any sort to help. I held my bag and stick and did n't want to be any more *impressionné* than I could help.' When in 1914 the world exploded, Bennett notes that his electric light is in danger. A little later his mother lies dying: 'I remained with her for about an hour. She looked very small, especially her head in the hollow of the pillow. The outline of her face very sharp; hectic cheeks; breathed with her mouth open and much rumor of breath in her body.' He might have been making a study for Hilda Lessways.

One would think, then, that his blood ran thin and cold. Not so. He felt the warmth of life in him, the exquisite savor of it in his nostrils. He enjoyed the appraising eye and the judicious mind. He liked many things, but Nature taught him to like nothing too much, and the daily chastisement of his desire to loaf, the inexorable discipline with which he drove his pleasure-loving nature to the daily desperate task of his stint, might be a lesson to many sterner moralists than he.

Slight as they are, mere shorthand notes of a life too full to chronicle, these Journals are true records of genius. It is worth remembering, too, that genius is genius and that there will not be another Arnold Bennett.

***To Think of Tea*, by Agnes Repplier**

[Houghton Mifflin, $2.75]

THE tea table needed a classic, and Miss Repplier has written it. Like buttered toast, it is the perfect complement of tea, and to all devotees whose perceptions are delicate enough to detect the difference between fragrance and smell, between overland Souchong and Pekoe from the corner grocery, it should be a companion and a friend. The bond between letters and tea is prettily tied by anecdote and comment, for Miss Repplier's mind is perfection amongst anthologies. Invariably she can quote the perfect aphorism, miraculous to remember and tragedy to forget, but it is her own discourse that tea's true lovers will longest cherish. More than one, closing the book, might well take his cue from Matt Prior: —

> 'He thanked her on his bended knee,
> Then drank a quart of milk and tea.'

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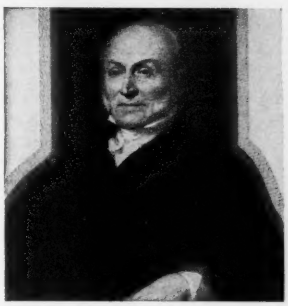

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avenue to life. He will be remembered by his friends with love, and by a larger world in gratitude. This book about him has its deserving place.

***Amid These Storms*, by Winston Churchill**
[Scribners, $3.50]

ONE Winston Churchill gives so much more joy on earth than ninety-nine whose names are also advertised that we should be grateful even for a little of him. Yet those who pounce upon *Amid These Storms* in ardent hope of a sequel to the marvel of *A Roving Commission* will find a thing of shreds and patches. The book is made up of hit-or-miss sketches which have too obviously already done their duty in newspapers or magazines. Several of them hardly deserve the compliment their author pays them, but the hits are palpable, and this reviewer would buy a dozen copies rather than miss the chronicle of paint with which the volume ends. None from Vasari to Whistler and beyond can write of paint as Churchill does. One might — I speak in ignorance — shudder at his results on canvas, but his advice to painters is a burst of glory.

E. S.

THE weather vane of popularity as it is fanned by the fresh currents of enthusiasm indicates very clearly that readers to-day are following a more serious bent than in the Years of Plenty. Witness the success of *The Epic of America,* now in its 135th thousand; witness the demand for books explaining the way in, the way out of Depression. When publishers thought they had satisfied (perhaps surfeited) this demand, along came the provocative articles on Technocracy in the *New Outlook,* exciting almost nation-wide curiosity. Those wishing books on Technocracy please hold up their right hand. . . . Very well, they will be here in a minute. . . . When the War Debts became table talk, someone electrified a dinner party by quoting from a book published in Washington. As a result of such word-of-mouth advertising, *War Debts and World Prosperity,* by Harold G. Moulton and Leo Pasvolsky, has been rushed through three printings. Walter Lippmann calls it 'indispensable.' . . . The greatest novelty of the season (Simon, Schuster, were you asleep?) is the Pop-Up Books for children. They were invented in Germany, copied over here, and sold 35,000 copies in record time. *Jack the Giant Killer* is my favorite. . . . Walter ('Erie Canal') Edmonds has sold the dramatic rights of his new spring novel, *Erie Water,* to Messrs. Jerome Kern and Hammerstein. Is this another *Show Boat* opera in the making? I hope so.

Edward Weeks

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THE HOUSE OF EXILE. I

BY NORA WALN

Kuo yu kuo fa, chia yu chia fa.
('Each country has its laws, each family its regulations.')
—CHINESE PROVERB

LATE in the eighteenth and early in the nineteenth century, Lin Yan-ken selected merchandise for J. S. Waln. Amber, alumroot, beeswax, and cassia lignea. Cinnabar, chinaware, chessmen carved from ivory tusks, and an elbowchair of rosewood. Embroidered fans, grass cloth, ginger in earthen pots. Hemp and indigo. Jute, kaolin, also lily flowers. Musk, nankeens, orpiment, a miniature pagoda of silver, and medicinal rhubarb. Packets of seeds of the melon and of the apricot. Teas, both green and black. Umbrellas, vases, and wall papers with scenes from Chinese life. Writer's ink and xanthine.

These are some of the items neatly entered in a time-yellowed account book, as sent by the Confucian merchant from Canton, in the ancient Empire of China, on sailing ships to the Quaker merchant in Philadelphia, U. S. A.

My own interest in China began in April 1904. I was then in my ninth year and the guest of my paternal grandparents, Elijah and Ann Waln, on their farm in the Grampian Hills of Pennsylvania. The day was rainy. As I had torn a hole in one of my rubber boots, I had been forbidden to leave the house.

Grandfather was at Philadelphia visiting a vegetarian friend. Grandmother was occupied learning a new tatting pattern from Great-aunt, who had come to keep her company in his absence. I lingered in the doorway, considering a dash down the puddly path to the stable where Old William Welty, the hired man, mended harness. Then a finch, dressed in springtime yellow and black, dropped with closed wings to the level of my eyes.

The bird recovered himself with gay flips and whirled upward, breaking into humorous song on the curve of his flight. He mocked me with his freedom. And I was off into the orchard. Vested

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with authority on the farm, Old William Welty still had power to command me when I was nearly nine. He sent me to my grandmother with soaked black slippers, mud-stained white stockings, and the starch of my gray chambray dress made limp by tall wet grass. Told by Grandmother to go to my room, I went on into the attic. There, in a chest under the eaves, in use to keep the moths from the wedding dress of a slim-waisted Quaker bride, I found copies of the *United States Gazette*.

Later, Grandmother discovered me engrossed with the *Gazettes* and gave them to me. They are on my table before me as I write this prelude to the selections from my Chinese journals which form the body of this story.

Many news items, both domestic and foreign, concerning the world in 1805 now arrest my attention as I turn the pages. But in my childhood it was only my own name that gleamed from the pages. Each *Gazette* has a column of marine notices announcing vessels 'berthed below' (at Philadelphia) with lists of merchandise in them and advertisement to the consignee to take delivery. It was only the goods consigned to Waln that captured my imagination, only the movements of brigs, sloops, schooners, frigates, or ships identified as at some time serving Waln that concerned me. I accepted all cargoes consigned to J. S. Waln as my own. And Canton, in Southern China, immediately became my favorite port of purchase.

Years passed. I came to possess a row of Chinese histories, and to own Chinese dictionaries. I dipped into the philosophies of Lao-tse, Mencius, and Mo-ti. I committed to memory analects from Confucius. Then on a golden autumn morning, when I was an undergraduate at Swarthmore College, I was called to the telephone. I took up the receiver. A lady spoke. She explained that she and her husband, of the Lin Family of China, were on a tour of the Western world, and, desiring to meet one of the Waln family, had looked through the catalogues listing scholars at the Society of Friends schools, and found my name.

Scarce able to believe that it was not a dream, I arranged to go to her at Philadelphia by the next train — the 1.23. I had never seen a Chinese other than those of my mind's creation. I saw Shun-ko and her husband, Lin Yang-peng, standing under the clock in Broad Street Station before I passed through the exit gate. They were two exquisitely neat slim figures, with faces of smooth ivory. Both were dressed in high-collared, heel-length gowns of dark silk, with short sleeveless jackets of brocade.

Yang-peng wore a round brimless cap with a small red button on his close-cropped head. Shun-ko had no hat. Her glossy black hair was brushed tidily from a centre parting. As she turned to look up at the station clock, I saw a tiny flat bouquet of chrysanthemums in her nape knot. Their detailed perfection of dress and their self-possession, amid the staring crowd, made me timid.

But when Shun-ko's dark eyes met mine, I was at peace. From that instant there have been no barriers between us. Strong, wise, and true, despite our difference in race she took me into her heart. She had never had a daughter. I had lost my mother four years previously.

We had a week together. Seven magic days in which we found ourselves uncannily akin in seriousness and in humor. Too soon her husband reminded her that she must travel on, and an anxious dean reminded me of college routine I had forgotten. When she was on the train, Shun-ko leaned

from her compartment window and said: 'You must come to me.'

I

It was late in December, 1920, when the waterways of North China were ice-sealed, that I first came to the homestead of the Lins on the Grand Canal. Accompanied by her husband, her husband's elder brother and his wife and daughter, and three serving matrons, Shun-ko journeyed up to Peking to welcome and escort me to her dwelling place.

Of the serving matrons, — who are called 'Bald-the-third,' 'Sweet Rain,' and 'Faithful Duck,' — she presented the first to me, saying, 'This is your woman.'

We were carried an hour by train and then boarded the Lin family boat. We had with us five baskets of provisions. 'Enough for two weeks,' Shun-ko explained, 'because, although this journey usually occupies only one day, it is wisest when traveling to provide so as not to be fretted if there is delay.'

The boat was fitted with sledge runners and a sail for use 'when the wind is favorable.' But there was no wind, so the sail was folded. There were two compartments. The men took the fore, we women the aft. Snug red mattresses, fox fur rugs, back rests padded with camel's wool, silk quilts of duck down, and charcoal foot braziers made travel comfortable.

The craft was manned by three boatmen, working in single shifts. We were propelled forward with a long metal-tipped staff. So engineered, we left the canal side and turned south on the ice without collision with similar sledge boats that careered by in like manner. In a nest of soft furs and gay quilts I was cozy between Shun-ko and her niece, Mai-da. Each held one of my hands under the coverlets.

We kept to the right on the frozen highway. On our left passed a continuous line of sledge boats piled high with country produce. Crates of chickens. Yellow-billed white geese. Brown ducks. Demure gray pigeons in wicker hampers. Rabbits contentedly nibbling at greens. Squealing black pigs protesting rancorously against carriage. Broad-tailed fat sheep. Heaps of eggs. Bushels of hulled rice. Red corn. Golden millet. Peanuts in hull. Trays of candied red fruit neatly terraced to a high ridge. Pickled mushrooms in salt-crusted tubs. Reed containers with their contents protected from the frost by wadded covers — one, blown off, disclosed celery, another lettuce, and a third beetroot.

Packed amid their produce were farmers and their wives and their children, en route to town for market day; all dressed in clean starched long blue gowns, over wadded coats and trousers, their cheeks like hard rosy pippins, their dark eyes sparkling, and their jolly faces quick to smile.

Small boys and girls darted through the more serious traffic on small sledge boats, pushed forward in the same way as ours, miraculously escaping accident by fractions of an inch. Skaters pursuing earnest errands glided swiftly up and down the frozen highway. The leisured amused themselves by skating fancy figures in wayside bays.

With care not to endanger the double-track sledge path, men cut ice for summer use. They stacked it in flat baskets woven of stout twigs, and hung each basket by its strong handle from the middle of a carrying pole. A man at each end of the pole carried the ice to the canal-side earth mounds, where they buried it away for summer use, exactly as explained in the annals of Wei, written thirty centuries ago.

We slid under frequent high-arched stone bridges, many with legends

carved on them, some humped so that the name 'camel-back,' by which they are called, is apt. A few were perfect granite half-circles that cast a shadow, when the sun was just right, so that travelers passed through a 'good-luck ring.'

There was little snow. The country was beige-colored and appeared barren. One locality was indented by rice paddies roughened by dead stubble. At intervals there were patches of sparse winter wheat on which cattle pastured. A boy whose duty it was to keep the cattle from nipping the wheat too closely sprawled on the back of the largest steer in each herd.

I saw no isolated farmsteads. Worn paths went up from the canal side to walled villages, radiated from the fields to the walled villages, and connected walled village with walled village. Each village had its 'asking protection' shrine by the canal, but the people had built their homes well away from the water — 'because it is wiser to carry needed water up and to take the washing down than to dwell where all sorts of people pass.'

The village gates were hostile to travelers, Shun-ko explained. For the accommodation of strangers there were mud-and-wattle inns on the canal side. These served meals, provided sleeping quarters, had mangers for beasts, trestles for boats, and usually a craftsman to do repairs. The rooms in the two at which we stopped to buy hot water for tea were alive with insects and putrid with the stale sour sweat of centuries of travelers.

Men and women rode over the countryside paths, straddling wooden saddles perched high on the backs of little donkeys, and often with a downy-haired baby snuggled in the curve of one arm. The donkeys had tinkling bells sewn to their scarlet collars. Other folk reclined in comfortable-looking litters swung between shaggy ponies. A few traveled in gaudy sedan chairs — green, scarlet, or yellow — carried by eight bearers, who cleared lesser folk out of the way shouting: 'Lend light! Lend light! An important person would pass!' All lesser folk moved aside. They appeared to enjoy the pageantry of the brilliant procession as much as I did.

Pedestrians peopled the paths, carrying sometimes a rooster, sometimes a paper image to burn at a family grave; sometimes returning a cooking pot to a next-village neighbor after a wedding, and sometimes just strolling along. But most had shoulder poles loaded with looped-up clouds of thread-like spaghetti or tissue-thin moon cakes of gelatine. Shun-ko told me spaghetti and gelatine were the two staples of the district. The bearers were en route to the town, which has as its chief industry the packing of these products in bright paper containers for sale in the cities.

At a bend in the canal the Weary Pagoda graced our journey. We loitered there to enjoy the music of the wind bells swaying under the pagoda's five-storied eaves. Shun-ko's husband told the pretty legend of the pagoda's trek from beyond a mountain three thousand miles away. The pagoda meant to go to Peking, but stopped to rest. And when it saw how the people passing along the canal, working in the fields, and living in the villages were made peaceful at heart by its beauty, it decided to stay; reasoning that the Emperor and the Empress at the Capital had already plenty of other pagodas.

The boatmen moved up close to listen. As Shun-ko's husband spoke, he leaned forward and by accident brushed two oranges from a basket of foodstuffs. The fruit rolled over the ice. It crossed the path of a tall skater dressed in a claret-silk gown and a marten-skin cap.

The stranger bent gracefully and picked up the oranges.

He returned them with a polite bow, and exchanged a few musical sounds with the men of our party. Then he skated east. We sledged west.

Shun-ko murmured something in a stern manner to Mai-da in Chinese — then said, in the same stern tone, to me: 'Girls of a marriageable age are as dangerous to the peace of a family as smuggled salt. Don't ever again, while under my chaperonage, look *at* a man. Direct your gaze modestly to the ground when one is in front of you.'

II

Just before midday we sighted the painted ruby, emerald, and sapphire gate towers rising out of the gray wall of the City of Noon-Day Rest. Then the stoutest of the boatmen seized the staff out of turn and sped our craft forward to song. The other two kept time to his prods with handclaps. At great speed we circled under the shadow of the east wall, which rose in perpendicular height from the canal, and around to the South Gate wharf, where broad stone steps went down under the transparent ice.

We disembarked and climbed the steps to the sunny area between the wharf and the south wall, where a chatting, merry throng was gathered. Here idle sedan-chair bearers and boatmen from craft at anchor loafed. Young girls, carrying kettles of steaming water, soap, soft towels, and blue basins, sold 'Wash your face for a penny!' Barbers had set down their portable barber shops and trimmed the cropped heads of republicans, or combed the queues of the old-fashioned, or jerked out with firm tweezers the stray hairs that marred the faces of their beardless countrymen, or cleaned ears with a multiple of spoon tools. Two letter writers, one at each end of the wharf, with a fortune teller midway between them, each with a stout oak-stemmed oil-paper umbrella stuck in the ground behind him and tilted to shade his worktable, brushed letters for 'those who have no leisure to write for themselves' and gave advice to the anxious.

Hither, also, itinerant cooks had wheeled their barrows, built to combine portable work-board and stove. The cauldrons gave off a delicious steam which whetted my hunger. Thick meat and vegetable soup, piping hot! Crusty golden doughnut twists! Sweet steamed yams! Flaky white rice! Roasted chestnuts! Pork dumplings! Buns of light steamed bread! Grain porridge! Candied red apples! Nougat-stuffed dates! Fried noodles! Bean curd of rich brownness! As they worked, the cooks advertised the quality of their food with songs and gestures which brought laughter and retorts from the crowd.

As each purchaser received his filled bowl, with chopsticks laid across the top, he carried it to the communal stone tables, worn by much use, under an ancient evergreen tree. A young blind minstrel leaned against the tree trunk fingering a three-stringed guitar. 'He was a soldier in the army of Tuan Chi-jui, and lost his sight in August 1917, in the battle which defeated the attempt to restore the Manchus,' Shun-ko explained. 'He found his way home and now sings for a living in public places and at such private social occasions as he can. He has new ballads of his own rhyming, and the old songs which made his grandfather famous throughout the tea houses of eighteen provinces.'

I made the mistake of supposing that we were to supplement our lunch basket from the wharf restaurateurs. But we carried it only for emergency. It was

left in the boat. Bald-the-third motioned me into the fifth of a file of nine sedan chairs, in which the men led and the serving women came last. The chairs for Shun-ko, her sister-in-law, niece, and me were closed — so that we 'need not be stared at.' Level with my eyes there was an oblong slit covered with brown gauze. Through this I saw that we were carried inside the town; up a steep narrow street along which shop signs swung; turned to the left, into a narrow passage, between high gray brick walls broken at intervals by tightly closed, heavy vermilion gates; through one of these gates, which was clankingly unchained to Yang-peng's order; and put down in the third inner courtyard of a quiet *posada*.

A man, who appeared very slim in a rich dark-blue silk gown, met us here. He bowed us into a small room, and to stools placed two and two around a square table of rosewood. We did not give a special order, but had the restaurateurs' usual 'five dishes,' which cost one dollar a person.

Chicken and walnuts with sour-sweet gravy. Shrimps, mushrooms, and green onions. Cabbage, pork, and bean curd. Noodles, celery, and pigeon eggs. Fish and bamboo soup. Warm rice wine, served in thimble cups to 'aid digestion.' And dishes of salted radishes and red fruit jelly, set in the centre of the table.

While we ate, a soldier came in. He leaned over Shun-ko's husband and examined our food. He stared at me for what seemed a long time. The others took no notice of him, but continued intent on their chopsticks and bowls. I tried to do the same.

Finally he laid his gun, which had a bayonet at one end, across the only other table in the room. He had a stupid heavy face and wore ill-fitting garments of coarse cotton, but our elegantly gowned inn host carried food to him with his own delicate hands. The servants who waited on us were called away to help please him, and he was even given our dish of jelly without any of the Lins seeming to notice his insolence.

He fed quickly, sucking and hiccuping. Having finished, he rose and slapped down a twenty-dollar paper note (which Shun-ko later told me was worthless because printed by a governor who had since gone out of office). Our inn host bowed so that his skirt swept the floor, and told the soldier with soft cadence that he had been the guest of the house for his meal. The soldier did not return the bow. He drew himself up stiffly. In a harsh rumble of sound he replied that he did not accept bribes of food, and wanted his change in silver. Then he thrust the note in the host's face.

Our host took the worthless money. He deducted one dollar as the price of the dinner and gave the soldier nineteen silver dollars. The soldier rang each dollar against his bayonet to test the purity of the coin. All rang true. He dropped them into his purse. Then, picking his teeth as he went, he walked out. As he passed, I saw that his soldier shoes were of cloth like his poor uniform, and badly torn. He had put newspapers in them to keep his feet warm.

A brazier heated the room. When the noise of the soldier's departure had died away, the innkeeper dropped the twenty-dollar bill and the chopsticks that the soldier had used into the fire.

Our meal closed with clean bowls of steaming rice and fragrant tea made in a squat brown pot. Shun-ko explained that all good restaurants and careful homes have teapots for different needs. Our inn host, who had never seen a Western girl before, had asked about me. When he learned that I was to visit in the Lin homestead, he suggested tea

from 'the pot which prevents misunderstanding.'

We were carried back to the wharf. The boatman whose turn it was to work grinned with well-fed content; the other two curled up asleep on the sledge's broad stern. For a time fields and frozen highway were occupied as before. Then we crossed paths with a sledge boat overcrowded with soldiers and propelled by a frightened boatman. Farther on we saw another boat commandeered by half a dozen young boys and an officer. They pushed an old farmer and his 'lily-foot' wife about ruthlessly, scattering their produce over the ice. One lad speared the old lady's brown rooster with his bayonet and held him high while the others applauded. When she struggled to help the dying bird, the officer clouted her on the head. Half a mile on, we heard a shot and saw a child fall — she had been reluctant to give up the donkey hitched to the mill where she was grinding flour. The soldier who shot her then led the donkey down to the canal for sledge transport to 'the war.'

Without slackening pace, the Lins conferred in low voices with their boatmen. The serving women took an active part in the discussion. We turned down a branch of the canal to detour trouble.

All our party agreed that we were safest to keep off the main canal. We could not walk, as Shun-ko, Maida's mother, and the serving matrons had 'lily' feet. We sledged devious ways. I saw plentiful supplies of hot food set in cauldrons before each barred village gate. Twice we saw tired-looking soldiers feeding on this 'peace rice.'

It was long after sunset when we came to the Lin homestead city. The gates are sealed at sunset. The city wall, thick enough for nine horses to trot abreast on it, rises in perpendicular height from the canal. A boatman beat against the heavy gate. Finally the gateman was roused.

But he refused to open the gates before sunrise. He acknowledged that he knew all the persons who had gone to Peking to meet the foreigner. Yes, he had known them since childhood. And the voices from without were like the voices of these Lins and their servants. Yet he could not open until the appointed time.

After much parley, the gateman's son was dispatched to the Lin homestead. We waited in the eerie green-gold moonlight a cold and weary while. At last someone hailed us from within the gate. The eldest among us replied. There was another call. The next eldest replied. So on, through all our number. Lastly Shun-ko told me to shout my name.

The gate creaked open. We walked in. Before greeting us, the elderly man from the homestead who had identified us by voice closed the gate again. He secured its locks and pasted a fresh strip of paper over the paper he had broken, across the crevices where the two halves of the gate meet. On the fresh paper he brushed his name with black ink.

He had brought sedan chairs. In them, we followed him up a steep narrow street, turned to the left through a narrower passageway between gray walls broken at intervals by closed vermilion gates, and then down a broader street to a scarlet gate in which a peephole was slid open at the sound of our coming.

Camel-back, the Lin gateman, recognized his family. He opened the 'To and From the World Door,' bowing and smiling his joy in their safe return from the perils of travel. Massed behind him were Lins, young and old. I stood forgotten as my escorts were welcomed home. '*Chia ho fung rau shong*,' they

said again and again; repeating the sentence which I now know means, 'Happiness springs up of itself in a united family.'

Thus I entered the Lin homestead, on the Grand Canal, in Hopei Province, North China — which was once named in derision, and is now called in affection, the 'House of Exile.'

III

From the moment of my arrival in China it was as though, like Alice, I had stepped through a looking-glass into another world. The world I left behind became a dim, fantastic dream. Only this into which I entered seemed real.

'Glazed brick, white mortar, and blue roof tiles do not make a house beautiful; carved rosewood, gold cloth, and clear green jade do not furnish a house with grace; a man of cultivated mind makes a house of mud and wattle beautiful; a woman, even with a pock-marked face, if refined of heart, fills a house with grace,' is a literal translation of the carving on the first stone laid in the building of the Lin homestead.

There are six generations of Lins now living. They dwell in one-story-high, single-room houses, which are built foursquare about a paved courtyard. The roofs extend well over the pillared verandahs which finish the fronts of the houses, so that one can get into a sedan chair in rainy weather without exposure to wet; and, after their utilitarian duty is done, they tilt upward in easy curves displaying faëry scenes and fabulous creatures painted gayly under the eaves.

Here one is ever conscious of the beauty of the heavens, because to go from one room to another in the homestead one must always cross a courtyard. The houses have doors and windows only on one side, the side opening into the court to which they belong. The homestead is composed of sufficient courts to house comfortably the family, who are eighty-three men, women, and children at the time of this writing, and permit them to entertain in accord with their station in society.

The courtyards are connected by gateways cut in the courtyard walls in the shape of a flower, a fan, a vase, or a full moon. The courts, with their dwelling rooms for the living, cluster around the double-roofed, story-and-a-half Hall of Ancestors, which shelters the life tablets of twenty-nine generations of Lins, and their wives, who have 'plucked the flower of life.'

A protective gray wall, six feet thick and four times a man's height, surrounds the homestead, which neither overlooks nor is overlooked by its neighbors. From the many times higher city wall above it, only the flamboyant roofs can be seen through the lacery of intertwined trees; or occasionally, before the poplars come into leaf, the flutter of a bright silk gown as someone walks along the path to the summer-house by the lotus pond.

The 'Gate of Compassion,' a small window cut in the north wall, where charity is given to the needy, and the 'To and From the World Gate,' a door of solid planks large enough for a horse and carriage to be driven into the entrance court, are the only openings in the wall connecting with the outside world.

The view in through the Gate of Compassion is closed by a shrine which holds a portrait of the Goddess of Mercy. The view in at the To and From the World Gate is closed by a screen of porcelain tiles. This screen is an arm's length thick, twice as wide as the gate, and as high as the homestead wall. On it a gorgeous green dragon writhes over a blue sea after a scarlet ball of life.

The homestead is called the 'House of Exile.' Thirty-five generations of the family have been born inside its stout gray walls. The people of Hopei speak of the Lin family as the 'Kungtung Lins.' The Lins in Canton speak of the Lins resident in the House of Exile as 'temporarily from home.' But Lin Fu-yi came from Canton, of Kungtung Province, in the Yuan dynasty, six and a half centuries ago.

IV

The night of my arrival at the House of Exile, Bald-the-third set up a bust-high screen and pushed me behind it to undress. She reached around the screen and took each garment as I removed it. She examined it, then passed it on to Faithful Duck for examination, and thence to Mai-da, who was undressing behind a similar screen.

Mai-da pantomimed my death from cold and cuddled down cozily in a nest of quilts on the brick bed. Bald-the-third and Faithful Duck brought an earthen jar. They filled it with hot water halfway up and pushed it behind my screen. When I was slow in getting in, Bald came behind and put me in. Then she poured more and hotter water in with me until the bunch of herbs that she had added floated just under my chin.

The jar was of a size that I could just sit in, with my feet tucked under me. I was terribly sleepy. Each time I attempted to get out Bald pushed me down.

She kept me soaking until Faithful Duck brought supper. Then I dried on warm towels and was folded up in quilts on one side of the brick bed. A six-inch-legged table was set between Mai-da's nest and mine. Our supper was served on it.

First two lovely bowls of robin's-egg blue and two pairs of ivory chopsticks with silver handles were laid; then three steaming covered dishes. These contained breasts of chicken, red cabbage and green pepper, and tenderloin of pork with chestnuts — each cooked in such a different and delicious sauce that I was eager to possess the recipes to send home to my sisters. When we had eaten of these three dishes, I managing as best I could with my chopsticks, Bald-the-third took them away.

I had dropped bits and spattered sauce on the tray. Faithful Duck removed it and set a clean red lacquer tray in its place. Then she placed two sea-green bowls with porcelain spoons to match. Between the bowls Faithful Duck set a covered tureen of the same sea-green china. It held fish soup. We ladled the soup into our bowls and ate it with the porcelain spoons. It was good, and, having a spoon, I got more of it than of the previous dishes.

The soup was taken away and steamed rice brought. Again we had clean eating bowls — transparent white ones. The rice was served alone. We had chopsticks to eat it with. I did not manage to convey much to my mouth. Mai-da and the serving matrons laughed merrily at my attempts. We finished our meal with hard white winter pears and cups of jasmine tea. The tea was a pale amber in color and served without milk or sugar.

After the meal we were given hot towels to wipe our faces and hands. Bald-the-third thrust more cornstalks into the fire in the stomach of the bed and snuffed the candles. To the merry music of crackling flames I went to sleep.

I woke to the homely sound of cocks' crowing. The sun shone on my face. Mai-da was asleep. She had a block of wood, similar to the one I had pushed out of my bed, tucked under her neck. Faithful Duck was by the window combing her long black hair.

Mai-da woke. Rubbing her eyes, she sat up and glared at me. Then she spoke to the women. Faithful Duck rolled down the paper curtains, shutting out the morning light, and pushed me back into my bed. We slept again. Bald-the-third wakened us with cups of hot rice water. We drank, then washed and dressed.

My clothes were gone. Two lacquer chests stood side by side against the wall under the windows. Mai-da, who then spoke no English and has always stubbornly refused to learn any since, made me understand by gesture that one was hers and one mine. The serving matrons took identical outfits from the chests for us to put on.

Following Mai-da's lead, I dressed. I wound myself from my armpits to my hip joints with a tight bias binding of strong flesh-colored silk, then put on pyjamas of peach silk. These were made with trousers that wrapped over in pleats in back and front. Over the under-pyjamas, I put on a second suit cut to the same pattern, but of heliotrope satin lined with white rabbit fur. Next I pulled on white socks, tucked the legs of the two pairs of trousers neatly into them, and wrapped my ankles in puttees of apple-green satin. After this I had a third pyjama suit fashioned exactly as the first two. It was of wine-red brocade, warmed with an inner lining of gray squirrel fur. I felt so stiff in all my garments that I was glad to do as Mai-da did — thrust my feet out over the edge of the bed and let Bald-the-third put on my black velvet boots lined with red fox.

Shun-ko came. She explained that my own clothes were put away because they were not suitable in the House of Exile. She pulled out my hairpins, saying that my hair had best be dressed as Mai-da's. Otherwise it would cause unnecessary comment, since a girl does not pin up her hair in China until she is married.

It was gummed smooth, parted in the middle, pulled back behind my ears, braided at the nape of my neck into a pigtail that swung to my knees. My braid was wound, a finger length from the lower end, with half a finger reel of scarlet thread. Bald-the-third wanted to dye the hair black, since it is the color of the yellow gentian of misfortune. But Shun-ko reminded her that yellow is also the color of the innermost petals of the sacred lotus.

So Bald was content, and took satisfaction in my hands, which she then discovered measure exactly as Shun-ko's. But a few moments later, when she found that my ears had not been pierced in childhood and I could not wear the sapphire earrings provided to match Mai-da's, her depression was pitiful.

Mai-da took a sleeveless blue jacket, lined with beaver, from 'my' chest and told me to put it on. When it was buttoned we took leave of Mai-da and went across several courts to Shun-ko's dwelling, which is in the Court of the White Jade Rabbit — so called because the legend of the jade rabbit is told in gay colors on the eaves of the four houses that open into the court.

V

As in Mai-da's house, Shun-ko's dwelling has a brick bed which is built across the back of the room and touches three walls, occupying three fourths of the floor space. It is used for sleeping at night and as a sofa in the daytime, when the folded quilts are stacked at one side where they make bright layers of scarlet, gold, leaf-green, lavender, and sapphire.

We removed our shoes and our outer jackets before sitting, with our feet tucked under us, on Shun-ko's bed.

She gave me a small mortar and pestle and set me to pounding paint ready for her use on the 'chart of the lessening of the cold' which she was preparing.

This is an annual record kept as a help with garden and farm work. Shun-ko drew a plum tree. She gave the tree nine branches. She gave each of the nine branches nine twigs. Then she mixed the pigments I had pounded in daubs on her palette with a thin, round-pointed knife. She selected her brushes with care, and shaded the tree trunk and the branches realistically. She compounded color for leaf buds of brown, green, and silver, and added a generous number to the sketch. Finally she put in the shadow of a pink blossom on each of the eighty-one twigs, and said that after the Winter Solstice she would paint one blossom each day, according to the weather. It is the custom for the wife resident in the Second House of the White Rabbit to keep these records, as they were started twenty-two generations ago by the wife for whom this house was designed.

While we cleaned the mortar, pestle, mixing knife, palette, and the brushes with evil-smelling kerosene, Shun-ko told me how my place in the House of Exile had been decided.

'Each dwelling place here is inherited by a person entering the family by birth or marriage in accord with customs that have grown into the family regulations with the generations. You have no place either by birth or by marriage. Neither is there precedent in our knowledge for the entrance of an unmarried woman, without the chaperonage of her mother, as a guest in a Chinese homestead. You are also the first foreigner to enter our To and From the World Gate.

'I am sponsor for you. I am responsible both for your conduct and for your safety. I prefer to be in the relationship of mother to you than of friend. As my daughter, your place is in the most carefully guarded court of the homestead — the Springtime Bower. I reason that the sheltered Springtime Bower is the only safe place, in a Chinese homestead, for a maiden of marriageable age.

'But the Springtime Bower in this house is foolishly inadequate for a family of this size. It has only three houses. The twins, Ching-mei and La-mei, share the First House. The Second belongs to Su-ling. She is studying in France. But her room could not even be borrowed. The rule in the House of Exile is that each daughter's house is absolutely hers until she acquires, by marriage, a house in another homestead. The Third House is Mai-da's, although, but for the slackness of the Elder, she would have been married last Lotus Moon. So we puzzled for two moons about where to put you.

'I happened to remember that you had given me the year, the month, the day, and the hour of your birth in a letter, so that I could have a horoscope cast for you, and that they were identical with Mai-da's. Then, as Mai-da was willing to have the test made, the Elder wrote your name and hers, with this information, on a slip of red paper. He put the paper on the altar in the Circle of Ancestors. It lay there for three days. During those days tranquil weather, and fortune in the repayment of a loan made three generations ago to the Yen Family, were taken as omens of a peaceful double domicile. Mai-da prepared to share her house with you.'

Mai-da's mother joined us. We three lunched together, waited on by her Swift Needle, Shun-ko's Sweet Rain, and my Bald-the-third. When the meal was ended, the women fussed nervously over my appearance. They added a cuff to my outer coat, recombed my hair, plucked my eyebrows to a high thin arch, rouged my mouth

and the lobes of my ears, and perfumed the palms of my hands. They changed my black velvet boots to jade silk slippers embroidered with eglantine.

Shun-ko put on ceremonial garments. She adorned herself with pearl earrings, pearl hair ornaments, pearl coat buttons. She rubbed her polished nails to a high pink gloss. Then she turned her attention to my appearance again, worrying, until at last Mai-da's mother teasingly placed my hand in Shun-ko's and pushed us out to the round of visits which Shun-ko dreaded.

VI

We went first to the Garden of Children. There nine little boys and girls received us. Next we went to the court adjoining the Springtime Bower, to which girls graduate from the Garden of Children. Following Shun-ko's example, I soon learned that when a hostess lifts her teacup to her lips the polite moment to say farewell has arrived, and that one should then go no matter how much the hostess begs one to stay.

Li-la, the first mother of the House of Exile, was a 'green-skirt' mate. So, in the courtyards of the mates of Lin sons, Shun-ko was careful to stay as long in the dwellings of those who wore the green skirts as in the houses of wives. We visited first with the Fourth Generation, who live in three courts called the 'Favorite Eaves of Nesting Swallows.' In accord with custom, we called next on the women of the Third Generation, then on the mates of the Second Generation.

'The First Generation will not receive you in their residences in the Three Eastern Courtyards, but in the Guest Hall of the Court of Dignity,' Shun-ko said, and took me back to her own dwelling house.

There she anxiously re-tidied me, and rehearsed me for this audience. When she was satisfied that I could bow 'making a curve like a bamboo sapling swept by the wind,' that I understood how to take the cup of tea that would be offered to me in the palms of both hands and not to drink it but to offer the cup back as though I felt myself unworthy to drink in such company, then when the tea had been pressed upon me three times to walk backward, in 'flowerlike modesty,' and seat myself in the most lowly place, 'the chair by the table nearest the door,' she made me warm myself thoroughly by the charcoal brazier and started out with me again.

The opaque shell lattices at the Orchid Door were drawn aside by serving matrons. We passed out of the Women's Quarters and around the Phœnix Screen into the Court of Dignity.

This court had a slippery ice film frozen over the paving stones. We had to walk with care and help each other. As we approached the Guest Hall, blue-clad serving women opened the cinnabar-velvet door of the Hall of Dignity.

The entire south front of this hall is of carved openwork rosewood picturing historical legends, just as in the West it is the custom to picture Biblical stories in stained glass in churches. The carvings are set off by gold rice paper placed between the two surfaces of the wood, which are identical whether viewed from the court or from inside the hall.

The hall occupies the entire north side of the court and runs back so that its depth takes in all the space of an additional ordinary court. It is beamed with dark rafters. On the sides of these beams brilliantly colored scenes from the lives of Lin men and women are painted. A portrait of Confucius hangs on the north wall, and on either side of it a gilt scroll on which is written one

of his analects. Portraits of the founders of the House and other ancestors, mounted on yellow silk, all dressed in rich silk robes and done in realistic color, decorate the east and west walls. The floor is of gray tile and uncarpeted.

The furniture is of heavy black wood polished to a mirror surface. There are small tables, straight-back chairs, and stiff settees, all set in prim order against the wall. They are so arranged that Chinese people know exactly which seat is in what grade of honor. It is here that all receptions are held on Feast Days.

The only heat to combat the winter chill of the hall, which Shun-ko whispered to me had not been used since the Autumn Festival, was one small bronze brazier on the floor in the centre of the room. Each of the 'First Ladies of the Homestead' had a tiny charcoal-filled hand warmer, but it would not have been polite for Shun-ko and me to have so warmed our hands.

There were three of these ladies. They sat stiffly erect, not touching the backs of their chairs. Kuei-tzu, the wife of the Elder, was directly under the portrait of the first mother of the homestead. She is small and delicately made. Her face is marked by surprisingly few wrinkles. Her eyes are two bright black crystals. Her hands taper and are very white. She wore a fitted gown of black brocade with hairpin, earrings, dress buttons, and finger ring of gold, set with large diamonds.

Ju-i, the Elder's second mate, sat in the same settee, but to the left. Ju-i is five feet, nine inches. She has a dry yellow skin stretched over her gaunt frame. Her nose is Hebraic and she is proud of her birthplace — Sianfu. She drops her black hair in waxed wings over her ears in defiance of fashion. She heightens her high cheek bones with daubs of carmine. She paints her thin lips to a carmine line. She plucks her eyebrows out and draws in short thick eyebrows with a black pencil. That afternoon she was costumed in green taffeta and had scarlet shoes. She scared me in our first exchange of glances. I stayed scared for many years.

The widow of the Elder's Second Brother sat in a chair to the right. She wore a gown of gray cotton and the white cord of mourning in her hair. Her wrinkled face is sweet and sad. She is blind to earthly things, but gifted with sight into the future.

I made my three bamboo-sapling bows to each lady. I took the cup of tea into my palms and then refused it three times. When it had been pressed upon me three times, I did my best to walk modestly backward to the chair nearest the door.

This over, the First Lady spoke to me. As I did not understand, Shun-ko changed her sounds into English. I replied in English.

The First Lady then made sounds that were like ice tinkling in a glass. Shun-ko told me to bow my head and to withdraw. Thus I was dismissed.

So Kuei-tzu, Lady of First Authority in the House of Exile, gave the command that I was not to be presented to audience again until I was sufficiently civilized to hear and to speak for myself, and that no member of the family was ever again to speak with me in any language except Chinese.

(Next month this account of family life among the Chinese will be continued with a further article, 'Three Birthdays')

NEW SHIRTS FOR OLD

Fashion Notes for Business Men

BY GEORGE J. ANDERSON

I

WHEN our great American omnibus, 'new era' model, skidded across the wrong side of Rainbow Highway, the loss and damage claim was originally supposed to be slight. Mere failure to deliver the happy passengers, safely and on time, at the Pot o' Gold — famous tavern by the crossroads between Rainbow and Terra Firma — did not seem irreparable. A bit shaken up or disheveled, and more than a bit delayed, one could still arrive where a man can not only eat, drink, and be merry, but never say die.

However, the gaudy vehicle did not stop with a mere skid. It kept right on, overturning the chicken in every pot, crashing through Everyman's garage, and catapulting the entire company into a thicket of bramble and briar. Deficits, defaults, unemployment, bank failures, foreclosures, bankruptcies — thorns of every kind spared neither things nor flesh. By the time each had tried to rip and tear a path out of the jungle mass, one result was held in common.

In the crass but vital parable of the street, all had lost their shirts!

Now it might be supposed that here, indeed, was a windfall for shirt makers. I refer, of course, to those establishments which supply the better shirts for business people. On the contrary, the shirt purveyors have suffered acutely. Caught unawares with large inventories, they found the usual outlets unwilling to absorb the very styles which seemed so firm in popular esteem. Yet, with full knowledge that a huge pent-up demand lies immediately ahead, shirt production has been hesitant and depressed. Why?

It is not because shirts have gone out. Every dictate of custom, decency, and comfort ensures that all parties to industry will continue to wear them. It is not even because of low purchasing power, although that has of course played its part. Folks simply must replace their shirts, even if they are begged or borrowed. Shirt output is at a standstill because of the virtual certainty that there is impending a marked upset in shirt fashions. It may amount to a revolution in business haberdashery. The whole trade halts, therefore, upon one clear call for the new styles.

Finding myself in accord with nature's edict that any vacuum is abhorrent, I propose to fill this one with fashion notes. That it might be difficult to find anyone with fewer qualifications as a stylist will embarrass but will not daunt me. In my time, I have recorded sports events, political conventions, heresy trials, village gossip, and other peculiarities of the human race. But I do not recall any assignment to the

fashion page. What better time than now, when the whole shirt world literally waits?

II

Suppose we begin with the banker. Tradition made him the Beau Brummel of business society. In the good old days, shirted and unshirted alike looked to him for succor and for style. What, then, of banker's shirts?

That he lost that old one rather completely, few will deny. As we look back upon his recent adventures, they must appear as incongruous to him as they do to the rest of us. To assume that a gentleman with silk topper, morning coat, and spats could fare forth into the back alleys, peddling securities from a pushcart, without attracting the rowdy attentions of the gas-house gang and other hoodlums, now appears beyond belief.

Shall we ever forget the spectacle as he staggered out from the *cul-de-sac*, supported on the strong arm of a government 'cop'? High hat crashed in, ripped cutaway, the famous frosty eye blackened, trousers smeared in the barrage from his own merchandise, — foreign and domestic, some green, some decidedly overripe — and, worst of all, his linen left a trophy in the hands of rougher and tougher lads!

'Selling the people what they want,' one of his spokesmen naïvely described the experiment to a Senate Committee. An experiment greatly social and economic, but hardly noble in motive.

Not all, of course, chose to try the peddler rôle. Some of the smaller fry preferred the relative dignity of the pawnshop. Banker Jekyll, for a generation esteemed by his townsmen as financial adviser and custodian of their funds, slipped out the back door to hang the three familiar golden balls above the unfamiliar name of Mr. Hyde. In the shop that looked very like a bank, you could raise a loan on practically anything that looked like a value, — cameras without lenses, watches without springs, etchings of title deeds, rubber dollies that could say 'Mortgage!' instead of 'Mamma!' — even jars of Mrs. Malaprop's Marmalade, that good old-time apple sauce with the repeat sales value.

To-day, behind the windows piled high with assorted junk, the 'banker' stands with his coat buttoned tightly to the chin. It is not so much the chill in the deserted pawnshop. It is to conceal the absence of what is commonly worn beneath the waistcoat. Mr. Hyde, too, has been to his 'uncle's' — dear old Uncle Sam who has promised to see him through.

Bankers themselves will give you the best reason for these exhibitions. They say that the public must understand that not everyone is a 'banker' who calls himself by that name. This is true. There are shysters, charlatans, and quacks in every profession, however honorable. Moreover, all credit is due to those bankers who stood firm in the faith of their ancient calling. Some of them had to beat back personal temptation to join the crowd. Some had to withstand the criticisms of 'old fogeyism,' of being 'behind the times.' Well, they have lived to see the times full of empty clotheslines whereon lately a long array of other bankers' linen has waved in the breeze. Stout shirts and stout hearts are akin in this case.

So we write *finis* to one of the saddest and most sordid chapters in the long history of finance.

As the prodigal banker returns, having wasted our substance in riotous lending, there is no fatted calf. Assuming, however, that he brings a chastened and contrite heart, we can bring forth a new shirt and put it on him. We are glad to see him take up

once more his honored calling. We want him again to become the secure guardian of our money and the servant of sound commercial credit. We wish the times restored when 'safe as a bank' meant a standard of integrity and not a Main Street jest.

Thus issues the first of our style edicts. For bankers the new season will be featured by a revival of the old-fashioned, stiff-bosomed, 'hard-boiled' shirt. Passing of the soft fabrics, so popular the last several years, is definitely indicated. Bosoms will be broad, amply broad so as to cover the heart. Collars and neckbands will be looser than hitherto, to permit freer circulation of blood into the head. A smart effect will be the cuffs, also stiff like the bosom, in place of the recent vogue for soft cuffs — so soft, in fact, as to be mere slaps on the wrist. Diamond studs, of course, will not be displayed, but in their stead any modest decoration may be used if it carries a personal touch. The general effect will be one of smart conservatism.

In brief, the new shirt for bankers will set them off with a note of distinction in any business group. This is perhaps the most commendable feature of the return to the old style.

III

Shirt makers should be prepared for more than a mere revival of popularity for the 'hard-boiled' shirt among the bankers. An extension of demand through new sales outlets is already suggested. I refer to those groups whose fashions are often set by those of the bankers, such as financial executives, comptrollers, and public accountants — especially the last.

It is true that shirt losses in these groups have been in some measure restricted, partly by the routine nature of their function in business society, partly by the semi-protected area of their services. It is true, also, that they seldom tend to fluctuate to extremes in fashion, chiefly for the same reasons. Nevertheless, under pressure of executive policy or in the stampede of current fads they often do mirror the times.

That the public accountant, for example, should be given so prominent a place in our fashion parade I trust will need no lengthy emphasis. By this time, certainly, all intelligent citizens, who are also investors, should be quite convinced on this point. In the process that connects the investor with the operations of industry, corporate accounts form a vital link. If this is weak, the chain cannot be strong. And the strength of the link depends heavily, first, upon the character of the accounting; in the final view, upon the integrity of the public auditors.

We are a peculiar people. We have deemed it so important to know whether oleomargarine is sold for butter, or whether there is a fraction of benzoate of soda in the catsup, that we have said, 'Let there be a law!' And we got the Federal Pure Food and Drugs Act. But that liabilities should be sold for assets, or that there should be liberal doses of 'preservatives' in the income accounts, where billions of invested savings are at stake, is left to the lottery of human conscience.

Now it is a truism that most of the larger corporations long ago buttressed this sensitive subject by voluntary action. Strictness of internal accounting, annual outside audit, and regular publicity for reports have marked their policy for a long time. It is also conceded that recently the New York Stock Exchange has kept up a gentle but ceaseless prodding of laggards in the rear. Still, many pious prayers go up from the faithful for 'education.' What this situation needs is the business end of a night stick.

Let me cite an instance which doubtless can be duplicated many times. A certain corporation has both its stocks and its bonds listed on several exchanges. One of the most capable and most honest financial men I know exclaimed about a recent report: 'I would n't believe it if they made it under oath!' Knowing personally the methods of its management, I concurred with him. So far as I have been able to learn, the accounts of that company have never been audited in its entire history. Yet a few weeks later I heard an investor comparing that very report with one issued by a competing concern whose accounting policies are among the strictest, and whose annual reports bear the certificate of an outstanding firm of public auditors. Such a condition is not only a snare for security holders, but grossly unfair to competitors.

Standard accounting practice enforced within the corporation, annual audit by public accountants chosen by stockholders, regular and frequent publication of financial statements — these ought to form the minimum statutory code for any enterprise with listed securities. If it is good for some, it is good for all. If it is good for all, it is not an issue for moral suasion, but for the compelling force of law.

Now some may say this is all very well, but in the last analysis its efficiency depends upon the public auditor and his character. That is just my point. They may go further and avow that they have seen some noticeably frayed and dirty linen on members of the craft. That, also, is correct. Even to-day, with their work as formally public and professional as that of the doctor or the lawyer, they have their share of shysters and quacks. The group of C. P. A.'s whose certificates are almost a guarantee of 'the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth' is not nearly so large as it ought to be. But public patronage can enlarge their number and stiffen their code.

This is why I hazard the guess that shirts for auditors will also be whiter and better starched in the coming season.

IV

I have made several references to the investor, especially in his place as stockholder. Lo, the poor stockholder! No 'forgotten man' is he, but, on the contrary, the man they all love to touch. His number is legion, and apparently increasing all the time. From every quarter comes the common report that, throughout the depression, stockholders' lists have been steadily lengthening. Especially is this true of the 'odd lot' shareholder, or owner of less than one hundred shares.

Frequent statements have been made that there are variously ten, twenty, even thirty million stockholders in this country. I know neither the source nor the authority for these estimates. They may have been arrived at by tabulating the total lists of all available corporations. What possible method could be used to subtract the countless duplications I cannot surmise. On its face, the top figure surely seems like a gross exaggeration. It would mean one stockholder out of every four persons in our entire population — men, women, and children; native, Negro, and alien; city, suburban, and rural dwellers alike. There may even be thirty million separate stockholdings, which can be just as much to our point. That is — here is a huge, ineffective, and fluctuating multitude, actually the legal owners of our industries. And what owners!

Scattered as sheep without a shepherd, they have divided and subdivided corporate control into well-nigh invisi-

ble fractions. We have a whole group of enterprises that number their shares by the tens of millions and their common stockholders alone by hundreds of thousands. The government of business is supposed to rest upon their shifting shoulders. Here, indeed, is one of the elemental problems of future capitalism.

Essentially, the lone stockholder presents a triple problem of light, heat, and power. One might even borrow from the jargon of football and say a 'triple threat.'

Take the matter of light. In his relation to any particular company, it will not be denied, I take it, that the average stockholder is singularly unenlightened. This plight may be considered, for the moment, quite apart from his difficulty in securing light, to which I have already referred. It is most frequently wrapped up with his more or less basic ignorance of the tools of his trade. The stockholder is often an illiterate in income statements and balance sheets. However carefully they may have been compiled, however honestly they may have been checked, however simply they may have been presented, they are all Greek to him. No wonder he so often construes his investment as a game of chance, playing for black to turn up instead of red.

This is especially true of women stockholders. Recent analyses in a group of large corporations have revealed the surprising fact that a majority of their listed share owners (in numbers) are women. Aside from that portion whose names may be enrolled by the preference or generosity of males, and who, consequently, are not expected to assume the actual responsibilities of stockholding, a large number are investors in their own right. Yet they have had little or nothing to prepare them for the relationship of risk sharer.

In these comments, of course, I omit consideration of senior securities, such as preferred stocks and bonds.

Now it may be too much to expect a general education in accountancy for common stockholders. Yet there is less reason for going it blind to-day than ever before. If the stockholder, like a sheep before its shearers, is dumb, the remedy lies with himself. First, he need not be a partner in any enterprise where adequate light is not forthcoming. That will aid him in guarding both his eyesight and his pocketbook. In the second place, granted illumination, he need only turn a light switch with the technical advisors available to-day. Special financial services and investment counsel have now reached the stage of thoroughness, impartiality, historic completeness, and general efficiency. A careful selection, from a group also not without its quackery, will be well worth the few dollars for a lighting bill.

Perhaps it is an inferiority complex, perhaps it is their sensation of ignorance and weakness, that generates the heat in common stockholders. That there is far more heat than light I think most corporate executives will agree. Mail from this partner to industry is almost invariably tinged with the irritable, the petulant, and often the abusive. The tone of the letter sometimes implies that rascals who are foully plotting against the writer had better beware. A drop in sales is an injury; a loss from operations is a downright personal insult to the stockholder. Rarely is a note of good cheer sounded for the management.

Passed dividends are never pleasant, and are usually avoided as long as possible — sometimes, indeed, too long. Yet the storm which then descends upon the luckless executive is inevitable. Thought that the step is often taken to safeguard the stockholder's

own interest is forgotten. It is like abusing the skipper for slowing down his liner in a fog. Of course, the many recorded betrayals explain some of the stockholder's instinctive suspicion and wrath. But they form a friction in the bearings of industry that only enlightenment will dispel.

Now as to power. What is the power of one six-hundred-thousandth of the control in a great utility? The town meeting is impossible; only the ballot box remains. What slender threads bind this partner to his job! Four times a year he may receive — if he is lucky — a dividend check; once annually — if it is not overlooked — he gives his proxy. By this exchange the corporation is governed. If it were not for the directors and that permanent secretariat called the management, even the legal fiction would have gone by the board. Yet is it conceivable that we have settled down to a system in which the great masses of this fiscal electorate have practically disfranchised themselves?

Why should not the stockholders have both information and responsibility as to major corporate policies? Is it of no interest or concern to them that an enterprise is a notorious price cutter, or a focus for market instability in its sales policies? That it is a reckless expansionist in plant and equipment? That it is an exploiter in wages and hours, or is isolated from the coöperative work of its industry? Surely profits are not the sole answer to questions like these. Mere dividends are no substitute for a sound platform and sound policies of the administration which the stockholder places in power.

From these sketchy remarks, quite inadequate on so large a matter, my personal preference in shirts for stockholders may be guessed. I should organize them into a light brigade; drill them to take out the heat of personal grouches and replace it with the zeal of social aims; and discipline them to wield real power in concerted action, instead of sniping chiefly at shadows. In other words, I should certainly put them into black shirts and set them marching on the room where directors meet.

As a fashion commentator, however, I am trying to be a realist, not a futuristic stylist. I know perfectly well that black shirts for stockholders will not come in this season. On the contrary, it is clear that the hair shirt will will be almost universally worn. More often than not, it will be made of the customary goatskin. Others will prefer the softer symbols of squirrel and rabbit. There may be a few forerunners who will wear camel's hair, calling 'Repent ye! Repent!' But these will no doubt be few — just voices crying in the wilderness, where shirt fashions are negligible and reformers are eccentric.

One further note of warning may be issued. The bizarre effects so much in vogue for stockholders' shirts during the past decade are definitely out. Peculiar patterns with melons, pyramids, and large checks are quite *passés*. The style, never orthodox, was pushed to such extremes that reaction not only was inevitable but is likely to be prolonged.

In all this I have had the small stockholder chiefly in mind. Shirts for large stockholders will, of course, follow the same trend, with fuller lines all round. One type of stout stockholder may well have special mention. He is the individual who relies on the valet for selections in shirtings.

That there are those either too uninterested or too indifferent to spend some time on [illegible] highly personal a habiliment m[illegible] a surprise. Among the famous f[illegible]ancial wardrobes of America, at least one or two have been,

nevertheless, handled in this way. They should be advised that the sleeveless and neckless jersey, happy-go-lucky style though it be, will be quite impossible during the coming season. Relying for one's shirt upon a little 'gentleman's man' may involve not merely passing from shirt sleeves to shirt sleeves in three changes; it may result in coming home dressed in a barrel.

As we pass on in our fashion review, I trust none of my readers will be so indiscreet as to embarrass me in one detail. That is to hark back to the fact recorded above — namely, that a large number of the shareholders are women. Needless to say, I am using 'shirt' throughout in the generic sense. It is not necessary to be either too technical or too intimate. So far as the feminine is concerned, I am informed that the French have a word for it. The materials used for the ladies, however, will be the same.

V

Now we come naturally to those chosen ones — the directors. They form the second chamber of industry, a House of Lords with more authority than the Commons from which it derives. With their advice and consent, the executive branch performs its labors. They have power, and their board room is supposed to be well lighted, heated, and ventilated. Into their hands the stockholder hopefully entrusts his fate. He assumes that, being directors, they will direct the course of the ship, wind and tide permitting.

The fair-weather director, like the fair-weather sailor, suffers no pangs. When, however, the ship runs into dirty weather, the director should be more than a distinguished name on the passenger list. Rising commercial gales, heavy seas in industry, and a rapidly falling profit barometer ought to find the director at his post. It is a pity he is more often discovered prostrate in his berth.

Now it must be granted that seasickness is a condition for which a man is far more to be pitied than censured. The fact that his shirt may have blown out of the porthole may not prove too serious if the steward can find him a clean pair of pyjamas. The real problem in this case is to choose real seafaring men. It will no doubt remain a problem until some traditions are broken and a few reforms introduced into the process of selection, nomination, and election of directors. These, however, are matters for the stockholders themselves.

Finding himself in office, the director faces certain duties. Legal routine aside, what are they? In general, the following are the chief factors he is supposed to provide: a sound capital structure; a competent management; corporate policies adapted to changing conditions; support, moral as well as financial, for both management and policies.

By and large, it can be assumed that directors fulfill their part better than do the stockholders. This may be damnation with faint praise. The individual's record for conscientious service is often better than the 'by and large' measurement will indicate. Nearly every management knows that the stockholders have reason to be grateful for the ready and constant response of individual directors. It is as a body that many boards of directors make a more dismal showing.

Now there is, practically, but one method of scoring in business administration. That is the record of earnings. If we judge by this yardstick, it is surprising to consider the history of scores of our enterprises. Returns are highly irregular, or nonexistent. The

investor naturally wonders what the director is doing on his job.

Take the question of capital structure. Fundamental to earning capacity is the total burden, and its apportionment among classes of funded debt, preferred and common stocks. The list of corporations where the corner stone itself is askew is no small one. It would take an industrial miracle for the business, under any management, to build a stable or consistent earning power. Sometimes the company manages to drag out a long existence by ignoring junior requirements; in the end, many must face the inevitable in reorganization or receivership. Why don't the directors face the issue promptly? The answer is simple.

The director's attitude is like that of any other legislator who faces a vote that adversely affects his constituents but is desirable for the greater good. He is elected to represent the common stockholders. They will be the first and worst sufferers. So the issue is referred, in either honest belief or vain hope that a subcommittee of General Fabius and Mr. Micawber may report a solution. In the meantime, the director's constituents get nothing; senior securities are injured by an unfavorable showing; management toils on like Sisyphus; and the company, fundamentally infected, is a danger both to the community of its own trade and to the larger society of business.

It takes courage to face a multitude of unenlightened and irritable stockholders with proposals to write off millions of supposed assets. Yet courageous boards have done it, to the ultimate benefit of all concerned.

Consider the problem of competent management. Again the acid test of earnings is applied. But in the laboratory of the board room it must be used with discretion. Industry to-day is a highly complicated affair, and executive change is no light matter. If a gas or electric utility — protected by local monopoly from competition, protected by fixed rates from sweeping changes in commodity prices, protected by increasing consumption from dislocated demand — does not show earnings, management is, indeed, under question. But if cotton and woolen textiles compare unfavorably with silk and rayon, or coal and lumber with oil and natural gas, or rubber tires with automobiles, there are deep-lying reasons, often beyond the control of even competent managers. The director is, more often than not, at a technical disadvantage, and fails to secure evidence or reach a verdict until too late.

In this difficult choice between support and removal, he inclines to the former, often carrying it to an absurd degree. So too with policies for which he looks to the executives for guidance. The same motives, the same difficulties, and the same reluctance to play a genuine rôle of direction affect his decision.

It is the method more than the office that accounts for the toll in directors' shirts. In the first place, the public conception of the board room as a council chamber is inaccurate. Though the board is usually a small body, it functions like unwieldy assemblies. Its most important work is not done in session, but in committees, finance or executive, or even more often by individual conference.

The etiquette of directors sometimes outstrips the wildest conception of senatorial courtesy. *Nihil nisi bonum* is applied to the quick as well as the dead. A pointed question brings raised eyebrows like a *faux pas* in the drawing-room. Dissent is expressed by eloquent silence, and a negative vote is recorded as evidence of treason, sedition, and giving aid to the enemy.

Moreover, by the very concept of

stock control and the composition of directorates, there is always MacGregor at the table. The theory is that MacGregor, having the most at stake, can be followed with the least chance of error. If MacGregor is possessed of knowledge and judgment as well as of power, the assumption may be safe. If he wears a stuffed shirt, theory is confronted by a fact, and an ominous one to boot. In this legislature of the body economic, the dangers of the 'boss' are added to the timidity and evasions of the representative.

Sometimes, not merely in the small enterprise but in a great corporation, one discovers a board of directors which is nothing more than a caucus of management. This is a dangerous situation. Several years ago a large company, whose directors were all officials, revealed a scandal of national import. I recall a boast of the chairman, also its chief executive: 'When I want a directors' meeting, I just press a button.' In a bitter battle of proxies, a delinquent but dominant stock interest finally acted, long after it had been informed of the menacing possibilities. In this case the executive had assumed the shirt of MacGregor himself.

I wish I could write down in confidence that stuffed shirts were *démodés* for directors. The losses have been great, but their popularity is greater. That a man, or several men, should be arrayed with a majority of shares does not by itself endow them with virtue as well as power. It will not prevent voting of dividends in the face of a depleted surplus and operating losses when a stuffed shirt is too timid to demand even the financial facts. It will not prevent a stuffed shirt, with that perilous combination of ego and ignorance, from jamming through his personal desires over the protests of management. It will not prevent a stuffed shirt from concentrating on trivial details while fundamentals of corporate health are ignored. It will not prevent a corporation from becoming 'kreugerized' or 'insullated,' or from suffering any other in the long list of industrial ills, when the MacGregors are weak in business hygiene, social ethics, or even in commonplace stamina whereby men are distinguished from dummies.

The stuffed-shirt market will therefore continue to be large. No doubt the bulges will be bigger than ever in some styles. By this means it will be hoped to cover the lack of natural proportions in a season of great economic stress. But comfort may be found in the fact that, as heretofore, not every director will don this peculiarly ugly and unbecoming garment. The vogue will increase for new shirts of white broadcloth. There will be more and more directors who will not consider themselves well groomed unless this material is used — spotlessly white and very broad. In policy meetings, especially, close-fitting lines will be preferred.

VI

For management, the style problem is Hobson's choice rather than Hamlet's. In the embattled days ahead for industry, the executive may safely expect to suffer slings and arrows from the rear while he also takes arms against a sea of troubles before him. For him, the new era of recovery and reconstruction means intensified criticism from investors; intensified competition from his rivals; intensified search for adequate revenues; intensified pressure for economies; intensified scrutiny from every well-wisher, and intensified resistance from every foe.

To most of these, at least in some degree, he has always been accustomed. In the recent wild scramble of the briar patch, the loss of his shirt has perhaps toughened him. He always had to be a

fighting man. Even if he was one of the vanishing tribe which persisted in wearing the old-fashioned nightshirt, this racking experience of deflation woke him up. He understands that a fellow can't put up much of a battle in a nightgown, and that he would be a ridiculous sight if he tried. When the jousting is over, the executive will be either the man on horseback or the chap lying on his back in the grime of the arena.

The warfare of the coming competition requires armor. For the executive, therefore, I have no hesitancy in recommending the shirt of mail. It should be worn along with the iron hand, velvet gloves being optional according to the occasion. The shirt should be of the stoutest weave obtainable, with the fewest possible joints or vulnerable openings. As the son of trade goes forth to war, he will have many occasions to be grateful that fashions for him are both sensible and smart.

A word of caution on this style may perhaps be offered to certain specialists of the management corps. Hauberk fashions will need to be adapted to the fighting needs of the wearer. Sales executives, for example, will see to it in the new season that their mail shirts, while stoutly made, are not so tightly fitted as formerly. High blood pressure and overheating must positively be avoided. Mobility, freedom of movement, a certain finesse, should characterize the cut and fashion for them. For the advertising manager, too, the same requirements will be in vogue.

In marketing, the tumult and the shouting must die, since the captains and the kings of high pressure have departed. In the immediate future, stockholders and directors will display more joy over one sale at a profit than over ninety and nine held at a loss. The sales manager who has been defending contracts taken at a deficit by extolling their volume will select his new shirt with discretion.

On the other side of the industrial budget, the purchasing agent may well profit by these examples. Not everyone realizes the vast exchange of goods whose fate lies in his hands. Charged with the huge expenditures of the business household, he must be always, like Cæsar's wife, above suspicion. That his affairs are administered on the whole as scrupulously and as honestly as they are is a cause for commendation. Since he works under twofold pressure, supervisory and self-imposed, it is not surprising that he so often makes a virtue of necessity. However, the mere fact that he is uniformed in mail gives him no special right to shove the lowly burden bearer aside into the gutter.

Especially if he be dealing with raw materials and natural resources in these days of devastation, he should beware of grinding the faces of the poor against the shirt of mail. In his case, gauntlets will be as ill-suited as spurs for headquarters officers. He should wear the visor of his helmet wide open, to permit a long-range view of the battle. Field glasses, rather than the microscope, should be his favored accessory.

VII

The final place in the industrial fashion show has been left for labor, at once the largest and the most needy delegation. What a loss has been theirs! For with the heavy-laden rank and file the loss of the shirt so often means also the loss of self-respect. The great immediate task of industry is not merely to restore labor to its accustomed place. It is now even more. To enhance that place, to enlarge its share of consumptive capacity, is required in order to assure security, both social and financial, for the rest of the economic structure. No mere resumption of

turning wheels on the old axles will cover the ground. Neither axles nor spokes were designed with the present load in mind.

If silk shirts were ever as widely worn by labor as the opinion was widely held in the social register, they have now been lost. My own belief is that the vogue, even in its symbolic sense, was much exaggerated. We have too much sound information on the distribution of national income to warrant many illusions about the actual spending capacity among multitudes of wage earners. Meanwhile, a slow but steady war of attrition has been waged upon employment itself by the fall of waning industries and by the advance of technological blockades. Despite all progress, which I do not minimize, the solemn fact remains of increasing thousands skilled in crafts which no longer need them. Except for brief moments of abnormal demand, they are the most pitiful of reserves.

Confronted by this problem, our faith rests chiefly on the experimenters, or those voyagers to laboratory isles who have never yet failed to return with new discoveries. Yet, while the search goes on for the fountain of economic youth, there are thousands who cannot sit still and wait. Their needs are primitive, felt by the day and not from era to era of national growth. Food, clothing, and shelter; work and play; health, education, and savings — for these things men cannot wait until some far-sailing ship comes in.

One general policy, as a nation, we have at last adopted. The quarantine placard has been posted on our formerly hospitable doors. It serves mute notice of the sickness within. The American family, related though it be to all nations, can receive no guests until the stricken recover. It is a harsh restriction on some, but a vital safeguard to the many. At least it will prevent needless spread of the epidemic.

Another precaution, chiefly in the spirit of emergency, is now being added. Work week and work day are here and there shortened by inviting more to share them. This is essential first aid. But why should any industrialist look upon the method as a temporary tourniquet? Even more, why should any hesitate to apply it as he sees the severed arteries of trade? In the real status of many industries, the six-day working week and the day of nine or ten hours have become obsolete. Almost all data on productive capacity, individual output, and mechanized efficiency confirm this. Nevertheless, the wage earners of yesterday remain to be provided for to-morrow.

The time has come for complete stock taking. Every industry needs to record its own census. It should ascertain total production capacity, normal demand, reasonable allowance for reserves and expansion, both enrolled and idle personnel. Thereafter, upon these calculations, each can make at least a rough approach to the minimum annual man-hours which will be required and the maximum number of employees who must be assigned.

The states and the nation can supplement this effort at planned production by two more remedies. One can be directed at the children's end of the *impasse*, and one toward the aged. Of all the anachronisms and paradoxes which bedevil our poverty in the midst of plenty, none is more ghastly than these.

In this greatly populous and wealthy nation, millions of the finest, the fittest, and the most apt of our mature manhood are rusting in idleness. Yet we continue either to recruit or to retain for the industrial army whole regiments, brigades, and divisions from our children and our superannuated. By the hundreds of thousands, the young-

sters who should be at school and play are fighting on the business battlefield. Long hours of toil which should be filled with learning; stunting confinement which forbids physical vigor; monotony which dulls the soul of the man or woman to be — these are indeed strange gifts from the fatherland to its young.

At the other end of life are the labor veterans. For years, for decades, sometimes for half a century, they have given their all. One group of responsibilities has been followed by another. Parents have been helped; families have been reared; the old helpmeet has been protected from want. Season has followed season in which the much desired rest or retirement has faded before new demands. Slower in step now than formerly, hands not quite as sure, hearing perhaps a little harder and eyes a little dimmed, yet, even more faithful because more fearful, they labor on.

Despite popular belief, the 'heartless corporation' does not make the clean sweep of them which is often supposed. Their very faithfulness has its value. Here and there, to be sure, may be found voluntary pension funds. Some of these have been bitterly subject to the winds and storms of business change. In the main, however, the old soldier may be counted by the thousands, like the child near at hand, displacing each his potential substitute from that generation most fitted for the struggle.

Now, in the name of common sense, would any nation so conduct itself in war? Would it dream of drafting the young and the old when it still had huge reserves of men in their best years? Peace hath its imbecilities even more than war. Self-interest alone, not to mention any concept of social vision for the future of American life, should lead to quick correction. Few investments can bring more immediate returns on a purely economic basis than extension of child labor acts and state provision for the aged. By assuring vigor to the next generation and by providing security for old age, we also assure the use of our best to-day and the reserve of our best to-morrow.

Is it either fantasy or paternalism to see a change in fashions for labor? The sweat shirt, of course, will still be worn, for it has ever been the style for those who must gain their bread by heavy labor. If it, too, has been lost, it must be replaced. But the new fashion prescribes that it shall not be worn so exclusively. The well-dressed toiler will make more frequent changes, will use his sweater fewer hours a day and on fewer days in the week. Moreover, he must begin to look about for more becoming apparel for his children and his parents. Sweat shirts for either the young or the old will be more and more taboo.

Thus we come to the end of our fashion page. Briefly, it has been a search after new shirts for old. The moral of it all? By their shirts ye shall know them.

This fashion-mongering has been no easier a job than I expected. Yet, withal, the effort has been to put one's self in the other fellow's shirt. Many of these garments I personally have worn, and have doffed them with relief or with regret, according to their kind. To aid the imagination, these style notes were written while I was temporarily confined indoors. My own shirt had been sent to the corporate laundry. You see, — he admitted shyly and with a slightly superior smile, — that particular shirt was saved from the briar patch. Furthermore — (Will you please pardon me while I answer that telephone?)

My word, how exasperating! It appears that my shirt has been lost at the laundry!

A CHANCE MEETING

BY WILLA CATHER

I

It happened at Aix-les-Bains, one of the pleasantest places in the world. I was staying at the Grand-Hôtel d'Aix, which opens on the sloping little square with the bronze head of Queen Victoria, commemorating her visits to that old watering place in Savoie. The Casino and the Opera are next door, just across the gardens. The hotel was built for the travelers of forty years ago, who liked large rooms and large baths, and quiet. It is not at all smart, but very comfortable. Long ago I used to hear old Pittsburghers and Philadelphians talk of it. The newer hotels, set on the steep hills above the town, have the fashionable trade; the noise and jazz and dancing.

In the dining room I often noticed, at a table not far from mine, an old lady, a Frenchwoman, who usually lunched and dined alone. She seemed very old indeed, well over eighty, and somewhat infirm, though not at all withered or shrunken. She was not stout, but her body had that rather shapeless heaviness which for some detestable reason often settles upon people in old age. The thing one especially noticed was her fine head, so well set upon her shoulders and beautiful in shape, recalling some of the portrait busts of Roman ladies. Her forehead was low and straight, her nose made just the right angle with it, and there was something quite lovely about her temples, something one very rarely sees.

As I watched her entering and leaving the dining room I observed that she was slightly lame, and that she utterly disregarded it — walked with a quick, short step and great impatience, holding her shoulders well back. One saw that she was contemptuously intolerant of the limitations of old age. As she passed my table she often gave me a keen look and a half-smile (her eyes were extremely bright and clear), as if she were about to speak. But I remained blank. I am a poor linguist, and there would be no point in uttering commonplaces to this old lady; one knew that much about her, at a glance. If one spoke to her at all, one must be at ease.

Several times in the early morning I happened to see her leave the hotel in her motor, and each time her chauffeur brought down and placed in the car a camp chair, an easel, and canvases and color boxes strapped together. Then they drove off toward the mountains. A plucky old lady, certainly, to go sketching in that very hot weather — for this was in the latter part of August, 1930, one of the hottest seasons Aix-les-Bains had ever known. Every evening after dinner the old lady disappeared into the lift and went to her own rooms. But often she reappeared later, dressed for the opera, and went out, attended by her maid.

One evening, when there was no opera, I found her smoking a cigarette in the lounge, where I had gone to write letters. It was a very hot night, and all the windows were open; seeing her pull her lace shawl closer about her shoulders, I went to shut one of them. Then she spoke to me in excellent English: —

'I think that draft blows out from the dining room. If you will ask the boy to close the doors, we shall not feel the air.'

I found the boy and had the doors closed. When I returned, the old lady thanked me, motioned to a chair at her side, and asked if I had time for a cigarette.

'You are stopping at Aix for some time, I judge?' she asked as I sat down.

I replied that I was.

'You like it, then? You are taking a cure? You have been here before?'

No, I was not taking a cure. I had been here before, and had come back merely because I liked the place.

'It has changed less than most places, I think,' she remarked. 'I have been coming here for thirty-five years; I have old associations with Aix. Besides, I enjoy the music here. I live in the South, at Antibes. You attend the Grand-Cercle? You heard the performance of *Tristan and Iseult* last night?'

I had not heard it. I told her I had thought the evening too frightfully hot to sit in a theatre.

'But it was no hotter there than anywhere else. I was not uncomfortable.'

There was a reprimand in her tone, and I added the further excuse that I had thought the principals would probably not be very good, and that I liked to hear that opera well sung.

'They were well enough,' she declared. 'With Wagner I do not so much care about the voices. It is the orchestra I go to hear. The conductor last night was Albert Wolff, one of our best *Kapellmeisters*.'

I said I was sorry I had missed the opera.

'Are you going to his (Wolff's) classical concert to-morrow afternoon? He will give a superb rendering of Ravel's *la Valse* — if you care for modern music.'

I hastily said that I meant to go.

'But have you reserved your places? No? Then I would advise you to do so at once. The best way here is to have places for the entire chain of performances. One need not go to all, of course; but it is the best way. There is little else to do here in the evening, unless one plays at the gaming tables. Besides, it is almost September; the days are lowering now, and one needs the theatre.' The old lady stopped, frowned, and made an impatient gesture with her very interesting hand. 'What should I have said then? Lowering is not the word, but I seldom have opportunity to speak English.'

'You might say the days are growing shorter, but I think lowering a very good word.'

'*Mais un peu poétique, n'est-ce pas?*'

'Perhaps; but it is the right kind of poetic.'

'And by that you mean?'

'That it's not altogether bookish or literary. The country people use it in some parts of England, I think. I have heard old-fashioned farmers use it in America, in the South.'

The old lady gave a dry little laugh. 'So if the farmers use a word it is quite safe, eh?'

Yes, I told her, that was exactly what I meant; safe.

We talked a little longer on that first occasion. She asked if I had been to Chamonix, and strongly advised me to go to a place near Sallanches, where she had lately been visiting friends, on her

way to Aix. In replying to her questions I fell into the stupid way one sometimes adopts when speaking to people of another language; tried to explain something in very simple words. She frowned and checked me with, 'Speak idiomatically, please. I knew English quite well at one time. If I speak it badly, it is because now I have no practice.'

I said good-night and sat down at a desk to write letters. But on the way to my room I stopped to tell the friend with whom I was traveling that the old French lady we had so often admired spoke very good English, and spoke it easily; that she seemed, indeed, to have a rather special feeling for language.

II

The next day was intensely hot. In the morning the beautiful mountain ridges which surround Aix stood out sharp and clear, but the vineyards looked wilted. Toward noon the hills grew misty, and the sun poured down through a slightly milky atmosphere. I rather dreaded the heat of a concert hall, but at two o'clock I went to Albert Wolff's concert, and heard such a rendering of Ravel's *la Valse* as I do not expect to hear again; a small orchestra, wonderfully trained, and a masterly conductor.

The programme was long, with two intermissions. The last group did not seem to be especially interesting, and the concert was quite long enough and fine enough without those numbers. I decided that I could miss them. I would go up to the Square and have tea beside the Roman arch. As I left the hall by the garden entrance, I saw the old French lady seated on the verandah with her maid, wearing a white dress and a white lace garden hat, fanning herself vigorously, the beads of moisture on her face making dark streaks in the powder. She beckoned to me and asked whether I had enjoyed the music. I told her that I had, very much indeed; but now my capacity for enjoying, or even listening, was quite spent, and I was going up to the Square for tea.

'Oh, no,' said she, 'that is not necessary. You can have your tea here at the Maison des Fleurs quite well, and still have time to go back for the last group.'

I thanked her and went across the garden, but I did not mean to see the concert through. Seeing things through was evidently a habit with this old lady: witness the way she was seeing life through, going to concerts and operas in this wilting heat; being concerned that other people should go, moreover, and caring about the way in which Ravel was played, when in the course of nature her interest in new music should have stopped with César Franck, surely.

I left the Casino gardens through a grotto that gave into the street, went up to the Square, and had tea with some nice English people I had met on Mont Revard, a young business man and his wife come over for their holiday. I felt a little as if I had escaped from an exacting preceptress. The old lady took it for granted that one wished to accomplish as much as possible in a given space of time. I soon found that, to her, life meant just that — accomplishing things; 'doing them always a little better and better,' as she once remarked after I came to know her.

While I was dressing for dinner I decided to go away for a few days, up into the high mountains of Haute-Savoie, under Mont Blanc. That evening, when the old lady stopped me to discuss the concert, I asked her for some suggestions about the hotels there, since at our first meeting she had said I must certainly go to some of the moun-

tain places easily reached from Sallanches.

She at once recommended a hotel that was very high and cool, and then told me of all the excursions I must make from that place, outlining a full programme which I knew I should not follow. I was going away merely to escape the heat and to regard Mont Blanc from an advantageous point — not to become acquainted with the country.

III

My trip into the mountains was wholly successful. All the suggestions the old lady had given me proved excellent, and I felt very grateful to her. I stayed away longer than I had intended. I returned to Aix late one night, got up early the next morning, and went to the bank, feeling that Aix is always a good place to come back to. When I returned to the hotel for lunch, there was the old lady, sitting in a chair just outside the door, looking worn and faded. Why, since she had her car and her driver there, she had not run away from the heat, I do not know. But she had stayed through it, and gone out sketching every morning. She greeted me very cordially, asked whether I had an engagement for the evening, and suggested that we should meet in the salon after dinner.

I was dining with my friend, and after dinner we both went into the writing room where the old lady was awaiting us. Our acquaintance seemed to have progressed measurably in my absence, though neither of us as yet knew the other's name. Her name, I thought, would mean very little; she was what she was. No one could fail to recognize her distinction and authority; it was in the carriage of her head, in her fine hands, in her voice, in every word she uttered in any language, in her brilliant, very piercing eyes. I had no curiosity about her name; that would be an accident and could scarcely matter.

We talked very comfortably for a time. The old lady made some comment on the Soviet experiment in Russia. My friend remarked that it was fortunate for the great group of Russian writers that none of them had lived to see the Revolution; Gogol, Tolstoy, Turgenev.

'Ah, yes,' said the old lady with a sigh, 'for Turgenev, especially, all this would have been very terrible. I knew him well at one time.'

I looked at her in astonishment. Yes, of course, it was possible. She was very old. I told her I had never met anyone who had known Turgenev.

She smiled. 'No? I saw him very often when I was a young girl. I was much interested in German, in the great works. I was making a translation of *Faust*, for my own pleasure, merely, and Turgenev used to go over my translation and correct it from time to time. He was a great friend of my uncle. I was brought up in my uncle's house.' She was becoming excited as she spoke, her face grew more animated, her voice warmer, something flashed in her eyes, some strong feeling awoke in her. As she went on her voice shook a little. 'My mother died at my birth, and I was brought up in my uncle's house. He was more than father to me. My uncle also was a man of letters, Gustave Flaubert, you may perhaps know . . .' She murmured the last phrase in a curious tone, as if she had said something indiscreet and were evasively dismissing it.

The meaning of her words came through to me slowly; so this must be the 'Caro' of the *Lettres à sa Nièce Caroline*. There was nothing to say, certainly. The room was absolutely quiet, but there was nothing to say to

this disclosure. It was like being suddenly brought up against a mountain of memories. One could not see round it; one could only stupidly realize that in this mountain which the old lady had conjured up by a phrase and a name or two lay most of one's mental past. Some moments went by. There was no word with which one could greet such a revelation. I took one of her lovely hands and kissed it, in homage to a great period, to the names that made her voice tremble.

She laughed an embarrassed laugh, and spoke hurriedly. 'Oh, that is not necessary! That is not at all necessary.' But the tone of distrust, the faint challenge in that 'you may perhaps know . . .' had disappeared. '*Vous connaissez bien les œuvres de mon oncle?*'

Who did not know them? I asked her.

Again the dry tone, with a shrug. 'Oh, I almost never meet anyone who really knows them. The name, of course, its place in our literature, but not the works themselves. I never meet anyone now who cares much about them.'

Great names are awkward things in conversation, when one is a chance acquaintance. One cannot be too free with them; they have too much value. The right course, I thought, was to volunteer nothing, above all to ask no questions; to let the old lady say what she would, ask what she would. She wished, it seemed, to talk about *les œuvres de mon oncle.* Her attack was uncertain; she touched here and there. It was a large subject. She told me she had edited the incomplete *Bouvard et Pécuchet* after his death, that *La Tentation de Saint Antoine* had been his own favorite among his works; she supposed I would scarcely agree with his choice?

No, I was sorry, but I could not.

'I suppose you care most for *Madame Bovary?*'

One can hardly discuss that book; it is a fact in history. One knows it too well to know it well.

'And yet,' she murmured, 'my uncle got only five hundred francs for it from the publisher. Of course, he did not write for money. Still, he would have been pleased . . . Which one, then, do you prefer?'

I told her that a few years ago I had reread *L'Éducation sentimentale,* and felt that I had never risen to its greatness before.

She shook her head. 'Ah, too long, prolix, *trop de conversation.* And Frédéric is very weak.'

But there was an eagerness in her face, and I knew by something in her voice that this was like Garibaldi's proclamation to his soldiers on the retreat from Rome, when he told them he could offer them cold and hunger and sickness and misery. He offered something else, too, but the listeners must know that for themselves.

It had seemed to me when I last read *L'Éducation sentimentale* that its very faults were of a noble kind. It is too cold, certainly, to justify the subtitle, *Roman d'un jeune homme;* for youth, even when it has not generous enthusiasm, has at least fierce egotism. But I had wondered whether this cool, dispassionate, almost contemptuous presentation of Frédéric were not a protest against the overly sympathetic manner of Balzac in his stories of young men; Eugène de Rastignac, Lucien de Rubempré, Horace Bianchon, and all the others. Certainly Balzac's habit of playing up his characters, of getting into the ring and struggling and sweating with them, backing them with all his animal heat, must have been very distasteful to Flaubert. It was perhaps this quality of salesmanship in Balzac which made Flaubert

say of him in a letter to this same niece Caroline, 'He is as ignorant as a pot, and bourgeois to the marrow.'

Of course, a story of youth, which altogether lacks that gustatory zest, that exaggerated concern for trivialities, is scarcely successful. In *L'Éducation* the trivialities are there (for life is made up of them), but not the voracious appetite which drives young people through silly and vulgar experiences. The story of Frédéric is a story of youth with the heart of youth left out; and of course it is often dull. But the latter chapters of the book justify one's journey through it. Then all the hero's young life becomes more real than it was as one followed it from year to year, and the story ends on a high plateau. From that great and quiet last scene, seated by the fire with the two middle-aged friends (who were never really friends, but who had been young together), one looks back over Frédéric's life and finds that one has it all, even the dull stretches. It is something one has lived through, not a story one has read; less diverting than a story, perhaps, but more inevitable. One is 'left with it,' in the same way that one is left with a weak heart after certain illnesses. A shadow has come into one's consciousness that will not go out again.

The old French lady and I talked for some time about *L'Éducation sentimentale*. She spoke with warm affection, with tenderness, of Madame Arnoux.

'Ah yes, Madame Arnoux, she is beautiful!' The moisture in her bright eyes, the flush on her cheeks, and the general softening of her face said much more. That charming and good woman of the middle classes, the wife who holds the story together (as she held Frédéric himself together), passed through the old lady's mind so vividly that it was as if she had entered the room. Madame Arnoux was there with us, in that hotel at Aix, on the evening of September 5, 1930, a physical presence, in the charming costume of her time, as on the night when Frédéric first dined at 24 rue de Choiseul. The niece had a very special feeling for this one of her uncle's characters. She lingered over the memory, recalling her as she first appears, sitting on the bench of a passenger boat on the Seine, in her muslin gown sprigged with green and her wide straw hat with red ribbons. Whenever the old lady mentioned Madame Arnoux it was with some mark of affection; she smiled, or sighed, or shook her head as we do when we speak of something that is quite unaccountably fine: 'Ah yes, she is lovely, Madame Arnoux! She is very complete.'

The old lady told me that she had at home the corrected manuscript of *L'Éducation sentimentale*. 'Of course I have many others. But this he gave me long before his death. You shall see it when you come to my place at Antibes. I call my place the Villa Tanit, *pour la déesse*,' she added with a smile.

The name of the goddess took us back to *Salammbô*, which is the book of Flaubert I like best. I like him in those great reconstructions of the remote and cruel past. When I happened to speak of the splendid final sentence of *Hérodias*, where the fall of the syllables is so suggestive of the hurrying footsteps of John's disciples, carrying away with them their prophet's severed head, she repeated that sentence softly: '*Comme elle était très lourde, ils la portaient al-ter-na-tiv-e-ment.*'

The hour grew late. The maid had been standing in the corridor a long while, waiting for her mistress. At last the old lady rose and drew her wrap about her.

'Good night, madame. May you

have pleasant dreams. As for me, I shall not sleep; you have recalled too much.' She went toward the lift with the energetic, unconquered step with which she always crossed the dining room, carrying with hardihood a body no longer perfectly under her control.

When I reached my room and opened my windows I, too, felt that sleep was far from me. The full moon (like the moon in *Salammbô*) stood over the little square and flooded the gardens and quiet streets and the misty mountains with light. The old lady had brought that great period of French letters very near; a period which has meant so much in the personal life of everyone to whom French literature has meant anything at all.

IV

Probably everyone who had the good fortune to come upon the French masters accidentally, and not under the chilling guidance of an instructor, went through very much the same experience. We all began, of course, with Balzac. And to young people, for very good reasons, he seems the final word. They read and reread him, and live in his world; to inexperience, that world is neither overpeopled nor overfurnished. When they begin to read Flaubert — usually *Madame Bovary* is the introduction — they resent the change of tone; they miss the glow, the ardor, the temperament. (It is scarcely exaggeration to say that if one is not a little mad about Balzac at twenty, one will never live; and if at forty one can still take Rastignac and Lucien de Rubempré at Balzac's own estimate, one has lived in vain.) We first read *Bovary* with a certain hostility; the wine is too dry for us. We try, perhaps, another work of Flaubert, and with a shrug go back to Balzac. But young people who are at all sensitive to certain qualities in writing will not find the Balzac they left. Something has happened to them which dampens their enjoyment. For a time it looks as if they had lost both Balzac and Flaubert. They recover both, eventually, and read each for what he is, having learned that an artist's limitations are quite as important as his powers; that they are a definite asset, not a deficiency, and that both go to form his flavor, his personality, the thing by which the ear can immediately recognize Flaubert, Stendhal, Mérimée, Thomas Hardy, Conrad, Brahms, César Franck.

The fact remains that Balzac, like Dickens and Scott, has a strong appeal for the great multitudes of humanity who have no feeling for any form of art, and who read him only in poor translations. This is overwhelming evidence of the vital force in him, which no rough handling can diminish. Also it implies the lack in him of certain qualities which matter to only a few people, but matter very much. The time in one's life when one first began to sense the things which Flaubert stood for, to admire (almost against one's will) that peculiar integrity of language and vision, that coldness which, in him, is somehow noble — that is a pleasant chapter of one's life to remember, and Madame Franklin Grout had brought it back within arm's length of me that night.

V

For that was her name. Next morning the *valet de chambre* brought me a visiting card on which was engraved:

MADAME FRANKLIN GROUT
ANTIBES

In one corner *Villa Tanit* was written in purple ink.

In the evening we sat in the writing room again, and Madame Grout's talk

touched upon many things. On the Franco-Prussian War, for instance, and its effect upon her uncle. He had seen to it that she herself was comfortably settled in England through most of that troubled time. And during the late war of 1914 she had been in Italy a great deal. She loved Italian best of all the languages she spoke so well. (She spoke Swedish, even; she had lived for a time in Sweden during the life of her first husband.)

She talked of Turgenev, of her uncle's affection for him and great admiration for him as an artist.[1] She liked to recall his pleasant visits to Croisset, which were the reward of long anticipation on the part of the hosts. Turgenev usually fixed the date by letter, changed it by another letter, then again by telegram — and sometimes he did not come at all. Flaubert's mother prepared for these visits by inspecting all the beds in the house, but she never found one long enough to hold 'le Moscove' comfortably.

Madame Grout seemed to remember with especial pleasure the evenings when he used to sit at the table with her, going over her translation of *Faust:* 'That noble man, to give his time to my childish efforts!' She well remembered the period during which he was writing *Les Eaux printanières*, and her own excitement when she first read that work. Like Henry James, she seemed to resent Turgenev's position in the Viardot household; recalling it, even after all those years, with vexation. 'And when they gave a hunt, he looked after the dogs!' she murmured under her breath. She talked one evening of his sad latter years: of his disappointment in his daughter, of his long and painful illness, of the way in which the death of his friends, going one after another, contracted his life and made it bleak. But these were very personal memories, and if Madame Grout had wished to make them public, she would have written them herself.

Madame Viardot she had known very well, and for many years after Turgenev's death. 'Pauline Viardot was a superb artist, very intelligent and engaging as a woman, with a great charm — and, *au fond*, very Spanish!' she said. Of Monsieur Louis Viardot she did not think highly. I gathered that he was agreeable, but not much more than that. When I asked her whether Monsieur Viardot had not translated some of Turgenev's books into French, the old lady lifted her brows and there was a mocking glint in her keen eyes.

'Turgenev himself translated them; Viardot may have looked over his shoulder!'

George Sand she did not like. Yes, she readily admitted, her men friends were very loyal to her, had a great regard for her; *mon oncle* valued her comradeship; but Madame Grout found the lady's personality distasteful.

I gathered that, for Madame Grout, George Sand did not really fill any of the great rôles she assigned herself: the devoted mistress, the staunch comrade and 'good fellow,' the self-sacrificing mother. George Sand's men friends believed her to be all these

[1] Madame Grout's regard for Turgenev seems to have been warmly returned. In a letter written to her in 1873, immediately after one of Turgenev's visits to Croisset, Flaubert says: 'Mon Moscove m'a quitté ce matin. . . . Tu l'as tout à fait séduit, mon loulou! car à plusieurs reprises il m'a parlé de "mon adorable nièce," de "ma charmante nièce," "ravissante femme," etc., etc. Enfin le Moscove t'adore! ce qui me fait bien plaisir, car c'est un homme exquis. Tu ne t'imagines pas ce qu'il sait! Il m'a répété, par cœur, des morceaux des tragédies de Voltaire, et de Luce de Lancival! Il connaît, je crois, *toutes* les littératures jusque dans leurs bas-fonds! Et si modeste avec tout cela! si bonhomme! si *vache!*' — AUTHOR

things; and certainly she herself believed that she was. But Madame Grout seemed to feel that in these various relations Madame Dudevant was self-satisfied rather than self-forgetful; always self-admiring and a trifle unctuous. Madame Grout's distaste for this baffling kind of falseness was immediate and instinctive — it put her teeth on edge. Turgenev, that penetrating reader of women, seems never to have felt this shallowness in his friend. But in Chopin's later letters one finds that he, to his bitter cost, had become aware of it — curiously enough, through Madame Dudevant's behavior toward her own children! It is clear that he had come upon something so subtly false, so excruciatingly aslant, that when he briefly refers to it his sentences seem to shudder.

Though I tried to let Madame Grout direct our conversations without suggestion from me, and never to question her, I did ask her whether she read Marcel Proust with pleasure.

'*Trop dur et trop fatigant*,' she murmured, and dismissed the greatest writer of his time with a wave of her hand.

When I made some reference to Anatole France she said quickly, 'Oh, I like him very much! But I like him most where he is most indebted to my uncle!'

When she was tired, or deeply moved, Madame Grout usually spoke French; but when she spoke English it was as flexible as it was correct. She spoke like an Englishwoman, with no French accent at all.

What astonished me in her was her keen and sympathetic interest in modern music; in Ravel, Scriabin, Albeniz, Stravinsky, De Falla. Only a few days before I quitted Aix I found her at the box office in person, getting exactly the seats she wanted for a performance of *Boris Godounov*. She must change her habitual seat, as she had asked some friends to come over from Sallanches to hear the opera with her. 'You will certainly hear it? Albert Wolff is conducting for the last time this season, and he does it very well,' she explained.

It was interesting to observe Madame Grout at the opera that night, to watch the changes that went over her face as she listened with an attention that never wandered, looking younger and stronger than she ever did by day, as if the music were some very potent stimulant. Any form of pleasure, I had noticed, made her keener, more direct and positive, more authoritative, revived in her the stamp of a period which had achieved a great style in art. In a letter which Flaubert wrote her when she was a young woman, he said: —

> C'est une joie profonde pour moi, mon pauvre loulou, que de t'avoir donné le goût des occupations intellectuelles. Que d'ennuis et de sottises il vous épargne!

Certainly those interests had stood her in good stead, and for many more years than the uncle himself lived through. She had still, at eighty-four, a capacity for pleasure such as very few people in this world ever know at all.

VI

The next morning I told Madame Grout that, because of the illness of a friend, I must start at once for Paris.

And when, she asked, could I return and go south to Antibes and the Villa Tanit, to see her Flaubert collection, the interior of his study, which she had brought down there thirty-five years ago?

I told her I was afraid that visit must be put off until next summer.

She gave a very charming laugh. 'At my age, of course, the future is

somewhat uncertain!' Then she asked whether, on her return to Antibes, she could not send me some souvenir of our meeting; would I like to have something that had belonged to her uncle, or some letter written by him?

I told her that I was not a collector; that manuscripts and autographed letters meant very little to me. The things of her uncle's that were valuable to me I already had, and had had for years. It rather hurt me that she should think I wanted any material reminder of her or of Flaubert. It was the Flaubert in her mind and heart that was to give me a beautiful memory.

On the following day, at *déjeuner*, I said good-bye to Madame Grout; I was leaving on the two o'clock train. It was a hurried and mournful parting, but there was real feeling on both sides. She had counted upon my staying longer, she said. But she did not for a moment take on a slightly aggrieved tone, as many privileged old ladies would have done. There was nothing 'wayward' or self-indulgent about Madame Grout; the whole discipline of her life had been to the contrary. One had one's objective, and one went toward it; one had one's duty, and one did it as best one could.

The last glimpse I had of her was as she stood in the dining room, the powder on her face quite destroyed by tears, her features agitated, but her head erect and her eyes flashing. And the last words I heard from her expressed a hope that I would always remember the pleasure we had had together in talking unreservedly about *les œuvres de mon oncle*. Standing there, she seemed holding to that name as to a staff. A great memory and a great devotion were the things she lived upon, certainly; they were her armor against a world concerned with insignificant matters.

VII

When I got back to Paris and began to read the *Lettres de Flaubert à sa Nièce Caroline*, I found that the personality of Madame Grout sent a wonderful glow over the pages. I was now almost startled (in those letters written her when she was still a child) by his solicitude about her progress in her English lessons — those lessons by which I was to profit seventy-three years afterward!

The five hundred pages of that book were now peopled for me with familiar figures, like the chronicles of a family I myself had known. It will always be for me one of the most delightful of books; and in none of his letters to other correspondents does Gustave Flaubert himself seem so attractive.

In reading over those letters, covering a stretch of twenty-four years, with the figure of Madame Grout in one's mind, one feels a kind of happiness and contentment about the whole situation — yes, and gratitude to Fate! The great man might have written very charming and tender and warmly confidential letters to a niece who was selfish, vain, intelligent merely in a conventional way — because she was the best he had! One can never be sure about such things; a heartless and stupid woman may be so well educated, after all!

But having known Madame Grout, I know that she had the root of the matter in her; that no one could be more sensitive than she to all that was finest in Flaubert's work, or more quick to admit the qualities he did not have — which is quite as important.

During all his best working years he had in his house beside him, or within convenient distance for correspondence, one of his own blood, younger and more ardent than he, who absolutely understood what he was do-

ing; who could feel the great qualities of his failures, even. Could any situation be happier for a man of letters? How many writers have found one understanding ear among their sons or daughters?

Moreover, Caroline was the daughter of a sister whom Flaubert had devotedly loved. He took her when she was an infant into his house at Croisset where he lived alone with his old mother. What delight for a solitary man of letters and an old lady to have a baby to take care of, the little daughter of a beloved daughter! They had all the pleasure of her little girlhood — and she must have been an irresistible little girl! Flaubert spent a great deal of time attending to her early education, and when he was seated at his big writing table, or working in bed, he liked to have her in the room, lying on a rug in the corner with her book. For hours she would not speak, she told me; she was so passionately proud of the fact that he wanted her to be there. When she was just beginning to read, she liked to think, as she lay in her corner, that she was shut in a cage with some powerful wild animal, a tiger or a lion or a bear, who had devoured his keeper and would spring upon anyone else who opened his door, but with whom she was 'quite safe and conceited,' as she said with a chuckle.

During his short stays in Paris, Flaubert writes to Caroline about her favorite rabbit, and the imaginary characters with whom she had peopled the garden at Croisset. He even, when she is ten years old, writes her about his manuscripts: —

J'ai une dame chez moi que j'ai rencontrée sur le boulevard et qui loge dans mon cabinet, où elle est couchée mollement sur une planchette de ma bibliothèque. Son costume est fort léger, car il consiste en une feuille de papier qui l'enveloppe du haut en bas. La pauvre jeune fille n'a seulement que sa chevelure, sa chemise, des bas et des souliers. Elle attend mon départ avec impatience, parce qu'elle sait qu'elle trouvera à Croisset des vêtements plus conformes à la pudeur que son sexe exige.

This lightly clad lady was none other than Emma Bovary. Flaubert returned to Croisset a week after the date of this letter, and finished *Madame Bovary* a month later.

Having dismissed his heroine thus, he goes on to send his greetings to Caroline's doll, Madame Robert: —

Remercie de ma part Mme. Robert qui a bien voulu se rappeler de moi. Présente-lui mes respects et conseille-lui un régime fortifiant, car elle me paraît un peu pale, et je ne suis pas sans inquiétude sur sa santé.

In a letter from Paris, dated just a year later, when Caroline was eleven, he tells her that he is sending her Thierry's *Récits des temps mérovingiens*, and adds: —

Je suis bien aise que les *Récits mérovingiens* t'amusent; relis-les quand tu auras fini; *apprends des dates*, tu as tes programmes, et passe tous les jours quelque temps à regarder une carte de géographie.

One sees from the letters with what satisfaction Flaubert followed every step of Caroline's development. Her facility in languages was a matter of the greatest pride to him, though even after she is married and living abroad he occasionally finds fault with her orthography in French: —

Un peu d'orthographe ne te nuirait pas, mon bibi! car tu écris *aplomb* par deux *p*: 'Moral et physique sont d'applomb,' trois *p* marqueraient encore plus d'énergie! Ça m'a amusé, parce que ça te ressemble.

Yes, it was like her, certainly; like her as she walked across the floor of that hotel dining room in Aix, so many years afterward.

Though she had been married twice, Madame Grout, in our conversations, did not talk of either of her husbands. Her uncle had always been the great figure in her life, and even a short acquaintance with her made me feel that she possessed every quality for comradeship with him. Besides her devotion to him, her many gifts, her very unusual intelligence and intuition in art, she had moral qualities which he must have loved: poise, great good sense, and a love of fairness and justice. She had the habit of searching out facts and weighing evidence, for her own satisfaction. Her speech, when she was explaining something, had the qualities of good Latin prose: economy, elegance, and exactness. She was not an idealist; she had lived through two wars. She was one of the least visionary and sentimental persons I have ever met. She knew that conditions and circumstances, not their own wishes, dictate the actions of men. In her mind there was a kind of large enlightenment, like that of the many-windowed workroom at Croisset, with the cool, tempered northern light pouring into it. In her, Flaubert had not only a companion, but a 'daughter of the house' to cherish and protect. And he had her all his life, until the short seizure which took him off in an hour. And she, all her life, kept the handkerchief with which they had wiped the moisture from his brow a few moments before he died.

VIII

I sailed for Quebec in October. In November, while I was at Jaffrey, New Hampshire, a letter came from Madame Grout; the envelope had been opened and almost destroyed. I have received letters from Borneo and Java that looked much less travel-worn. She had addressed it to me in care of an obscure bookseller, on a small street in Paris, from whom she had got one of my books. (I suppose, in her day, all booksellers were publishers.) The letter had been forwarded through three publishing houses, and a part of its contents had got lost. In her letter Madame Grout writes that she is sending me 'ci-joint une lettre de mon oncle Gustave Flaubert adressée à George Sand — elle doit être, je crois, de 1866. Je me veuille qu'elle vous fera plaisir et j'ai plaisir à vous l'envoyer.'

This enclosure had been removed. I regretted its loss chiefly because I feared it would distress Madame Grout. But I wrote her, quite truthfully, that her wish that I should have one of her uncle's letters meant a great deal more to me than the actual possession of it could mean. Nevertheless, it was an awkward explanation to make, and I delayed writing it until late in December. I did not hear from her again.

In February my friends in Paris sent me a clipping from the *Journal des Débats* which read: —

MORT DE MME. FRANKLIN-GROUT

Nous apprenons avec tristesse la mort de Mme. Franklin-Grout, qui s'est éteinte à Antibes, à la suite d'une courte maladie.

Nièce de Gustave Flaubert, Mme. Franklin-Grout a joué un rôle important dans la diffusion et le succès des œuvres de son oncle. Exécutrice testamentaire du grand romancier, qui l'avait élevée et instruite, Mme. Franklin-Grout a publié la correspondance de son oncle, si précieuse pour sa psychologie littéraire, et qui nous a révélé les doctrines de Flaubert et sa vie de travail acharné. Mme. Franklin-Grout publia aussi *Bouvard et Pécuchet*. . . . Mme. Franklin-Grout était une personne charmante et distinguée, très attachée à ses amis et qui, jusqu'à la plus extrême vieillesse, avait conservé l'intelligence et la bonté souriante d'une spirituelle femme du monde.

WHAT CAN A YOUNG MAN DO?

A New Generation Looks for Jobs

BY WILLIAM I. NICHOLS

I

LET me start with the story of two bond salesmen. They worked for a firm which once had a national reputation. That was several years ago. Each morning the two bond salesmen came downtown to a great office, where the salesmen's desks were lined up in column of squads. Their day began with a salesmen's meeting in the sales manager's office; then each set out on the day's circuit, armed with a funny story and a brief case full of offering circulars.

Business was good in those days. The company paid liberal commissions; from time to time there was a bonus; and occasionally there was a chance for a participation 'from the inside.' Our bond salesmen had pleasant homes in the country. They belonged to the same Country Club. Their wives were in the same bridge set. All in all, they were well content.

It is a long time since the last sales meeting was held in that office. In the interval, the two friends have seen desperate times. For a long while they came to town each day and went the rounds of the surviving bond houses, seeking jobs. But always they were turned aside with the same answer.

Finally, they realized that even trips to town were an extravagance. With taxes, grocery bills, and insurance premiums mounting high, commuters' tickets became an important item in the budget. So they withdrew to their homes in the country, and took to their own devices.

One of them had always been a good amateur photographer. Now, he took to photography as a business. The other drew upon his savings, and purchased a country store at a crossroads outside the town.

I have visited them both since then, and it has been a telling lesson in self-respect. Their ready-made jobs were gone. Their monthly pay checks were things of the past. But for all that, there was no repining. In relation to their current living expenses, they felt themselves as well off as they had ever been — and beyond that, they were immeasurably happier. They were in business for themselves now, and they had taken on stature with the change.

I found the photographer in the front room of his little house, converted now into an office and studio. He was mounting some pictures he had just taken for an ocean steamship company. The print in his hand showed an ocean liner coming into dock, with a squad of little tugs heaving her into line. The puffs of smoke from their funnels formed themselves into a pattern against her side. My friend stepped back and cocked an eye at it.

'I thought I was in big business before,' he said, 'but I never got the thrill of it until now. Look at that. Can't you feel those tugboats fighting for breath! That's something you don't see on a ticker tape.'

A few miles out on a country road I found the storekeeper. His trade came jointly from the country people and the 'city folks,' but it has pleased him to preserve the aspect and spirit of a general store. The long front porch glistened with the bright red and green of new farm implements, and the counters held piles of straw hats, canvas gloves, and 'Bulldog' suspenders. I found my friend sitting on a stool in the little office adjoining the main store.

'I'm glad you came to-day,' he said. 'I think it will interest you. To-day is Farm Day. We have them Wednesdays and Saturdays. The farm people bring in things to sell. It goes over big with the city people, and it gives the farmers a little extra cash to spend.'

Outside came the sound of wheels and a 'Whoa, Bessie!' We looked out to see a farm wagon before the store. On the seat was a Mennonite woman, with black bonnet, and shawl demurely drawn around her shoulders. Beside her were two boys, their cheeks scrubbed and shining for the adventure of a trip to town. My friend ran out to help them, and in a few minutes their wares were set out on a long table running down the centre of the store — a pile of green corn, a jug of buttermilk, three chocolate layer cakes.

In quick succession, other wagons drove in, and then the cars of the city folks. When I left, my friend was deep in talk of crops and the next town meeting. And there was a satisfaction in his eyes that could not have been equaled if he had just formed a syndicate to float a new chain-store system with a hundred outlets.

II

Now perhaps it is a dangerous thing to build a way of life on the experience of two individuals, but to theirs I can add my own, and the experience of a hundred other young men faced with the joint problem of living and earning a living. I believe that any reader who will take the trouble can name as many more.

Add us together, and we are legion. We are the young men, just in our thirties, who went out into the world to seek our fortunes between 1925 and 1930. We went to work under the premises and principles of the New Era. Now the New Era is over. What are we to do with ourselves?

Fifteen years ago, there was much talk of a shell-shocked generation of young men who had come home from the war, and the problem of their adjustment to a peaceful life. Now, we have another generation and a new problem — the shell-shocked young men who have been buffeted by the depression, and who are now painfully seeking to discover what it is all about.

To understand our dilemma, it is necessary to remember the set of beliefs with which we were equipped when we first embarked on life.

In those days, Big Business was the nation's god — and his prophets were Merle Thorpe, B. C. Forbes, and the United States Department of Commerce. It was the time of mergers, mass production, common stocks, and installment selling. And, in all things, only the Biggest was the Best.

At school and college, we studied then essentially the same things that were studied ten years before, and that are being studied to-day. We took courses in history, literature, and art. We spoke, as always, of Goodness, Beauty, and Truth. But at the same

time there was a curious infiltration of ideas from the outside world. We came to feel that business was the most important of all human endeavors, and that business men were the men of destiny. Even our instructors followed the financial journals, and shared in the awe of large and practical affairs.

In my own case, indeed, it was a college professor of history who expressed in words my vague beliefs.

'You must consider the life cycles of the great professions,' he said. 'Look back in history, and you will see that at different times different callings were the centres of force. They offered positions of power, and pulled the great men of the time to them. At first, it was the soldiers who were at the centres of force — Alexander, Hannibal, Cæsar, Genghis Khan. Do you know a single military man now who can compare with them? Great men exist to-day, but they are not in the army.'

So he swept down the centuries, and spoke of the Old Testament prophets, the churchmen of the early Christian era, the explorers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and the statesmen of Victoria's time — Palmerston, Gladstone, Disraeli, Lincoln, Bismarck, Cavour.

The logic was irresistible. Now, of course, the centre of force was business. 'In modern business,' he said, 'you have the centre of power of our times, and men of power are inevitably drawn to it.'

There was a doctrine which appealed strongly to young and impressionable minds. Particularly when it was confirmed by every evidence from the outside world. In the perspective of those days, the great banker and the industrialist overshadowed the teacher, the preacher, the writer, and the statesman like giants among pygmies.

So, among us, business became glamorous, not only for those whose sole ambition was keyed to a salary of $10,000 a year, but for the young idealists as well. Other callings were puny and pitiful, but in business one was at the centre of power. One could become a strong and dominant force for good. Other callings were well enough, but business was the master of them all. After all, did not the clergyman take orders from a vestry of business men, the teacher from a board of millionaire trustees, the statesman from a lobby of manufacturers, and the writer from the capitalists whose 'autobiographies' he was composing?

It is easy, is it not, to see how our minds worked? For us, in those days, there was very little choice. Our college, like all the rest, maintained the machinery of vocational guidance. During the senior year, meetings were held and leaders in all the callings told us about their fields of work. But, for the most part, they were sad affairs. Save for the meetings about business, there was no heart in them. Our enthusiasm was saved for the times when we were addressed by the business leaders. It was then we felt that we had been led to a high place, to see in all its fullness the world which would one day belong to us. In business were to be found power and wealth, and the mastery which goes with them.

So into business we went. A few, it is true, stayed behind to study medicine, ministry, the law, or to prepare for academic careers. But the rest of us regarded them with a mixture of pity and contempt. It was well enough for them to study such things if they chose, but, after all, we knew that the business man could hire every one of them to work for him at any time if he wanted to. We were going into business. We were the men of destiny.

III

Now, some years later, many of us are out of business. In certain ironic cases, we are sitting on the side lines while those classmates who remained behind to study law are acting as receivers for our former companies.

At this time, the thing of interest is to examine and revise our New Era values. Our ships have gone off the course. Some of them are now on the shoals. Where did we go wrong in our calculations? Perhaps, if we can answer that question, it will be of some help to our younger brothers who are now graduating from college and will shortly set sail for themselves.

Our chief error, I think, was this: in forming our judgments, we had confused size with strength; we had thought that bigness in itself meant power.

On this point it was easy for young men to deceive themselves. There is no denying the thrill of seeing your letters typed on the stationery of a nationally known corporation. It is fun to look up the company in *Moody's* and see its assets reckoned in hundreds of millions. There is a sort of exhilaration that comes from contemplating the very size of your organization, the number of employees, the total units of production, the millions of yearly revenues. Before you know it, you are thinking of it as 'your company,' however humble your job may be. You have become identified with it, and your ego is exalted accordingly. Among the men, after dinner, you welcome the chance to speak in an offhand manner of what 'we' are doing in the way of speeding up production, or increasing capacity, and are conscious that you appear strong and masterful.

The sense of power! That is what led us on. To be sure, each of us, at every step, was conscious of restraints and restrictions. There were superiors to be consulted, O.K.'s to be obtained. But always we felt that one stage higher up — along with the next promotion — we should come out above the timber line, and find ourselves with power and authority. So we kept on plugging. I shudder now to think of the heart's blood which was shed by a million young men in giant corporations as they spurred themselves on to follow that gleam!

Now we know better. We know that the proprietor of a small-town weekly has more real power than the managing editor of any daily newspaper in a nation-wide chain. We know that the owner of a crossroads garage has more true freedom and independence than the president of the largest motor company in the country. But it took us long hard years to learn.

The companies to which we flocked in the boom days were the big ones. Only the Biggest were the Best. Their names were the leaders on the Big Board — power companies, oil companies, chain stores, railroads. As I review them now, I can still feel their glamour. All of the companies are nation-wide in their scope. Their services bear directly on the comfort and well-being of millions of people. They are a tremendous force in the life of the nation.

There is no denying all this, nor am I trying to do so. But I am urging every young man to look realistically upon these big companies, and to consider them in relation to himself as an individual. The question he must ask of himself is this: Will a lifetime spent in their service provide the freedom and fulfillment which are essential to a young man of energy, ambition, and intelligence?

So much nonsense has been talked about the romance of big business that

it is time for a quiet examination of realities. Consider any one of the giant companies. Strip off the successive layers of authority, like the layers of an onion. See if you can arrive at any centre of force and power.

At the outer rim are the operators — the men who run the filling stations, operate the power plants, man the assembly lines, or stand behind the counters at the chain stores. There is no question of freedom here, of course. Every movement is rigidly prescribed by company regulations, whether it be the act of wiping off your windshield at the gas station or announcing the day's 'special' at the chain store. Behind the operators are the district managers, again strictly subject to rules and regulations. Ask any one of them to adopt a new policy or approve a ten-dollar charge purchase, and see how quickly you are referred to the division office. At the division office you will find essentially the same thing. If there is no printed ruling covering your particular errand, you will find yourself passed on gently but firmly to the general office in New York or Chicago. Go now to the general office and you will work your way through a succession of junior officials, each resolutely refusing to make a new decision without the approval of his immediate superior.

Thus, at last, you reach the office of the president, and here comes the most surprising part of your investigation. Nine times out of ten, you will find the president as powerless as any of his employees. The very size of his enterprise has made him helpless. The investment is so huge that he simply does not dare to take chances or make experiments. Policy has to be based on a rough and immediate sort of expediency. Dividends must be earned, and everything is secondary to that end. Even in 1929, business leaders must have foreseen that wages would have to be raised and prices or rates lowered in order to preserve the purchasing power on which our national economy depended. But always there was the thought: 'We'll take it up later. Let's wait a few months. We want to make a good showing in our next statement of quarterly earnings.' After that quarter, there was always the next looming up ahead. So we drifted impotently on.

I once heard of a passage at arms between two leaders of business, both nationally known, which illustrates sadly the helplessness of those in charge of large affairs. Wrote the first: 'During the past few years, your salesmen have been coming to the annual conventions of our industry. They have taken the biggest suites in the hotel and provided whiskey so plentifully that it has all but demoralized our conventions. Won't you issue instructions to your salesmen that expenses for such entertainment will no longer be approved on their expense accounts at the coming convention?'

'I wish that I could comply with your request,' came the reply. 'But the salesmen assure me that the present method of entertaining is essential if they are to book the necessary volume of business this year. Our present schedules of production are such that we cannot stand a falling off in sales, even by a fraction of one per cent. Why don't we let the matter ride for this year? Then we can go over it again well in advance of next year's convention.'

IV

There is a single saying that sums up in five words the spirit of most big companies: '*Don't stick your neck out!*' It is the code and the Ten Commandments for every young man who takes over a corporate job. It should be emblazoned on every office wall. Of

course, there are exceptions. Occasionally a new idea, a departure from precedent, a revolt against rule, will bring recognition. But not often. It is a pretty risky business. And the young man is well advised who studies his manual of organization like the Bible, memorizes all rules and regulations, makes no move without consulting his superiors, and on all things obtains the long list of initialed O.K.'s which constitutes business salvation.

In other words, large-scale business operations have passed beyond the pioneering stage which called for the impress of individual personalities. They have become formalized, mechanized, institutionalized. To-day they are really glorified branches of the civil service — without the security of tenure that goes with a government job.

To say this sounds almost un-American. We have been brought up on the belief that private business in America means 'individual initiative' and 'freedom of opportunity for all.' We have been taught to shudder at the very thought of government ownership and 'the dead hand of bureaucracy.' Witness the fact that eager young graduates from Harvard, Yale, or Princeton would laugh outright at the notion of going into the United States Post Office Department for a life career. Yet they sign up cheerfully for jobs in the great oil companies, power companies, telephone and telegraph systems, and chain-store companies, which are run on precisely the same bureaucratic principle.

Or at least they did. I like to think that there is a change ahead. I like to think that the million young men of my generation may have had something to do with it.

Only recently I saw the result of a questionnaire to Harvard freshmen on the choice of careers. Of 508 men who replied, 89 stated that they intended to enter the medical profession; 75, the law; 43, engineering; 38, teaching; and 31, or only 6 per cent of the group, had settled on business careers. The remaining 232 men were scattered among a dozen different callings — chemistry, journalism, politics, ministry, architecture, music, fine arts, scientific research.

Perhaps we are at last revising our national philosophy to bring it into closer accord with changed conditions. We are realizing that business is not the only centre of force. We are beginning to see it in its proper relation to the other elements which go to make up a civilized society.

Whether in law or in effect, the truth is that the huge companies are performing public functions, and increasingly they are coming under public control, with all which that implies. Ironically enough, it is business's own doctrine of 'rugged individualism' which is driving young men away from the great regimented corporations into small and personal adventures and enterprises.

There is still a place in our world for young men with the hearts and minds of pioneers. But that place is not often in the district and division offices of giant companies. To-day there is a new frontier, far more challenging to their energies and ambitions. On it are the small personal and local business ventures, such as those of our two bond salesmen. And, more important still, there are the schools, colleges, legislative chambers, — yes, and the churches, — which are calling out for men of courage and character. It is in these places, and along the borderlands of science, thought, and art, that young men of to-day can obtain freedom, fulfillment, and the proud sense of personal achievement in helping to build a sane and balanced society.

THE BURBERRY

BY ANN BRIDGE

I

A FEW hundred yards short of the school gates Hester Osborne slowed down the car and pulled in under the elms at the side of the road. There she took her comb and powder box out of her purse, and carefully tidied up her face and hair, peering into the car mirror now and then, a little anxiously, to get the general effect. She was always very anxious to look as nice as possible when she went to see Dickie, so as not to do him dishonor in the public opinion of the world in which he lived. Dickie was rather sensitive to opinion, perfectly loyal and darling as he always was.

She always wished, for his sake, when she went to Roke, and parked her modest little Riley among the Rollses, the Bentleys, and Daimlers by the playing fields, that she had a larger car, shiny and huge — wished that she herself were taller, more imposing, better-dressed. Even her nicest clothes were not of the imposing and proclamatory sort, and she herself, she felt, was not of the imposing sort either; house masters did not walk about with her among the old buildings, smiling and inclining, as she saw them do occasionally with other mothers — she, nervously, did the smiling, as she made her modest inquiries, proffered her timid requests. If only Richard had been alive, it would all have been so much easier! He would have strolled masterfully about, with a pipe and tweeds, as the fathers did, clapping masters familiarly on the back and saying, 'Look here, old fellow,' when he wanted anything. It was terribly hard on Dickie, Hester thought, that his father should have died when he was seven. The sting had slowly been deadened for her, but the dull sense of loss was always reawakened when she went to see Dickie, especially on the boy's account. Boys at public school needed a father — badly.

However, she must n't be late — and with a last peep into the mirror she started the car and drove on. Her new hat, anyhow, looked very nice. She had worn it the last time she lunched with Arnold, — as a matter of fact, she had bought it for the last time she lunched with Arnold, — and he had said when she came in, 'You're looking very richly dressed, Hester!' Arnold, who never noticed one's clothes! That lunch — it had had a curious quality altogether; it had somehow prevented her from asking Arnold to come down with her to-day and see his godson. She had let him know afterward that she was going, but he had not suggested coming, though he had sent a note for Dickie — and some new shyness, new between her and Arnold, had hindered her from doing anything more.

At the top of the drive she left her car and got out. Dickie was not in sight. She stood peering at the groups of boys who passed to and fro on the

graveled roads among the buildings, with rackets, with bicycles. In the still October sunshine the playing fields stretched out beyond the archway; in the distance was a crowd, and glimpses of colored figures running, and occasional bursts of cheering — a match, no doubt. Perhaps Dickie was watching it. Nervously, she wondered if she ought to go and look for him there; it would be difficult to find him in the crowd of boys at the touch line. But at that moment round the corner of a building Dickie appeared, hurrying, carrying his coat and hat; his nice rough hair oiled down smoothly, his small well-known face faintly drawn with some minor worry. 'There you are,' she murmured, as Dickie, saluting a passing master, came up to her, his face relaxed now into a shy welcome.

II

When Dickie had struggled into his rather outgrown overcoat and flung his burberry into the back of the car, they set off, Hester studying her son's face under the absurdly grown-up felt hat which custom decreed for these occasions only. She always rather resented the guinea for that hat, worn twice a term; he never wore it at school otherwise, and he never wore it at home at all. And because it was so big and so utterly incongruous above his small face, somehow it looked vulgar; that really was the word, ludicrous as it was to think of vulgarity in connection with a brow as shapely, with a mouth as shockingly sensitive, as Dickie's.

At the drive gate a boy was hanging about — a boy with red hair and freckles and greenish, rather cruel eyes. There was a vulgar face if you like, thought Hester, glancing at the pug nose, receding forehead, and full greedy lips, as the boy raised his hat. As the car passed through the gate she had a slight shock — they turned to the right, and in the mirror she happened to see the red-haired boy make a repulsive face and gesture after them. Horrible! She turned to Dickie, meaning to ask who it was; but Dickie, though he could not have seen what she had seen, had that taut, rather worried look again, and she changed her mind. 'There's a note for you from Uncle Arnold in my purse,' she said. 'Will you get it out?'

'Oh, thank you. How is Killarney?' asked Dickie, very politely; but she noticed with pleasure that he used the old baby name for his godfather. 'Unclearnie' he used to call him, all in one word — and then it had turned to 'Killarney,' for short.

'He's very well — I had lunch with him the week before last,' she said, driving swiftly along the winding road; it gave her pleasure merely to talk of that lunch with Arnold, though she said nothing to give any hint of its special strange disquieting delightfulness.

'He's sent me a pound!' said Dickie suddenly, having opened his note.

'Oh, darling, how lovely!' She glowed with pleasure at his pleasure, with pleasure at Arnold's generosity. 'How lovely!' she said again, and leaned across and kissed her son, his cheek so cool and soft. Heavenly Dickie, she thought, worshiping him in her heart.

Talking, however, was not easy — it never was, at the beginning. Dickie was terribly grown-up, terribly polite. 'Yes, I see — I quite see,' he said, when she explained apologetically that she would n't be able, to-morrow, to stay to evening chapel, because Aunt Maud had people to dine. 'Oh no, I see — I quite see.' Heartbreakingly polite, and disappointed. She kept on glancing at him, as they drove between

the frost-bronzed hedges and under the nearly leafless elms which stood round the brown fields, seeing two Dickies — the tidy boy with the sleeked hair and rather vulgar hat, and a little, quite little, boy in a blue smock with rough curls. That little eager creature was close behind the person who now began to talk about Disarmament.

They followed their usual routine. They drove up on to the high ground above Milford, left the car in a lane's mouth, and walked for an hour or so before going down to tea. To-day they walked in Armlea woods. The tops of the beeches were almost bare, stripped by frost and winds; the fallen leaves spread like stretches of burnished copper beneath their feet. They watched for birds, and came on a gamekeeper's mortuary, which had three kestrels, five jays, and half a dozen stoats in it. There were other and more ancient corpses of malefactors, hanging black, stiff, and withered from the boughs of a bush. Dickie spent some time trying to identify these by their size and the shape of their skulls, the feathers having vanished. During this gruesome excursion into natural history his mother sat at the foot of a tree, looking on; smiling, answering his running fire of comments. She could feel the currents of feeling, of ease and intimacy, beginning gradually to flow between them again through this mutual concern with simple, impersonal things.

Dickie had put on his burberry to walk in, leaving his coat in the car; she noticed that it was exceedingly stained and dirty, and presently she said, 'Dickie darling, your burberry *is* dirty. What have you done to it?' She could venture on this now, safely.

'I *know*, Mummie — it's awful,' said Dickie ruefully, turning from some operations with a penknife to stare down at his person. 'It's the rowing,' he said.

'Why, you don't row in your burberry?'

'No, but when I cox for the second four I wear it, and I have to grease their oars, and the grease makes it filthy. I *am* sorry, Mummie.' His face was rueful, but it was n't taut or worried any more.

'I think you *must* have another,' said Hester. She said it very cheerfully, though her mind gave a little interior sigh; it was dreadful the way one had to spend and spend on school clothes.

'Well, it would be a good thing; this is pretty frightful,' said Dickie. 'But not if you can't run to it. Are they awfully expensive? It ought to be a real burberry, like this one, if it *could*.'

Oh yes, it should be a real one, Hester said.

'And *dark*ish, Mummie — they have dark brown ones, and they don't show so.'

Hester agreed. As they walked back to the car she was thinking that if she went to London to buy the burberry it would be a chance to see Arnold again. She would have to write to him anyhow to thank him for Dickie's pound, and she could say that she was coming up; and then probably he would ask her to lunch.

They had tea in Milford at the Rotunda, which Dickie loved — hot and stuffy, with a band, and lots of chocolaty creamy cakes. At tea — 'How much does a secondhand gramophone cost?' Dickie asked suddenly.

'Oh, I don't know — a lot, I expect,' his mother answered. 'Do you want a gramophone?'

'Oh, I don't know — well, it would be rather sound to have one,' said Dickie, looking apologetic. 'It's something on wet days. I thought perhaps with Killarney's pound, and seven bob I've got in the bank, I could get one.'

Hester thought this extravagant of Dickie. She did not say so, but tried to

find out why he wanted the gramophone. This sealed book of school life, immature male life, was always baffling her; there were always elements in it that meant nothing, however hard she tried to understand. 'Well, it would be quite a good thing to have a thing like a gramophone in Evening Hall,' was all Dickie would say.

In the end she promised that when she went to London to buy the burberry she would find out about secondhand gramophones. But Dickie had fallen gloomy. This often happened toward the end of the day, when he began to think of his return to Roke. Hester was again aware of being baffled. The free flow of intimacy between them was held back, dammed up by something; but she was not sure if it was her unspoken disapproval of the gramophone that had done it, or some trouble that Dickie was only half willing to reveal. She tried a question or two, but it was no good. However, with the purchase of some lobster patties for supper in Hall, and a grapefruit for breakfast, Dickie began to cheer up again, and by the time she dropped him at Roke, full of plans for to-morrow, he seemed quite cheerful once more.

III

As she swung out of the avenue and began the sixteen-mile run across to Aunt Maud's, Hester began, as she usually did on these occasions, to take stock of her afternoon: to assess, as it were, her impressions of Dickie and his state generally. Yes, he certainly looked well — that was the main thing; and on the whole he seemed reasonably happy. And except in the matter of the gramophone he had shown himself the good, considerate, frugal boy he usually was. *Good* — she did so greatly desire her son to be that. But it was hard for a mother alone to inculcate male virtue. Arnold of course did help — and with that reflection her mind turned hesitatingly, shyly almost, to Arnold.

She was now swinging smoothly along the main Milford–London road, under a bright moon; there were few other cars about, and her headlights were good — she needed to give only the slightest instinctive attention to driving. Her thought was free. But she did not really think much. Her consciousness was just aware, at first, of the mere name — Arnold, Arnold — making a little tune in her mind. She had dropped back the head of the coupé for their drive in the afternoon, and had not raised it again, it was such a lovely night; the air rushed upon her face, sideways, intoxicating; the whole shining span of the sky, the whole shadowy spread of landscape on all sides, met her vision. She opened the throttle, in a strange exhilaration, and the car flew between the great misty fields.

She came presently to the turning where a byroad led across toward Greenstead, and took it. Now she must drive with more care, for the little road was narrow and wound unexpectedly; her mind, called back to a concern with practical things after that sudden delirium on the highroad, became gradually aware of the content of the delirium itself. Shyly, still, she toyed with her consciousness; slowing down, she drove along very gently, the altered speed of the car according with the delaying action of her secret self. And at last an instinct prompted her to stop — to stop, and taste the moment, and the consciousness that was invading her. She looked at her watch; there was no hurry. Why should one always move so fast from place to place, from occupation to occupation? Why not, sometimes, simply be still, and see things? She drew in close to the hedge

and switched off the headlights and the engine. In a moment the purring companionship ceased, and silence surrounded her.

She had drawn up at a place where the road crossed a piece of rising ground. There was no hedge on her right, and the line of the field cut the sky sharply — five haystacks stood on it in a row; beyond, far away, faint and misty under the October moon, stretched the great sweep of hills which cut off all the Milford country from the home counties. At first Hester sat in a sort of enchantment, staring at them, and at the lights of cars which appeared from time to time on two points of the shining, transparent, confused horizon, marking the course of invisible roads as they sped wavering down into the unseen plain.

Presently, with a peculiar sharpened intensity, she became aware of other things, still external. The silence was not silence at all. The hedge beside her, so close that her hand could touch it, every polished leaf and twig still and stiff in the breathless moonlight, was full of small sounds. Grass rustled as something moved through it; a bird shifted on a twig, clapping its feathers, and settled again; the minute voices of mice squeaked among the rustling stems. This hedge contained a whole world of life of its own; it had a sudden, breathing, living significance. She looked across the road — the five haystacks, shapely and silvered, made a sharp impact on her vision. It was as if she had never heard or seen anything before, so new, so intense, was the reality of all these things — so passionate their beauty, so acute their perfection. And her awareness of them was a breathless delight that was almost pain. As in waves, her consciousness of it intensified, returning again and again, the very beating of the wings of bliss.

And now no longer to be withstood, stealing through all the rest with the conviction of a melody, came the relation of it to Arnold. With a stupefying sweetness the thought of him invaded her — all this meant him, to him she owed this new vision; and gazing at the haystacks, tremulous, she surrendered to a new wonder. It spread, it filled, it blinded; and like a secret tune within a tune, once or twice, turning her dizzy, chimed the thought — if it should be the same with him! But that, still, she turned from. And presently she switched on the engine and the headlights once more, and drove on to Aunt Maud's.

IV

Sunday was a good day too, before the evening turned it to panic. She fetched Dickie in the morning and they drove to Greenstead slowly, in a damp blanketing fog, and lunched. Dickie behaved admirably. 'Oh yes, definitely,' he said, when Aunt Maud asked for the third time if he liked rowing. Then, because it was too foggy to tempt them out, they sat in the little morning room and played bezique till tea, and the moment after, because of the fog, set off for Roke again, with the orange caps that Dickie had given her on the headlights.

But when the interest of seeing how well the orange lights pierced the fog had failed, that baffling gloom of Dickie's appeared again. And with it the subject of the gramophone. Did she really think she could get one for twenty-seven bob? A decent one? Both the urgency and the gloom were more pronounced than last night, and Hester felt that she must somehow make the necessary effort to discover what was troubling her son. They were quite near to Roke by this time, and it was still early. 'Let's stop here a bit, shall we?' said Hester. She made a cigarette an excuse, and, pulling in to the

side of the road, she summoned her forces. 'Darling, don't unless you want to, but could n't you tell me why you are n't quite happy?'

The answer was unexpected. 'Jimson is *so* boring!' — and then a burst of tears. Dickie rarely cried, and Hester was terrified. 'Boring in what way?' she asked, as soberly, as steadyingly as she could, and released a long recital of Jimson's petty tyrannies. None of it amounted to real bullying, as far as she could see, but — 'It makes me so tired, always having him *at* me,' Dickie said. 'He hunts me out of Evening Hall, whenever he chooses, and that's not much fun, when it's cold, and there's only out of doors to go to.' Hester, baffled again by this strange world which she could never penetrate, asked if he could n't go to his cubicle? 'Not *early*, Mummie! No one's allowed in dorm before chapel.' And he apologized earnestly for his breakdown. 'It's all right, really — it's *quite* all right.' But then the truth came out. 'You see, if I had a *decent* gramophone, Jimson could n't hunt me out, because the others would n't let him. He has one, quite a potty one, really, and he does swank so over it.'

Hester pondered rapidly over all this. She did her best to cheer Dickie up, promised to look at gramophones, gave him advice that seemed to her wise and right — but would it be any good to Dickie? And suddenly, 'Has Jimson red hair?' she asked.

'Yes — like Judas Iscariot, exactly!' said Dickie, with healthy venom. 'He was at the gate as we came out yesterday — did you see him?'

Hester said that she did — and then they kissed and said their real good-bye there by the roadside under the elms, and parted quite formally and nearly composed at the head of the drive. 'Good-bye, darling.'

'Good-bye, Mummie. Be careful in this fog.'

But Hester drove home to Greenstead by the long way round, on the two highroads. She was too disturbed and unhappy to bear the little road by the five haystacks. Her son was suffering, and she did n't know what to do. If she spoke of it to his house master she might only make matters worse, and the very thought filled her with dread; she knew the cold, amused, faintly contemptuous politeness with which doting, fussing mothers were treated. And perhaps Dickie was exaggerating. But the thought of Jimson's green cruel eyes filled her with little shudders. That such a creature should be in a position of power over her son!

V

Because of all this, the first possible free day found her entering the spacious soft-carpeted warmth of Burberry's. She was already tired and dispirited. She had spent the whole morning looking at secondhand gramophones in various noisy and chilly shops, and there seemed nothing to be bought for less than two pounds ten that was not 'potty' to a degree. It was really against her principles to put up the extra money herself, and in any case she could not easily afford it — that horrid company had passed its autumn dividend, and really she did n't know quite how she was going to manage the burberry, let alone anything else.

She wished she had not bought that hat a month ago — but, catching sight of it in a mirror just then, she felt that it was a reassuring hat, and cheered up her last winter's coat, which was still her best and only London one. She had put it on in case she should see Arnold. She had written to say she was going to be up, but no answer had come to her letter, nor had there been any message

from him when she called at her rather poky club. She had not arranged to lunch with anyone else, so as to leave the meal free; but there had not been the common sudden invitation, and she had eaten a dismal egg in a dismal tea shop at two, when she was too faint and hungry to go on any longer. And all the time she was wondering why Arnold had made no sign. She was wondering this still as she went up in the lift to 'Men's Weatherproofs.' Had he been away? Had her letter miscarried? He could not surely have taken it amiss — it was perfectly natural to write and thank him for his gift to Dickie, and report on him, and then mention her visit to London.

'About my own size,' she said to the shopman, standing between flattened ghostly rows of burberries hanging on brass rails — 'and a darkish one.' But while she looked at darkish burberries a sort of desperation was growing in her; she felt that she could not leave London without seeing Arnold, or at least speaking to him, and suddenly an impulse seized her to telephone to him at the office. It was nearly three — he would be back from lunch. 'Can I telephone from here?' she asked the assistant. He was all courtesy — she could, but unfortunately it was one floor down. Could they get any number for her? Hester gave Arnold's number, and turned again to the coats — 'I think I had better try one on.'

Now she began to be frightened, to regret her idea of telephoning; but it was too late — a youth had been dispatched to get the number. She put on a dark burberry, and stared at it in a mirror. Yes, that was about the length — 'I think I will have that one,' she said. And then the youth came back; her number was 'on the line.' 'This way, madam — by the lift,' and still wearing the burberry, in her hurry, she was taken down. In the lift she found herself trembling, partly with embarrassment, — what should she say? — partly with a suffusion of painful delight at the thought, now, of hearing his voice.

She was led into a neat little cubbyhole and left alone with the instrument. She lifted the receiver. 'Could I speak to Mr. Richmond?' But it was Arnold's own 'Hullo,' and he knew her voice at once. 'Oh, it's you!' He was glad to get hold of her — he had rung up her club at one-thirty, expecting her to be lunching there. 'I've got some news for you.'

A sickening pang of senseless terror ran through her at the word 'news,' but she ruled it out, quickly, in her mind. Absurd! She was all nerves to-day. What was the news? she asked him. Oh, but what was this that he was saying? Someone he wanted her to meet? 'Funnily enough, *her* name is Hester, too' — why did it all seem to make no sense?

'I can't hear very well,' she faltered; 'say it again.' She *must* take it in this time. And she did. Arnold was engaged — 'Time I settled down, is n't it?' The girl was really rather superlative — 'I think she's quite your cup of tea, and I want you to be great friends with her.'

'Oh yes, I'm sure I shall be,' Hester heard her voice saying thinly. 'I — I'm terribly glad, Arnold. It's — ' She actually said, 'It's absurd,' but managed to change it to 'It's absurdly lovely.'

'What a darling you are, Hester!' Arnold said then, with warmth, moved by the odd phrase. 'I knew you'd be glad.'

Somehow she managed to finish this appalling conversation, and replaced the receiver. Slowly she got up and walked out into the shop; she was halfway down the next flight of stairs when, in a glass, she saw a woman with a white

face, wearing a burberry over London clothes. She recognized herself, and, embarrassed, hurried up to 'Men's Weatherproofs' again.

The courteous assistant was waiting. 'Did you get your call all right, madam?' With a sort of dreary practicalness Hester finished her business, paid for the burberry, took the parcel, the receipt — no, she would name it at home, thank you.

VI

It was when all that was done and she was leaving the building that realization began. What was she to do next? A clock up the street said three-fifteen, and the thought darted across her mind, 'At three I was still happy!' A drizzling rain was beginning to fall; she stood on the steps in the shelter of the porch for a moment. It was too late for a matinée, and she had not the heart for it anyhow; she had no urgent shopping, and no one but Arnold knew that she was in London. There was really *nothing* for her to do! Nothing to do, and no one she wanted to see. She had better go home. In a blind and inexpressible desolation she tiptoed across the muddy Haymarket to St. James's Square, got into the car, and set out.

While she was in the thick of the traffic she was only aware of a sort of dark stiffening misery through which, mechanically, she made the right gear changes and allowed for the slippery surface when using the brake. But even there blinding flashes of painful thought began to pierce her unwilling consciousness, and once she was out on the by-pass they assailed her like a troop of wolves. And then the windscreen wiper stuck. Angrily, with incompetent fingers, she examined it and fiddled with it, but it was no good; she could not make it work. For the first time, then, tears sprang to her eyes, at this cussedness of mechanical things. The rain had now become a downpour. There was nothing for it but to raise the wind-screen; and then she would be soaked! And she was wearing her best coat, the coat and hat idiotically put on to please Arnold, whom only the other Hester could ever please! Oh! With a sob, she cast round for some way out of her difficulty, and remembered Dickie's burberry. She would wear that — and, undoing the parcel, she put it on, threw her hat into the back of the car, and drove off again.

But the check, the defeat she had suffered at the hands of the windscreen wiper had got past her guard; the self-control which had seen her safely out of London deserted her now. The cold rain, beating in under the raised glass, mixed with the tears which ran down her face, blinding her. All the shy sweet hopes, the beating vivid happiness which she had allowed herself in the last few days, since that moment of realization by the five haystacks, came back at her now, blackened and poisoned; humiliation and misery flooded her. She looked suddenly at her life, seeing it from outside — the house, gardening, dogs, uninteresting neighbors, village good works; a dull, lonely, middle-class, profitless existence! How could she ever have dreamed that Arnold would link his full, interesting life to such a one? There was nothing in it but Dickie that was worth having.

But by this time she was struggling in the depths of one of those spiritual crises where the soul rejects its own salvation, and she pushed the thought of Dickie from her. No — nothing was any good, nothing; she was a useless mother to Dickie, she could not cope with his problems, could not even get him his gramophone. She would be better out of the way — his, Arnold's, everyone's! A furious resentment against her life now invaded her,

pouring like a poison through her whole being. She would end it — end everything! End it now! Her tears ceased as this resolution hardened in her. Tight-lipped, she drove furiously along the wet road, taking the water splashes with complete indifference. She knew where she would end it, too. That very blind turn at the bridge over the river — the parapet stopped short there, and a careless driver might easily make a mistake; a lorry had gone in there three years ago. No one would know that it was not an accident; her son would not carry the stigma of a suicide's child. Her mind worked rapidly now as she settled all the details, with a sort of maniacal clearness. It was only three miles ahead — it would soon be over. The river was deep there, at the bend; once she was in, in the coupé, no eleventh-hour falterings would avail her, she thought with savage satisfaction. She need not be afraid of her own weakness — she could never get out alive. She savored the thought of the cold water, the deep oozy mud, the green snaky weeds. Deep, deep, cold and quiet! And it was only a mile now. In the madness of her resolve she exulted in the nearness of death, silence, and cold stillness.

Pop! The car swerved violently, and then moved in a series of sagging bumps. A tire must have gone. Automatically, she pulled in to the side of the road and got out to look. Yes, the near back tire. Well, she must change it, that was all. The modern habit of obedience to the needs of mechanical things was strong in her — for the moment it overcame all other considerations. She never stopped to think that she might just as well have driven on to the river with her flat tire, that it would have been an excellent piece of evidence. A tire was flat; she must put on the spare wheel.

But, oh, what messy, horrible things cars were! As she got out the jack it occurred to her that she would dirty Dickie's new burberry; it had stopped raining for the moment, and she took off both it and her coat, and cautiously set to work. Incompetently, she wrestled with the jack, with the wheel brace; she got hot, she struggled, she even swore a very little. At last she got the wheel off. Mrs. Osborne was no mechanic — flushed and triumphant, eventually she got the spare wheel on, and strapped the flat one in its carrier.

And then, instinctively, she lit a cigarette, and wished she could get a cup of tea. Suddenly she thought of the tea tray waiting for her at home, the firelight gleaming on the silver and pretty china, the hot toast on the hearth stand. Doubtfully, she shook the wet off Dickie's burberry and laid it in the back of the car, and as she did so she thought of Dickie — of his pleasure in the new garment, his troubles, his need of her; his face rose up before her, and tears started to her eyes again, but they were tears of tenderness, not of angry and humiliated despair. The black desperate madness had passed, as swiftly as it came, and she was left shuddering at the edge of the abyss into which she had so nearly plunged. Suicide while temporarily insane! In her case, thought Hester, as she drove carefully over the bridge, it would have been true. Perhaps it was always nearly true.

VII

Dickie was lying in his cubicle at Roke. It was twenty past seven — in ten minutes he would have to get up. He snuggled down contentedly under his red blankets, wishing that he could get really *quite* warm before he left his bed. His gaze traveled round the small space, vaguely and pleasurably reviewing his possessions: his mother's photograph and some snaps of the dogs on

the chest of drawers, and his new torch; his blazer, his overcoat, the hat Hester so much disliked, and the two burberries, hanging on the pitch-pine walls. His eyes came to rest on the new burberry, and a frown of distaste clouded his face. What a beastly color it was! He'd wanted a dark one, but Mum need not have got that ghastly chocolate thing! Whoever saw such a color? He wished she'd got a gramophone instead — there must be cheapish gramophones.

Yells, protests, and laughter along the corridor told of a rag in progress. Grunting, Dickie got up, stretched, yawned, put on his dressing gown, and, picking up his enamel can, shuffled off to the tap to collect his ration of warm water. Going before time, he might get it hotter. He had returned to his cubicle and made some progress with his toilet when a small youth called Hewett poked his head in at the curtained doorway.

'I say, Osborne, can I borrow your dressing gown? Someone has thrown mine out of the window, and it's stuck in the tree, and it's my bath morning!' His voice was high-pitched and squeaky with excitement, his eyes dancing, his mouth wide agrin.

'No,' said Dickie curtly, 'I'm wearing it myself.' He was cutting his toenails, and paused to survey his handiwork with an artist's pride, his head on one side.

'But I *say* — it's my bath morning — '

'You can take my burberry,' said Dickie loftily, and Hewett, grabbing the new burberry and still squeaking about the rag, departed.

He came back presently, dressed, and flung the burberry into Dickie's cubicle. Hewett seemed rather chastened by his bath; the grin had gone, and he was shivering a little. 'I say,' he observed to Dickie as they clattered downstairs to early school, 'has it ever struck you how easily one could be drowned in those baths?' Dickie said what rot. '"T is n't rot — it struck me this morning. Anyone ragging just tip up your heels when your mouth was open and there you are. Your lungs fill, and those sides are damned high — you could n't pull up. Made me feel all beastly to think of it — I was jolly glad to get out.' Dickie said what fool did he suppose would want to tip his fatted heels up? 'Well, it was a beastly feeling — I feel beastly still,' Hewett persisted, and he continued to expatiate on death by drowning till the form room imposed silence on them.

VIII

The following Sunday Dickie set out for a walk in the afternoon. He thought the fieldfares might be in, and started off in rather unusually good spirits for the piece of high ground where, if anywhere, they were usually to be found. He carried his burberry, beastly brown thing, to crouch on while he watched the birds, and his father's old field glasses hung at his side. It was cloudy but fine when he set out, and he whistled as he walked, trying to get the sweet smooth winter call of the golden plover, on two semitones.

But presently a fine rain began to fall, and he put on his burberry. And gradually the current of his thoughts changed. He stopped whistling, stopped thinking about birds, and began instead to meditate on his troubles. He was lower in form this week, five places down, and Mum would be disappointed. He could n't help it — he was simply too tired to work after nine at night, and Jimson had been worse than ever this last week; he had harried him out of Hall three times, and how could he do prep then? Oh, it was all so beastly! And Jimson had hit him on

his chilblain, and broken it — on purpose, the beast! Sucking his broken chilblain, clumsily retying the rather grubby piece of rag round it, all the misery and helplessness of the weaker against odds too heavy for him surged up in Dickie's heart in a hot flood. He was by this time on the high field, but the rain was driving with force on a cold wind, and blurred his vision — he could see no birds, and turned down again toward the river to go back, aimless and wretched.

And now, as he neared the bathing place, he experienced something he had never known before. A swift impulse leaped into his mind, clear and sharp as a call or a pistol shot, to put a short end to his troubles. Before him lay the river, deeper below the bathing place — if anyone were to tie a scarf round his ankles and pitch in, there, it would all be done with. Dickie had never in his life given suicide a moment's thought, save to dismiss the press accounts of it as an incomprehensible madness, but now he welcomed this insidious impulse without any astonishment. It seemed natural, inevitable. He walked down to the river bank and stood for a moment, considering what would be the best place to take a header from. There was a high projecting piece of turf, above the deepest part — that would do, and, as though acting under some compulsion, he went over to it and stood staring at the water. Deep, deep — cold and quiet! The words seemed to come into his mind of themselves. Yes! With a sort of sob he unwound the scarf from his neck, and stood holding it, still staring as if hypnotized at the twisting weeds. And then something gave a tug at the scarf in his hand.

Dickie started violently. The music master's wire-haired terrier was greeting him with warm affection. And looking round, guiltily, he saw Mr. Truslove himself approaching. He hurriedly put the scarf in his pocket and began to pat the little dog. 'Hullo, Osborne!' said Mr. Truslove heartily as he came up. 'What are you doing? Meditating suicide?'

'Oh no, sir,' said Dickie, smiling the usual polite smile at the official joke.

'Filthy day,' observed Mr. Truslove. 'You'd better get along in and change quick. And what about a dish of tea with me, Osborne, and having a stab at those new madrigals afterward?'

Dickie, tramping beside him, accepted with alacrity — Mr. Truslove always had Sally Lunns for tea, and singing was one of his own greatest delights. As he flung off his burberry, indoors, and changed as fast as he could, he wondered, shiveringly, if he had dreamed all that about drowning, out there by the river. And when he slipped into chapel two hours later, gorged with tea cake and intoxicated with Byrd's funny rhythms, he was almost sure that he had.

IX

Punctually at eight-thirty, as usual, Mrs. Osborne came down to breakfast and, pouring out her coffee, began to open her letters. The post brought no more the dancing thrill it used to, now that a letter from Arnold gave her as much pain as pleasure — brought, in fact, only a dull ache; but there was a letter from her son, and her face quickened into a little glow as she opened it.

DEAR MUM [Dickie wrote], —

I don't know what you will say, but I have got a gramophone. Last Wednesday. It's not a fearfully good one, but it's quite all right, and there are fourteen records with it. I swapped it with a boy for my burberry. I don't know what you will say, but I really did want a gramophone, and

somehow I did n't like that burberry very much. I did n't like the color. And I have got the other. I don't know what Miss Morton will say. I have n't told her yet. I hope you won't mind much. It will be rather fun to have a gramophone. Our first XV won their match against Sandhurst yesterday.

Love from

DICKIE

P. S. Jimson wanted the burberry because he got his all filthy working the steam roller after the men had gone, and he could n't tell Miss Morton and he had to have a burberry.

Hester sat appalled after reading this. What *could* Dickie have been thinking of? Such wicked self-indulgence and extravagance! Heavy-hearted, she finished her breakfast, took her letters into the morning room, and began to water the flowers. She would have to write to Dickie and remonstrate with him. But not now; she must try first to understand what had prompted him to such an extraordinary act. Remonstrance was never any good unless you understood. Of course she knew why he wanted a gramophone, but surely there must have been some more desperate reason to make him do anything so reckless and unconscientious as to barter away his new expensive burberry.

She worried over it all day, but she was very busy, and there was a Women's Institute committee in the afternoon which lasted longer than usual, so that she had no chance to write by the evening post. She sat miserably by the fire that night, a writing pad on her knees, the dogs at her feet, trying to draft a letter, but hung up all the time by her vain search for a motive to account for Dickie's crime. He *was* a good boy, a frugal boy; there must be something behind it. But what? But what? He 'did n't like the color,' — she was sadly reading from the letter again, — but that was simply absurd! He'd *asked* for a dark one. And suddenly remembering her own misery when the burberry was bought, how she was actually wearing it when Arnold spoke to her, all her sense of loss returned in full force. The letter was still unwritten when she went to bed.

Next morning there was another envelope with Dickie's writing. This was most unusual — his one Sunday communication usually sufficed him for the week, and she opened it with nervous fingers.

DEAR MUM, —

A terrific thing has happened. Jimson is dead — drowned in the river. A groundsman found him among the reeds below the bathing place, floating about. Is n't it terrific? We've only just been told. No one knows how it happened. He was n't really a bad chap, in a way. I think he was nervous, in a way, and that made him do things. I don't know quite what I'm to do about the gramophone.

Love from

DICKIE

Mrs. Osborne sat staring at the letter. What a fearful thing! And yet — she thought this before she could stop herself — what a relief! Ashamed of this thought, she put it from her. How strange it was that the burberry, so connected with her own unhappiness, should no sooner come into the possession of the unfortunate Jimson than he died. Slow, faint, uncertain, like a tune one cannot fully remember, the first vague inkling of a theory almost too wild for the reason to accept it began to dawn in her mind. Drowned! She too had wished to drown, as she drove home that day, wearing the burberry to save her coat. There *was* a word — what did they call it? — when some garment, some object, held as it were the imprint of some former owner's strong emotion. Psycho — something. Oh, but that was *too*

far-fetched! Puzzled, still uncertain, she turned back to Dickie's letter, and now noticed that there was a second sheet. She took it up.

P. S. What do you think? Jimson was *wearing my burberry* when it happened. Mr. Rush has just had me up and asked me about it. So I had to tell him about the swap. They will look at it at the inquest, Dodgson says.

And then a further scrawl: —

P. P. S. Miss Morton says the burberry will be quite all right when it's dried, and she does n't see why I should n't use it again, as it's brand-new, and what do you say? But then, could I keep the gramophone? Definitely, Mummie, I'd rather have the gramophone. I did n't much care about that burberry.

D.

Mrs. Osborne put down the letter, and sat gazing out of the window, in a strange clarity of mind. Far-fetched? No — it was clear, it was plain; she saw, as in a series of pictures, her own misery and despair in that coat, and the garment carrying thereafter an invisible infection, to which the wretched Jimson had succumbed. Her instinct, in those sharpened moments, pictured her son struggling with this poison of her own creation; by what miracle he had escaped she could not tell, but the deep reason for his dislike of the burberry, the hidden motive for his childish crime, lay bare to her. Snatching up a pen, she sat down at her table and wrote to the matron.

DEAR MISS MORTON, —

After this tragic affair I do not wish anyone to wear that burberry again. Please send it to me and I will have it destroyed.

Yours very truly,

H. OSBORNE

And then, having stamped the envelope, she began to write to her son: —

'My darling boy.'

AIR STEWARDESS

BY FRANCIS VIVIAN DRAKE

I

THE shatter-proof windows by my elbow quiver, a mute defiance to the air that rushes past them on the other side. It seems a pity that the approaching darkness can't be so readily defied. For, far below, under that deepening veil of night, lies a dramatic chapter of the past, a tale imperishably written over rock and desert, and destined to survive into the heart of time. Even as I stare, the winding Trail dissolves, retreats into the shadows, is lost. After a while my eyes give up. But, in my mind, picture after picture has awakened, framed in suffering and in dogged courage, until I, too, am lost in those absorbing shadows half a mile away. From the immensity below, the black arm of night is reaching up another phantom canvas. . . .

I see a sleeping caravan hemmed in by rock and sand, a little patch of life adrift in a hostile wilderness. The tethered horses stir uneasily, their noses in the wind. All day the half-starved team has dragged along under the throbbing heat, past ruts and bones that serve as line marks for this perilous new trail. The Overland! The man is sprawled in a rough blanket, asleep. The children, huddled close for warmth, lie on the floor under the patched canvas top. They, too, are sleeping. The woman . . . her eyes alone are open to the oppressive darkness. A child coughs in his sleep. Gently she spreads over him her dress, a thick and dingy homespun, incredibly ugly. By the feeble lantern I can see her clearly, the feet hidden in the flare of heavy petticoats, the stringy hair caught in a braid behind her head, the skin leathered by sun and wind, by the interminable alkaline dust; the rough brown hands, the eyes . . . and now I am aware of nothing else. Her eyes absorb me. Steadfast, compassionate, they show me something that the beauty parlors of to-morrow will never have for sale, a quality which will enshrine that weary, weather-beaten face upon a pinnacle — forever lovely. Pioneer Woman . . .

Reluctantly I come back to reality. The blue flashes from the outboard exhausts have helped to play strange tricks with my imagination, and now, by comparison, my own immediate setting seems even more fantastic than before. The metal walls, the leather seats, the monstrous symphony of sound. I turn and gaze across our narrow space.

The girl is still there, a silhouette in indigo. She is gazing steadily ahead under the right wing tip. Gradually she emerges in the uncanny light, her hair, her features, even her tailored clothes taking on a dim blue radiance from the exhausts. I can make out the line of one slim leg crossed over its silken twin. Every few seconds the white beam from an airway beacon flicks across her face. I can see her eyes

clearly. The light is tricky, and in my ear the engines hum their 1600-horsepower lullaby. But somehow, somewhere, — I could almost swear to it, — I have seen those reassuring eyes before.

II

The newest career in the world. And, equally, the strangest.

It is dark. The lights of Salt Lake City have fallen away. The tri-motor is laboring up, all engines wide open, headed at a black wall that towers seven thousand feet high — the Rockies. Chicago early next morning. Mid-afternoon, New York. The great rampart, dark and mysterious, looms in the distance. The ship roars through Immigration Pass, into a thousand miles of desolation.

The young stewardess looks vigilantly up the aisle from her seat aft. The long cabin is suffused with an unearthly illumination from the engine exhausts. The shaded reading lamps are all switched off, some of the window blinds are down. She can make out the twin line of white pillows on the tipped-back seats, the blanketed forms, most of them asleep. Ahead, out of sight around the mail compartment, are the pilots; but the cabin, with its freight of passengers — that is her own responsibility. She has tucked them in, made them comfortable for the night, has checked over the coffee and hot food in the ship's galley. Now she must keep watch.

An eighth of an inch from her elbow, on the other side of the glass, the air is beating past at two miles a minute, and outside the heated cabin it is fifteen below zero. No towns, no houses; only sheer wilderness and the spaced flash of the airway beacons. . . .

Number 8, the one with the baby, is asleep already, although she protested that she could not close her eyes. Poor thing, she needs all the sleep she can get. The baby is to be operated on tomorrow in Detroit. The stewardess walks up and peers for a minute. Just so, nearly a century ago, stood her great-grandmother, shielding the flickering candlelight from an ailing child inside a covered wagon. The old Overland Trail ribbons below . . . and Number 5 — at last he has put his cards up. All the way from Oakland he was playing solitaire — shuffle, cut, deal, seven hours at a stretch, his face expressionless. But on the outcome of this transcontinental dash is balanced the future of a gigantic plant, the welfare of thousands of employees. Now he is hunched up in his seat, eyes closed, mouth drawn in a hard straight line. He might be asleep too, but the straining muscles of his hands betray him. . . . Number 3, the one with the cough, is giving his tired throat a rest. He sleeps. . . .

Back again to the rear seat. A cup of hot coffee. The measured thunder of the engines goes on without a change of note. The girl feels the ship sway sometimes, sink or rise a little. Tomorrow night she'll be over the Trail again, headed West. Backward and forward, month in, month out, the menacing blackness of winter, the stupendous mountain sunrises of summer. Twelve times around the world already in mileage, more flying time than some of the women headliners put together.

Covered wagon, pony express, overland stage, cowcatcher railroad, famous Limited — and now these huge air transports, each the sensation of its day. History, in different guise, repeats itself, for the sum of achievement is still the sum of the spirit that goes into it.

III

The air stewardesses on the transcontinental run from Chicago to Oak-

land number twenty-five, a select hand-picked band. They work in relays. As the ship crosses the continent, guided by the elaborate roadbed of a great airway, — teletype circuits from Pacific to Atlantic, radio phones, airway lighthouses, radio range beacons, government weather stations, emergency fields, incessant radio reports, incessant inspections, — the stewardesses come and go.

A nine-ton transport swinging on to the loading ramp amid noise and bustle and precision of movement is a breath-catching spectacle — to the passenger. The stewardess is used to it. She stands there waiting, with the padlocked satchel of company mail. She flies so much that she can look upon an airplane and not see it, listen to an engine and not hear it.

Her interest is centred upon the passengers in the cabin, and most of her waking hours are spent in the interior of an air liner. Actually it is not unlike a Pullman. The ceiling is a foot above her head, and on either side of the aisle is a row of adjustable reclining seats. There are magazines, reading lamps, ash trays, pipes for heating, air vents, a lavatory with hot and cold water. All so familiar and yet so matter-of-fact that one accepts it with hardly a second thought for the incredible picture that it spells — the comforts of home, wrapped up compactly in a club car, tearing through the clouds.

Everything is as landlike as possible, and handled with ironclad routine. Airways are still new, but not too new to have discovered that such ironclad routine can be maintained only by hand-picked deputies. For the stewardess, as for all others connected with a transport ship, the qualifications come high. Many call, but few are chosen.

There is no job on earth so attractive to the American girl as the one that takes her off it, or so an applicant list five thousand strong would seem to indicate. Five thousand applicants pining to be elected to an airway job, to go down in history as 'one of the first women to — etc., etc. . . .'

But less than one per cent present the qualifications necessary to gratify the desire. About one candidate in every two hundred and fifty passes on all points; the incumbents, therefore, may well be said to have some claim to exclusiveness.

'How do you select the girls? How do you know which ones will be airworthy and which won't?' I asked an airway executive. I had just completed a long trip in one of the lordly trimotors. The stewardess was a charming girl, clad in a chic green uniform and bristling with all sorts of genial information about the country down below. With her pleasant voice, her poise, — and poise in a flying passenger cabin is surely a gift of Heaven, — her general capability, she had obviously been recruited from professional ranks. Where?

'Well, to begin with, every one of them has to be a trained nurse, a graduate from some big hospital.'

'A *nurse?*'

'You see, we must have women who are experienced in handling people. It is n't so much that we need actual medical skill, but we have to be prepared for all kinds of passengers — not merely the fair-weather ones. People who are nervous, overwrought, fussy on a long trip; what is year-long routine to us is all an adventure to them.'

Remembering some of the cranky passengers I had flown with on former occasions, I began to see a gleam. What unsuspected processes, I wondered, might not have been going on in the mind of my girl in green as she had

handed back my ticket? Behind that friendly smile, for instance, had she been filing me away for future reference: 'Business man — seen better days — give him a match box and some gum'?

'All these girls,' the executive went on, 'are trained for discipline and hard work. Hospital routine eliminates all the lightweights early in the game, and you can depend upon the graduates. It's a grand training for any girl, no matter how you look at it. It teaches her to be neat as a new pin. Just one slovenly stewardess would be enough to reflect on a whole air line. And it teaches her the art of being firm, without giving offense; how to prepare meals tastefully — none of the rough-and-tumble, slapdash picnic stuff. And when it comes to responsibility, she can spell it backwards. Above all, you can depend on her to think calmly in an emergency.

'You see, it's just these qualities — call it character, if you like — that are of A1 importance to air-transport companies. That's why we have to go through our waiting lists with a fine-tooth comb. Of course, that does n't mean to say that we disparage the other virtues. A pretty face has n't yet been known to cause a slump in the history of any kind of passenger traffic! But it is n't essential. Physical requirements with us mean something else again. For instance, all our girls are between twenty and twenty-seven years old; their average height is five feet four, average weight a hundred and twenty-five pounds. A male steward would be likely to increase the poundage unnecessarily.

'We don't even consider a girl who is n't a hospital graduate. However,' — he pointed, smiling, to two large wicker baskets full of letters, — 'that does n't prevent others from applying for jobs, as you can see for yourself.'

I glanced at random over some of the applications. The postmarks were from all over the United States, some from abroad, most of the letters penned with evident sincerity, some even with confidence. They advanced their ideas of qualification: one *adored* fast driving; another was a cabaret hostess, used to entertaining; another was handy with rough horses; still another 'did n't mind the risk.' All of them sought to give an impression of recklessness and dash. The company, in turn, sought dependability; so all of them were destined to receive a polite rejection, not one among the divers senders being qualified to step into the smartly tailored uniform of company stewardess and to preside over the passenger cabin of a giant tri-motor.

Perhaps I can show you why.

IV

The duties of an air stewardess are elastic.

Normally her job is this. First, she has charge of the ship's papers, which are many, and of the company inter-airport mail. She has to take tickets and check baggage slips. There is a lot of paper work in running an air liner — have you ever noticed the two fat wallets of papers carried by train conductors? She has to keep track of equipment such as blankets, pillows, and silver. Kleptomania is not entirely unknown among passengers. She has to adjust ventilators — shut out drafts, let in more air — and she must keep her clientele supplied with magazines, writing materials, maps, soap, towels, aspirin, ash trays or matches, gum for airsickness, cotton wool for noise — whatever their fancy may happen to demand, short of pulling rabbits out of hats.

She dispatches telegrams and radios. She is thoroughly drilled in the geog-

raphy of the country over which her ship flies and points out the noteworthy features. Three air passengers out of every four are not unmindful of an expectant audience waiting at the journey's end, so far be it from them to miss a thing. Moreover, this historic West that slides away beneath them is not a mere movie or a book, but the actual thing. If that patch five thousand feet below happens to be the spot where Colonel Lindbergh once alighted in a parachute, they want to know about it; and, anyway, which of those funny little ridges over to the left was where the Indians fell upon a train of covered wagons on the seventeenth of March, 1851? The stewardess answers innumerable questions. She sees that her charges get to sleep comfortably on the night trips, wakes them in good time for breakfast, stands by with restoratives for invalids. She has charge of the first-aid kit and is also called upon to cope with the sudden pangs of 'air appetite' that descend upon the flying public.

Here again it is her job to temper hospitality with tact and a firm hand. She must see that inexperienced travelers do not eat more than is consistent with good judgment, and must diplomatically caution those who bring along their own reserves of caviar or chocolate layer cake. Greasy foods, for instance, have been found to be responsible for certain 'passenger trouble'; they have consequently been eliminated from the menus of air transport companies.

There are regular mealtimes on air liners just as there are on boats and trains, and in between times it has been found wiser to keep the wolf at bay with fruit-store blandishments. On the twenty-hour run between Chicago and Oakland, three meals are served — dinner over Iowa, breakfast over Utah, and lunch over Nevada — and the company takes no chances. It dictates the menus, provides the stewardesses to set the meals up punctually, and, incidentally, it foots the bill.

Many mothers with babies use the air transport lines in preference to trains so that they may cut down traveling time to a very minimum. A stewardess is used to rolling up her sleeves, producing a bottle at the correct temperature, and going into action as temporary nursemaid. Adult passengers, obviously, have their rights just as much as babies, and just as obviously an irate infant cannot be expected to grasp the logic of this. At the first hint of squalls fore, the stewardess glides up the gangway, ready to divert the flying baby's howl into a gentle half-roll or wing-over.

Airsickness, contrary to general belief, is the least of the stewardess's worries. The percentage of airsick passengers is under five. Even with this small number, the trouble is almost always caused by nervousness on the part of those who have never flown before.

As for the flying — through long summer days when the ship seems to hang motionless while earth and sky move very slowly past, when the air is diamond-clear in all directions for a hundred and fifty miles, when blue sky and brown horizon form a circle round the ship, when even a cynic might feel gulpy at the splendid panorama, the vast heart of America spreading below him. The air lines follow their schedules to the minute. Plains give way to foothills, mountains, snow peaks, give way again to desert — mile after mile the landmarks on the grand old Trail unfurl, call up an echo of the gallant history of the West.

There are other times, too, and less pleasant to remember. The gloom

of winter afternoons, black overhead, queer lights reflected from the snow beneath; the dark, savage rock masses washed by intermittent swirls of snow. The passengers are nervous. The stewardess knows that up front in the cockpit the pilots are doing their stuff, steady and imperturbable as ever. It's up to them, that end of it. But the other end, back here in the cabin, facing these anxious eyes, this is her domain, this is the human side. Smile — and make it convincing. Serve coffee and biscuits, offer lights for cigarettes, keep up some cheerful chatter, make it sound natural, don't even glance at the windows. That last takes restraint, even though the stewardess knows that there is no reason for alarm, or the ship would have turned back long ago.

The passengers relax; if a mere girl is n't worried, why should they be? The plane plunges headlong through the vicious weather, and, below, the wilderness is brooding and hostile. . . . Then the next landing to refuel, the longing not to leave the little haven of warmth, the security of solid earth. . . . A peek over the pilot's shoulder at the weather report ahead. His 'O. K. We're going through. All aboard!'

Off again, into five hundred miles of darkness. . . .

V

All this that I have described is routine stuff. It is always the unexpected which must pay the piper, and consequently the unexpected calls the tune.

Trip after trip, hundreds of times, the air liners go backward and forward on their smooth schedules, flying serenely from point to point of the giant radio web. The pilots circumvent Old Man Weather. The teletype circuits tick out: 'On time . . . On time . . . ' week after week. The passengers are contented. The stewardess's job is uneventful, as prosaic to her as swinging to and fro in a rocker on the back porch. Then, *bang!* — all bets are off. The narrow cabin is crowded with Emergency. Something happens for which no black type rules are provided, and then the girl has to fall back on her own resources. It is under such circumstances that most of the five thousand applicants would meet their Waterloo.

'I did n't know' — 'I did n't think' — 'I did n't realize' — 'It did n't occur to me' — or even 'I did n't have time' . . . a stewardess hoping to get away with any of these trite excuses before a Board of Inquiry might just as well have jumped overboard.

'One time I was up against it,' a stewardess admitted to me one afternoon as we were cruising high over the prairie stretches of Nebraska. 'It was night. Among the passengers was a girl who had done quite a bit of air traveling. It was perfect weather, ceiling unlimited all the way, but, for some reason I could n't fathom, my passenger got sicker every hour. She did n't respond to any of the usual restoratives, but, sick as she was, she had flatly refused to be put off at the previous landing place so that she could receive proper attention. Her one thought was to get to the Coast. She became steadily worse until in my judgment she was gravely ill. An airplane is a poor place in which to diagnose a case, but it became clearer to me with every mile that it certainly was n't airsickness. I ignored her protests, went fore into the cockpit, radioed ahead for a doctor and an ambulance, and got off with her myself at the next landing. Well, to cut it short, it was acute appendicitis. If we had n't rushed her off, the doctor said, she would certainly have died aboard the plane.'

Just a brief story, told in a perfectly matter-of-fact way. But what a picture it conjured up! The big passenger plane tearing along the darkened sky paths like some fantastic creature of the night. Monotonous thunder of the engines. The dim light in the cabin. Passengers, cocooned in blankets, lolling back in their seats, fast asleep, unconcerned. The white face, terribly white, on the pillow and the nurse bending over it anxiously. One hour. Another hour. The nurse fumbling through the narrow passage past the mail compartment. The hurried conference with the co-pilot, a conference of yells and shouts above the engines, above the wind screaming over the glass-windowed bow of the ship. The radio message striking ahead like an arrow over the empty horizon to the next airport. The ambulance clanging through the streets of some sleeping Western town, grazing the tarmac even as the mighty plane swung down with throttled engines toward the landing flood lights. . . .

Appendicitis! One chance in ten thousand, but those girls must be ready even for the longest shot. There's nothing kid-gloved about keeping passenger flying safe. If the woman had died aboard — nine passengers in a cabin with a corpse! — it would have called for an investigation, would have cast a stigma, however undeserved, on a great transport line. ('I would n't travel on that route for anything . . . killed a passenger the other day . . . I read about it. . . . Well, they *said* it was appendicitis . . .') The flying public has its superstitions.

VI

Drunks are rare, so rare that word of them passes up and down from Pacific to Atlantic. Naturally, no company will let an obviously intoxicated person aboard an air liner, but sometimes the quickness of the hand deceives the eye.

Once a stout gentleman walked along the Oakland gangway, and, for all his apostolic dignity, it was apparent that coördination between eye and limb had become slightly impaired. The stewardess's hospital eye marked him instantly, but accepted him as harmless. Soon after the take-off, the gentleman removed his coat, collar, and vest, burst into song, and dived convivially for his hip flask. The stewardess strolled up.

'Of course *I* don't care a bit,' she smiled, 'but we have to think of all the other passengers. Do you mind not drinking while you are aboard?'

'Mi-dear-gal, y' can't be serush?' replied the thirsty one, with a certain glazed rebuke. The 'dear-gal' held him with an eye that had subdued truck drivers in the Accident Ward, albeit her lips continued to smile.

'Indeed I am!' she rejoined heartily. The look won. On and off she kept looking until they were well into Nevada, by which time the erring guest had come to associate her face with Prohibition Enforcement and had given it up.

Nothing nasty has ever happened, but — just in case anything should, in case a passenger should go suddenly 'haywire' or start a rough-house — the stewardess has a little button beside her seat. If she touches it, a red light glows on the pilot's dashboard, and in less time than it takes to tell it, the co-pilot, a young man in enviable physical condition, strides aft. For the sake of the other passengers and in accordance with the policy of the line, he is going to try politeness first, but if that does n't fix it, he is going to fix it anyway. . . .

There was the time a flashy individual came aboard a transport at one

of the intermediate stops. The ship was being 'ferried' on an off-schedule run; as the passenger stepped into the machine he rewarded the baggage porter with a bill peeled off a roll which would have choked a horse. Just as the 'All aboard!' sounded, two furtive-looking citizens hurried up, walked quickly up the gangway, and seated themselves aft. The door slammed, the engines whined, and in a few seconds the ship was in the middle of the take-off.

The flamboyant gentleman — he was later discovered to be a professional gambler — turned in his seat to take a last view of the airport; his smile froze as he caught sight of the furtive pair, the only other passengers. His hand moved stealthily toward his left armpit. The two toughs leaned forward as one man, their right hands buried beneath the lapels of their coats. The cabin filled with menace. Everybody remained perfectly still. The stewardess thought fast. She was penned in the rear of the cabin. If anything started, she could hardly miss getting shot. For a moment she remained as still as the gangsters, then the thought struck her — the gasoline tanks, the control wires! She pressed the danger button. The co-pilot came back instantly. She put her mouth close to his ear and described the situation.

For a while they sat there grimly, but there was no tangible reason to take action, still less to precipitate it. The co-pilot could not stay aft indefinitely. He had work to do up front. He went along to the forward bulkhead, turned around, fingered the gun in his holster (the ship was carrying United States mail), favored the passengers with what the stewardess described as a dirty look, and returned to the cockpit.

For two long hours the stewardess sat at her post, her fingers close to the call button, while the ship pounded up the rim of the high Sierras and slid down the vast slope into California. The co-pilot poked his head into the cabin every five minutes or so. The three passengers remained immobile, covering each other uninterruptedly. When the tires finally met the concrete, the pilot taxied fast to the unloading ramp. He had radioed while still in the mountains and a couple of motor-cycle policemen were leaning casually against the passenger depot. The gambler and the two toughs faded down the gangway; the cops closed in behind. That south view of her late guests traveling north, declared the stewardess, was the most satisfying scenic effect in her entire career.

And not all emergencies happen in the air. Weather, especially thunderstorm weather, has extraordinary vagaries. That means landing at emergency fields, for the pilots would rather be hours late than take the risk of plastering the passengers against a mountainside or otherwise mixing them up with the scenery.

Once in a thousand times, perhaps, the ship has to remain for a long time on an emergency field, chocked beside the caretaker's farm. Then the chic uniform and immaculate silk blouse of the stewardess go hang, while their owner peels potatoes, tends store, improvises beds, quiets the children, and assists some farmer's harassed wife to organize the slim resources. Clean shoes and silk stockings plough through deep farmyard mud, while the stewardess averts her eyes and tries not to let her smile appear too glassy.

It takes more than mere charm to combine flying and farm cooking, good humor and the quirks of nervous passengers, service and sleeplessness, if anyone should ask.

VII

Eleven thousand miles a month is the distance each of these sky girls averages, the equivalent of five and a half times around the world every year. Although the new profession is barely two years old, its senior members have already flown from ten to twenty times more than most passengers do in a lifetime, and competition in the ranks is keen. Each wants to be the first woman to chalk up the million-mile record.

Katherine Maye and Ida Novelly, both of California, tie for the national record, with a total of over 300,000 miles apiece. Winging behind comes Cornelia Peterman, with 200,000 miles, and next in line appear Valerie Tucker and Oletta Hasley, with more than 150,000 miles each to their credit.

Paradoxes are numerous. For instance, while there are but twenty-five of them at the time this is written, the girls rarely see each other. Two sisters, both flying over the same beat, have not met on the ground in more than two months. They exchange greetings in mid-air when the big transports pass each other daily. Again, mileage does not always mean scenery, for some of the girls have not seen the country they fly over for weeks. They have night duty. Their daily routine is precise and unvaried, yet they scarcely ever sleep two successive nights in the same state.

Any night, every night, the transcontinental ships roar across the vast width of our country. At two miles a minute they reel off those great stretches which the pioneers of another day conquered so heroically, mile by indomitable mile. It is another element, but it is still the same spirit.

The pioneer, driving his teams, trusted the stars to guide him in the cool of night. To-day the pilot has radium dials and airway beacons. But stars or dials, one horsepower or sixteen hundred, poke bonnets or natty berets, their womenfolk have not changed intrinsically. Win or lose, the pioneer woman sticks by the man up front. His dangers are her dangers. Her life is in his hands, and that's all right with her, too. As in the wagons, which creaked and swayed and trembled in their mile-an-hour progress, so inside these man-made titans of the air is the same text still reverenced and golden: '*No back-seat driving, please.*'

HESPERIDES

Can those Ægean isles upon whose rocks
  Gnarled olive climbs in clefts above the sea,
Or where with burry fleece the ageless flocks
  Lie with bent knees beneath a shadowing tree,
Can such an isle, so dowered with ancient praise
  And long consent of men's approving eyes,
    Be any whit more fair
Than these that throng amid the northern bays
      With beaches bright and bare
  And spires of spruce up-pointing to the skies
        Or slopes of stony turf where cattle crop
        Short grass and clover-top?

The isles, the bright isles, crowd upon the bay
  In contours low or steep, with woods, or none,
And close companions through the arch of day
  Time walks with light poured from a godlike sun.
Broad is the sky, how broad, and flocks of cloud
  Stream with mild lustrous fleece across their high
    And glittering pastureland.
Wind, waves, and stones mingle their voices loud,
      And fields in riot stand
  Moved by the flowing currents of the sky
        To scatter seeds and petals in wild showers
        And tumble all their flowers.

O lovely northern land, can any place
  Be fairer than these isles of wind and light?
Yes, others touched with a more lofty grace
  Lift meadows shining with preëminent right;
More spacious isles, where corn and cheese and wine
  Spared to the gods a measure past men's need;
    Where once the race was glad
In mastered beauty, and men could divine
      Great arts, and knowledge clad
  In words whose harmony was half their creed.
        And where, save where immortal accents ring,
        Ought we with love to cling?

Here no hand shapes the marble so that flesh
  And thought seem led in union firm and sweet
As by a shepherd's pipe heard winding fresh
  In hills where morning and the day-star meet.
No garland-bearing youths bring meal and fruit
  To woodland altars, and upon the hill
    No temple pure and clear
As Doric flute-notes quiets their dispute.
    Penurious and severe,
  The wooden schoolhouse deals its nasal drill,
      Or the white steeple tolls above the slope
      Remnants of Christian hope.

Yet have not men their councils deep and strict
  With the immediate earth? These eyes and hands
Live now, and now our eager thoughts convict
  Our sloth and dullness. Here upon the sands
Runs the quick light, as they, the stripped young men,
  Ran bright and clean upon the Trojan beach
    In races long ago.
The honor of their time comes not again.
    But where we wake to know
  Earth, light, and joy, and thoughts that slowly reach
      Toward mastered beauty, there must ever be
      True birth and piety.

And so, though my nativity lies far,
  My work elsewhere, these isles with wood and cliff,
The white road rising toward the northern star,
  The black-sailed schooner beating slow and stiff,
Fuse with my deepest life. Here I have seen
  The solemn oxen drag the sweet-breath'd hay,
    Or laboring herons rise
At duskfall from their coves of mirrored green.
    Here I have found replies
  To longing that cried out for some clear way
      Toward love and toward high effort. O happy air,
      O land in truth most fair!

THEODORE MORRISON

A CIVIL WAR BOYHOOD

I. Growing Up in the Ante-Bellum South

BY JOHN W. BURGESS

I

I WAS born in 1844, and was reared in the sunny South, in middle Tennessee. My first memories are of planters' mansions and Negro cabins; of cotton fields and small county towns; of intelligent, proud, and courteous slave barons, and of ignorant, slovenly, poor white trash in the country and an incipient bourgeoisie of lawyers, doctors, and tradesmen in the towns; of dashing young country squires who spent their time in hunting, horse racing, gambling, and drinking, and of beautiful maidens, the prizes of zealous and sometimes fierce competition between the coxcombs of the country and the beaus of the towns; and, at the bottom of all, the vast mass of African slaves which served as the base of the political, economic, and social structure. It was the mediæval period of American history and presented the bright sides and the dark sides of mediæval civilization.

I am bound to say that I think it was little understood by the northern half of our country. Slavery was regarded, after the middle of the nineteenth century, too much in the nature of crime, and the plantation aristocracy too much as arrogant, overbearing, and violent men. They were generally men of great courtesy and kind hearts, and, in most cases, regarded their relation to their slaves as a grave trust to be faithfully discharged, rather than as an opportunity for exploitation. As I remember it, the person of my father's household who endured the greatest hardships of life was my dear good mother, who was called on to minister to every black who might have a pain in the tip of his toe at any time of the day or night.

Generally, the slaves had enough of good nourishing food to eat, and were fairly well clad and not uncomfortably housed. They worked short hours and never knew what a strenuous effort meant. They had their churches, their camp meetings and revivals, where their religious fervor found vent, and they made themselves hoarse with singing and shouting. They had, also, their places of entertainment, where they gathered in the evening and danced to the picking of the banjo and the rattle of the bones. They had also time and opportunity to earn a little money for themselves, which was protected by law as the bondsman's peculium. They were sometimes whipped and beaten, not often by the slave owner himself, but by cruel overseers or malicious poor whites. The slave masters themselves, when not guided by humanitarian impulses, were too well aware of economic disadvantage to injure their property in this foolish way. The chief amount of slave whip-

ping of which I had any cognizance was inflicted by gatherings of non-slave-owning whites, during periods of excitement over suspected plots for insurrection among the slaves, plots which rarely had any existence outside the morbid imagination of the ignorant poor whites. Several times I witnessed slave owners defending their slaves, at the risk of their own lives, against these senseless cruelties.

The spectre of slave revolt was something which would not down, but it rarely appeared within the vision of the slaveholders themselves. They knew the temper of their slaves, and were always in close touch with them. In fact, real friendship existed between them in very many cases. It was the vast mass of the whites owning no Negroes who were the greatest enemies of the slaves. They had no pecuniary interest in Negroes. They were jealous of the riches and the social standing of the slave lords. They were ignorant, suspicious, superstitious, and vindictive. They led lives of monotony and drudgery, and to them a slave inquisition and a slave beating for the extraction of confessions were exciting diversions; the sensational results of these mediæval processes of inquiry furnished an extended enjoyment for their idle minds.

The slaves themselves did not, as a rule, feel their lot to be a hard one, and were not good material out of which to make insurgents. For, in addition to their general loyalty to their masters, they felt a sort of social contempt for the non-slaveholding white man. They even felt contempt for the white man who owned very few slaves and also for the slaves of a white man who owned but a few of them. They — that is, the slaves of the slave lords — were accustomed to designate the slaves of a holder of only a small number of bondsmen as 'poor niggers.' *Uncle Tom's Cabin* may have been a fair representation of an exceptional case of Negro treatment, but, as a description of general conditions, it was a gross exaggeration.

II

The people of the North had, furthermore, an exaggerated notion of the wealth and luxurious living of the slave lords. In contrast with the wealth and luxury of the rich bankers, manufacturers, merchants, and transportation magnates of the present day, the mode of life of the slave barons was moderate and simple. Their mansions of good Colonial style made a handsome outside appearance, but the inside comfort was not great. With no plumbing, no electricity, no gas, no central heating, either by steam, hot water, or hot air, they were excessively cold in winter and excessively hot in summer. Every drop of water had to be brought into the house by hand and heated in kettles over an open fire. There was no ice, no refrigerators, no places to keep things cool, except in a little hut built around and over a spring, called a spring house, where snakes and toads, worms and tadpoles, congregated. From the point of view of the house comforts of this day, the man of moderate means would consider the life of the richest planter of 1850 as filled with inconvenience and even hardship.

And when it came to intercourse and transportation and trade, things were, if possible, still worse. There were few railroads, fewer telegraph lines, and no telephones. Heavy vehicles had to be dragged over bad, muddy, rutty roads. Riding on horseback was the chief method of intercourse between plantations and settlements. The doctor was miles away and always had to be fetched by messenger; there were

no, or almost no, apothecary shops or hospitals, except in a few cities, no way to procure supplies if the annual hoard should happen to give out or become unfit for use. Such were some of the inconveniences which obstructed intercourse of people, and, while making life hard and monotonous, impeded the development of a common understanding and a consensus of opinion. There were few newspapers, and the people's love of politics was gratified and fed and excited by parades, barbecues, debates between candidates, and not infrequently expressed itself in fights and murders.

I remember, as a child between five and ten years of age, the interest I took in the joint debates of candidates for office, when I heard such prominent statesmen as Henry Clay, John J. Crittenden, James C. Jones, Humphrey Marshall, John Bell, Meredith P. Gentry, Andrew Johnson, Horace Maynard, William G. Brownlow, A. S. Colyar, Charles C. Crowe, Aaron V. Brown, John C. Brown, Isham G. Harris, Robert Toombs, Jefferson Davis, Alexander H. Stephens, debate on the questions of the day — the fugitive slave law and the compromise measures of 1850. I remember quite distinctly the presidential campaigns of 1852 and 1856, and the deep disappointment of the Whigs at the defeat of General Scott in 1852 and of Mr. Fillmore in 1856. In 1852 the Southern Whigs were great admirers of Webster, but did not trust him fully. I do not remember that he ever went into the Southern States; the estimation of him, therefore, was not direct, and suffered somewhat by indirection. Scott was a Southerner, and moreover had military glamour which counted for much in the chivalrous South.

It was silly on the part of the Whigs to nominate him, but it is hardly probable that Webster would have been successful. I never saw Webster. I remember, however, that my father and the Whigs of Tennessee preferred him to Scott or to anybody else, except possibly Clay.

An event of the campaign of 1856 which stands quite vividly in my memory illustrates with considerable significance the spirit and customs of the times. One day during this campaign I happened to be in a small village near my father's home, and was one of an audience of about one hundred persons gathered about a Whig orator, named Pugh, who was extolling the virtues of the Whig candidate, Mr. Fillmore, and denouncing the character and the record of his adversary, Mr. Buchanan. Just at the moment when the speaker was indulging in one of his highest flights of oratorical invective, a party of Democrats rode into the place, headed by a noted rough named Bradshaw, who had decorated his horse's head with the antlers of a buck covered with flowing ribbons of red, white, and blue. He and his party were singing the doggerel lines, —

> 'Buchanan eats the watermelon,
> But Fillmore eats the rind,
> Buchanan is way before
> And Fillmore is way behind.'

Bradshaw sprang from his horse as he rode up to the rickety bench on which the speaker was standing, and with a loud voice denounced him as a liar and slanderer. Pugh struck the man with his clenched fist. Thereupon the latter flourished a revolver in Pugh's face and pulled the trigger. The ball missed its mark and struck another man, killing him almost instantly. Pugh's assailant raised his arm for a second attempt, but Pugh was too quick for him, and, drawing a bowie knife which was carried up the coat sleeve, sheathed it in Bradshaw's breast by one powerful stroke

which felled him lifeless to the earth. This was only one of several fatal encounters which I witnessed during that campaign and still remember with great distinctness. The country was approaching a period of general violence and gave evidence of it in a reign of universal hate born of misunderstanding and jealousy.

III

The period between 1856 and 1860 I spent at school in preparation for college. My father provided for me a first-rate classical teacher from the University of North Carolina, named Montgomery Forbes. I do not think I imbibed much of the spirit of classical learning from him. He grounded me fairly well in the rudiments of Greek and Latin grammar and taught me to read both languages with some little facility, so that I found no difficulty in entering college in the autumn of 1861. Classics, however, were not my favorite study. Mathematics had the chief fascination for me, with history as a relaxation. My early aspiration was to be a military engineer. Forbes was a fair mathematician, also, and guided me with some success through algebra, geometry, trigonometry, and calculus.

Before the date of my entrance to college came the great catastrophe. The rise of the Republican Party between 1856 and 1860 had filled the South with alarm, and in some degree the North as well. Its principles were greatly misunderstood in the South, as new movements generally are. The Republican programme and party were confounded with the abolitionist programme and party, and it was represented by the Southern leaders to be the aim of the Republicans to secure the destruction of slavery in the states, as well as its prohibition from the territories, by any and all means, fair or foul, but especially by slave insurrection. As the presidential election of 1860 drew near, the South was terrorized by secessionist propaganda, which spread the idea among Southerners that the triumph of the Republican Party would mean the desolation of their homes, the rape of their wives and daughters, and the destruction of their property. Liberty, morality, and civilization were declared to be staked upon the issue, and it was loudly and universally proclaimed that the United States would not be a fit place in which to live unless the Republican Party should be defeated at the polls and laid so low that it could never raise its odious head again.

In the midst of this excitement the John Brown raid occurred at Harper's Ferry. It was taken throughout the South as the irrefragable proof of everything asserted in the secessionist propaganda. The deeds of Brown and his men were exaggerated into hideous atrocities, and the tale of them repeated again and again from every platform and pulpit and at every fireside. The seeds of hate were sown broadcast by designing men, and every social means and pressure was used to whip every man, woman, and child into line with the secessionist purpose.

IV

I remember with perfect clearness how my father and his Whig friends tried to point out to the insane extremists how secession and war, even successful war, would bring about the liberation of the slaves more surely and quickly than remaining in the Union, since, should the country be divided, there would be no obligation on the one part to secure the return of fugitive slaves to the owners in the other part, as was provided in the existing Con-

stitution of the Union. But the angry Secessionists would not listen. They threatened all men of moderate views with violence in case the voters should be influenced by such arguments, and actually inflicted it, both by mob rule and by the forms of law, after they had gotten possession of the state governments and passed the secession ordinances.

I heard then for the first time the proposition that, when a drunken mob lynched an unoffending person for an act which was no offense at law, the government should at once make that act a crime and itself perform the next execution, and in this way appease the mob and forestall lynching, instead of arresting and punishing the lynchers. It was a strange turning of things — I will not say ideas — upside down, or rather downside up. But we must always remember that 'whom the gods would destroy they first make mad.'

When no more than fifteen years of age, I saw the folly of indulging the passions of anger and hate in the solution of public questions. During the months between the passage of the secession ordinance by Tennessee in June of 1861 and the occupation of the state by the military power of the Union in the spring of 1862, it was no uncommon thing to see, hanging by the neck from the limb of a tree, a man whose only offense had been loyalty to the Union as created and preserved in the Constitution, and that too in the name of liberty and democracy. Such experiences threw such a sadness over my young life, and produced in me such an early realization of the innate hypocrisy of the human soul, that I wonder I have not dwelt always under deeper pessimism than has actually possessed me. As it was, I early lost faith in the wisdom and goodness of the mass of mankind. I have always found most men ignorant, narrow, greedy, prejudiced, malicious, brutal, and vindictive. The supermen, who make the ideas and ideals of civilization, I have found very few and very far between.

After the secession of the Southern States and the formation of the Confederacy, the tyranny over opinion was perfected, and the reign of terror, instituted both by the government and by society, whipped everybody into line and made the South solid, as it was said, in the defense of its property and liberty. The old Whig Unionists were completely cowed. Even a man like John Bell made his way into a 'secret' meeting in the courthouse at Nashville and gave in his adherence to the Secessionist cause.

All during the summer of 1861 the persecution of the Unionists went on. Every kind of social boycott and proscription was meted out to them. They were required not only to obey the will of the majority as expressed through law and government, but to give voluntary support to the Secessionist cause and even to talk and think as the Secessionists did. The famous saying of Lincoln in the debates of 1858 with Douglas, that the slaveholders were not satisfied with the assurance that the Republicans did not plan to abolish slavery in the states and did not believe that there was any power under the Constitution to do so, but demanded that the Republicans should think and feel about slavery as they, the slaveholders, themselves did, certainly proved to be no exaggeration of the demands made by the Secessionists in 1861 of the Unionists, many of whom were the largest slave owners in the border states of the South. Freedom of thought and expression was swept away completely as having no value when brought into opposition to the holy cause of secession. Men were estranged and persecuted as traitors if they dared

to question either the rights or the policy of secession, and were hung by drunken mobs on trees and left there as food for crows and buzzards.

The social 'racket' was also played with high success. The Secessionist slave lords and their ladies 'stooped to conquer' the adherence of the bourgeoisie and even the poor white trash by social recognition. The ambition of every social climber met, for the first time, with full opportunity for gratification. The democratizing of society was the inevitable result, and the Secessionists actually believed themselves to be the real democrats of the age and declared themselves to be the upholders, par excellence, of democratic ideals. It was one of those eras when everything is turned upside down and the power to distinguish between truth and falsehood is lost in the hysteria of fancied patriotism.

V

It was in the midst of such a topsy-turvy period that I entered college. The institution to which I was sent was Cumberland University at Lebanon, Wilson County, Tennessee. The University consisted then of a Preparatory School, a College of Arts and Letters, a Law School, and a Divinity School. It was a sectarian institution of the Presbyterian Church. At that time it was chiefly noted for its Law School, conducted by two eminent Southern jurists, Judge Green and Judge Caruthers. My teacher, Forbes, had prepared me for his own alma mater, the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, but the disturbed condition of things influenced my parents to keep me nearer home.

Sometime in early September of 1861, I was fitted out with a trunk of clothing, a box of books, a box of tallow candles, and a Negro boy, and started from my home in Giles County to the University at Lebanon some eighty miles away. A lumbering family coach, drawn by two stout horses and guided by a Negro driver, conveyed me and my boy, together with all my other paraphernalia, to my destination. I was accompanied by a man named William Lewis, who was acquainted with the route and with a number of people residing along it at whose houses we might find lodging, for it was a three-day journey by the means of travel at my command. It was a monotonous and uneventful ride through the county towns of Lewisburg, Shelbyville, and Murfreesboro, and in the afternoon of the third day we arrived at our destination.

Lebanon was at that time one of the prettiest of Tennessee's county towns, situated in a rolling limestone region with, consequently, snow-white roads and evergreen forests, and built regularly around a square, in the centre of which stood the courthouse. The business houses, law offices, doctors' offices, and hotel occupied the four sides of the square, and the dwellings faced the streets radiating therefrom. The University stood upon an eminence in the southern portion of the town, and consisted of a single large brick building devoted entirely to the purposes of instruction. There were no dormitories; the students boarded with the families in the town.

Mr. Lewis knew a lady, named Peyton, who had a small family and a large house, and he applied to her for board and lodging for me and my Negro boy. Mrs. Peyton took me in and gave me a little house in the corner of her grounds, consisting of one large room, with a large bed for myself and a small one for my attendant. This accommodation, with board for myself and the Negro boy, was furnished me for the sum of four dollars and fifty cents a

week, and that was considered a rather extravagant scale of living.

On the day following my arrival, I entered the college in the sophomore year, thanks to the preparation which Forbes had given me. The institution was presided over at that time by the Reverend Thomas Anderson, who, in the absence of the professor of Latin, taught that subject and was quite vain of his proficiency in it. The Reverend Dr. Beard, professor in the Divinity School, taught Greek in the absence of the professor of Greek, and the noted professor of mathematics, Mr. Buchanan, was still at his post. The School of Law had suspended operations, since most of the students in this school had already enlisted in the Confederate Army. President Anderson taught logic, rhetoric, and philosophy. These subjects composed the entire curriculum of the College.

I soon made acquaintances among the leading families of the town — the Cahalls, the Caruthers', the Greens, the Stokes', the McDonalds, the Hattons, and others. It was a very cultivated society of old Whig families, and, while yielding to the Secessionist majority and government, was Unionist in spirit. The jurists — Cahall, Caruthers, and Green — were old men, and this fact somewhat removed them from the political arena and sheltered them from attack. Jordan Stokes was the ablest lawyer and the best-read man in the town. He was of middle age and a staunch Unionist. He had a most interesting family, consisting of his charming wife, four sons, and two daughters. The sons became my closest friends, and at the end of the war we found ourselves together again at Amherst College in Massachusetts. Jordan Stokes was ostracized by the Secessionists and was so persecuted that he finally removed to Nashville when that place was occupied by the Federal Army in February of 1862.

Robert Hatton was next to Stokes in ability, and an even more brilliant orator. At the outbreak of the war he was also a Whig and a Unionist. He was virtually driven into the Confederate Army by the direst sort of social persecution. A mob of students of the University from the cotton states gathered about his house one night when his young wife was nearing confinement, and threatened to burn the house and kill Hatton if he did not come forward publicly and proclaim his adherence to the Secessionist cause. To save the life of his wife, he sacrificed his own political connections, entered the Confederate Army, became colonel of a regiment, and was killed in one of the Virginia battles, fighting valiantly for a cause which he loathed in his heart of hearts.

VI

My period of study at Cumberland University was profitable, and my life in Lebanon pleasant but all too short. It extended only from the beginning of September 1861 to the end of February 1862. On the last Sunday evening of this latter month, I was sitting in the Presbyterian Church listening to a sermon from the paster, Dr. McDonald, when the clatter of a horse's hoofs was heard outside, and a moment afterward the rider appeared, spurred and booted, in the aisle of the church and strode up to the pulpit. He handed the pastor a slip of paper and then retired. With ashen cheeks and trembling lips the pastor read the contents of the message to the waiting and expectant congregation. 'Mill Springs is lost. Fort Donelson has fallen. The remainder of Crittenden's army is retreating toward Lebanon, and the Bowling Green forces are retiring upon Nashville.' This meant that the first line of the Confed-

erate armies in the west had been driven back on both flanks, and that the centre was rapidly retreating in order to save itself from capture.

The congregation left the church and filed into the street to find panic and confusion all around. In a few minutes the news came that the defeated Mill Springs army was bivouacking for the night on the turnpike road leading from Lebanon to Carthage, the next county town toward the northeast, and that these troops were only about ten miles away. This signified, of course, that if the Confederates continued their retreat Lebanon and the country around would in a few days be occupied by the Federal military forces.

On the next morning I walked out upon the Carthage turnpike to meet the retreating Confederates. It was raining gently, and after an hour's brisk promenade I saw in the distance what appeared to be a steaming mass of staggering, shrouded beings. As they drew nearer, I made them out to be the shattered regiments and companies of the vanquished Mill Springs army. At its head rode their commander, General George B. Crittenden, son of the famous Kentucky Whig leader, John J. Crittenden, a degenerate son of a worthy sire. He was drunk as a loon, reeling from side to side on his horse, cursing and swearing at ill fate and everybody and everything about him. His staff officers were for the most part in the same miserable plight. The troops followed in great disorder, many without firearms or hats or shoes, and most of them with old worn blankets, their only covering at night, tied with a string around their necks and reaching down below their knees, which gave them their ghoul-like appearance.

The disorganized and demoralized army of not over five thousand men did not halt in Lebanon, but marched on toward Murfreesboro. This signified that the Bowling Green army and the fragments of the Fort Donelson garrison would not undertake to make a stand at Nashville, but that all the Confederate units in Kentucky and Tennessee would concentrate upon Murfreesboro, some thirty miles to the southeast of Nashville, and then determine their further plan for resistance.

The students at the University whose parents resided south of Murfreesboro saw at once that they must go southward with the Crittenden army or be separated from their homes by both lines of the hostile forces. There were not many of us, so we procured an old stagecoach and started on in the rear of the Confederate troops. After a weary ride of some twelve hours, over heavy roads in the midst of a drizzling rain, we approached Murfreesboro to find that Albert Sidney Johnston's army from Bowling Green had, by forced marches via Nashville, already, in large part, arrived. Some Federal cavalry were in pretty close pursuit, and once or twice, just before arriving at the town, we caught sight of them in the distance. Their purpose seemed, however, to be to reconnoitre rather than to attack.

We found everything in the greatest possible confusion in the town. It was then a relatively small place of some two or three thousand inhabitants, prettily situated between the forks of Stone River, and not at all prepared or calculated to take care of an army of from fifteen to twenty thousand men. Soldiers were billeted everywhere, and, since most of them were drunk, they filled the streets with din and disorder. The famous regiment of Texas Rangers was among them, and they galloped hither and thither on their wiry, tough little bronchos, shouting and cursing and rolling all over the backs and sides of their ugly beasts, even touching the

ground with their hands and then bringing themselves to an upright position again. There seemed to be no vedettes or sentinels, no discipline or command, and I have always believed that if the Federal troops had pressed forward more actively they might have captured the entire disorganized and demoralized force before the bridges over the south fork of Stone River, swept away by the spring flood, could have been rebuilt, and thus have forestalled the battle of Shiloh and the Corinth campaign.

When our stagecoach drew up before the tavern, as it was called, not an inch of room was to be had in either the house or the stable. Happily, one of our number, a boy named Waller, from Selma, Alabama, knew a Dr. King who resided in Murfreesboro. He sought out the house and procured the Doctor's assent to our sleeping on his parlor floor. There was no way to go southward from Murfreesboro until the bridges should be restored, and we were therefore tenants of Dr. King's parlor for three or four days, during which time we picked up our meals wherever we could find them.

It was the Doctor who informed us that the Confederate Army would not make a stand at Murfreesboro, but would retreat farther southward as soon as the river could be crossed; he advised us to move onward before the bridges were finished, for fear of being left behind when the army should occupy the roads and crossing. Following this advice, we abandoned our impedimenta, walked down to the bridge in process of reconstruction over the south branch of the river, crawled out over the timbers as far as they reached, jumped down into the water, and waded to the south bank, where we found a train of freight cars standing.

After some hours this train started toward Chattanooga. I rode on it as far as a station called Wartrace, and took there another train over the branch to Shelbyville, where a cousin of my mother resided, with whom I lodged overnight and by whom I was sent onward to my father's place in Giles County.

I arrived home without further incident about the middle of March 1862. With this, the first chapter of my life reached its conclusion, and my education in the usual sense was now to be interrupted by a period of participation in the war.

(These reminiscences of a Civil War boyhood will be concluded next month)

THE PRIVILEGE OF AGE

BY VIDA D. SCUDDER

I

MANY people are going to be seventy years old, some day. I suppose the Psalmist is largely responsible for the little feeling of dread most of them have about that special date. Probably it is a date not quite so memorable as in old Judæa; at least, one observes many cases in which the subsequent years, far into the eighties, are free from the 'strength' which is 'but labour and sorrow' — full of zest, energy, and fruitful achievement. It remains true, however, that to divide the drama of life into successive acts is convenient; and old age may as well begin at seventy as anywhere else. Carnegie Pension arrangements suggest that it begins at sixty-five; but that is really outrageously soon. Let us construe the edict of retirement more cheerfully; let us say that at sixty-five teachers are released from pedagogy in order that they may pay undivided attention to the aims that have been thrust into the background by professional duties: they may write their books, complete their investigations, reap their harvests. A great renewal of life may occur when a retiring allowance goes into effect.

But the time left for action is short — that, one must not forget. And as for the men and women in industry, superannuated at forty even in times called normal — this, not the least painful phenomenon in our civilization of manifold needless and unjust pains, will not bear thinking of.

Old age! Much has been written about it from Cicero down. People seem impelled to make confidences concerning the experience. And they do well, for unless life ends prematurely it is an inevitable experience, and challenging. Most of life's searching events are rather special. Not everyone gets divorced, or even married; not everyone knows bereavement, though the majority probably do. Not everyone — though again the majority, just at present — loses his job, goes bankrupt, faces disaster and want. Some stupid people, as well as some 'glad souls, without reproach or blot,' never encounter a spiritual crisis. But everyone, unless he dies first, grows old.

The experience is private and individual, but it is also social, in the sense that men can exchange impressions, sure of a common ground of interest in the adventure. That is the reason I am writing. It is intimate business, this entering old age; it is very grave business. Many people find it sad, a larger number expect so to find it. The assumption is usual that everyone would stay young if he could, that old age is to be endured rather than welcomed, unless you are a pessimist, or a cynic out of love with life. Writers present consolations, reasons for being reconciled, always on the basis of that assumption, always a little on the defensive. We need to confer, we old or aging people, if we are to find how to

make these later years the climax of the fine art of living.

I am thinking the thing out on paper, first for my own sake, then, perhaps, for the sake of other old people. For here I am, to my own bewildered amusement, actually seventy years old; and I must find a new orientation of life. I have taken that turn of the road from which the landscape already traversed reveals new aspects, and untrodden paths before me lead on — lead on — toward a strange blankness: height, or abyss? — end, or beginning? It is the path to be trodden before that dim blank be reached that interests me now.

II

I begin by considering the common assumption that one would prefer to be young rather than old. And, for myself, I deny it. There is no use writing this article unless one is honest, and confidential. One can speak only for one's self. For my part, I enjoy being old far more than I ever enjoyed being young. I think this is because I feel so much more alive.

Not in my body. That is rheumatic and feeble. It dislikes getting up in the morning, it demands to be put to bed absurdly early. It is too deaf to enjoy theatres, lectures, dinners, any more; it is unable — here is the worst deprivation — to start buoyantly, pleasure thrilling nerve and muscle, on a mountain trail. I do still follow short trails, but I hobble along on my lame old leg, and I cannot pretend that I am, or rather that my body is, having a good time in the old way. I cannot smell as once I did, and while there are a lot of smells I am glad to escape, like gasoline, there are others I miss, such as violets and lilies. I miss them rather badly. But sometimes I dream of them.

How, then, in view of these limitations, which are bound to increase, can I say that I feel more alive than when I was young?

Partly, I think, because what messages are still brought me through the senses — and there are yet many — I now have time and freedom to receive. I am not wholly deaf; I can enjoy a rose if I bury my nose in it; my sight is perfectly good; and a kitten's fur never felt more silky. In the old days, I could rarely pet a kitten without a guilty sense that I ought to be up and doing something of Value to Humanity; it is pleasant to feel that Humanity gets along without me surprisingly well. We have great times, Kitty and I. The color of a daffodil, the dear evasions of an hepatica bud in spring, the form of that Greek amphora — I can gaze on them, lost and entranced, forgetful of the tyranny of time, until, by a curious transmutation, the senses themselves cease to register a physical fact, and the thing seen becomes, as Wordsworth says, 'a prospect in the mind.' I like this to happen, and it happens more and more.

While, on the one hand, this contemplative habit, joying in detail, grows on me, circumstance, on the other, makes me survey landscape more rapidly than ever before. For, like the rest of the public, I have taken to motoring. I am whirled through the country on the Riviera, in Italy, in New England, unable to identify the wayside flowers, while the hills 'flow from form to form' more rapidly than Tennyson imagined, and 'nothing stands,' as that bard remarks, the static universe being lost in a merry-go-round of motion. I can only gasp to my breathless spirit, naturally slower to receive impressions than it was twenty years ago, 'What a lovely region this would be if I had time to see it!'

Do not assume, pray, that I dislike motoring. I revel in it. And I think my generation met a lucky turn of fate, in

that this new control of space was granted just as we began to need it, and the *cavallo di San Francesco*, as Italians call one's legs, began to fail us. There is new dreamy pleasure in this swift motion, which is an anodyne to thought or grief. And the country flashing by reveals itself in aspects hitherto unknown. But I am not writing on the joys of motoring, and I would give up a motor trip any day for a stroll in a spring wood.

Let us return to the joys of age. Part of the delight I now take in beautiful things is hard to express, for it seems to depend largely on my very limitations. Is it Stevenson's, that hackneyed quotation: 'To travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive'? By the same token, I find that in looking at beauty a part is better than the whole. An element of abstention, of restraint, must enter into all finer joys. One daffodil can mean more than all the golden host, and thought of the glories I can no longer hope to see surrounds the modest loveliness still mine to behold, like an aura, a halo of reflected light. I find the perfectly definite thing I mean hard to express; I suppose it goes back to the truth that in the realm of the imagination, as Blake says, all things really exist. Sight can smother vision. The less is actually seen, the more increasing dullness of sense imposes limitations, the more easily, provided enough sense stimulus is left to quicken the inner eye, the more easily, I say, one enters that Land of Heart's Desire where loveliness abides forever.

Even in youth one knows this Law of the Half-Revealed. A sudden parting of clouds to show a sunlit snow-field high in air will be to memory a greater and more enduring possession than a whole Alpine range. I find that the enforced abstentions of later life greatly assist this power to dwell in the real world, which is the world of the Unshown. So are limitations transmuted into privilege, and I am content. My very dreams begin to regain a little of the poignant ecstasy of dreams in adolescence.

But with a difference. For the dreams of youth are shot through with desire. And desire is absent from the dreams of age.

III

All sages, Oriental and Christian, have testified that only the soul cleansed of desire can enter into its full heritage. And that this process of cleansing, or purification, has gone far is one source of refreshment to the elderly. I do not mean anything crass when I speak of such release from desire. Neither do I mean the sad recognition that nothing much can longer be expected — the apathetic resignation seen in some dull old people. I mean rather that the mere advance of years has brought reënforcement to what is a chief requisite to happiness — the renunciation of greed.

Greed! It is the archenemy, whether one look at an economic system or at such religions as centre attention on saving one's soul or conserving one's health. It has two phases, greed: one the lust for possession, the other, far more dangerous to the respectable type of modern person, the lust for achievement. That subtle form of greed, a Sense of Duty, often dominates youth. The fetish of Efficiency disguises itself as an angel of light. And it really does have some angelic traits. It is a good pedagogue, belonging to the tribe of that schoolmaster, the Law, whose business it is to lead us further. A better type of greed, this, surely, than the crude acquisitive instinct to possess! Yet not the ultimate guide. How much egotism, how much craving for power, may lurk in the seeming-righteous

quest of productive activity! There is arrogance in it, there is ambition, there is that wish to assert the self — legitimate only when it leads to self-effacement. Desire to possess and desire to achieve are both, let us say, true angels, but their work is provisional and temporary, justifiable only in its purifying discipline. And it is refreshment, even if sadness, too, to realize that for this span of earthly life that work is done.

Escape from responsibility is a delicious experience. The element of mortification present is salutary enough to leave it purely redemptive. The United States is slow in learning to leave one alone, but already one is not asked to do so many things. Committees are formed without one; the old desk, the former lecture platform, solicit one no more. The situation can be taken in two ways: one can be either mournful and aggrieved, or triumphant. The second way is better. One is laid on the shelf; but the shelf affords an excellent view of what is going on in the room.

Only, this gradual cessation of responsibility and action must mean not less life, but more. Which, depends largely on one's past. An energetic middle life is, I think, the only safe precursor of a vitally happy old age. 'Without undertaking Works, no man may possess Worklessness,' says the *Bhagavad-Gita:* 'nor can he come to adeptship by mere casting off of works.' Surely, he alone can 'come to adeptship' who has, during his active years, known the profound significance of a later phrase in the *Gita:* 'This world is fettered by works, save in the Work which has for its end the Sacrifice.' And again: 'The man who does his work without attachment attains to the Supreme.' Not the man who has lived with personal aims, or languidly.

But how few Americans who amount to anything live languidly! To most, the law of their years is put in classic form by Lewis Carroll: —

> Will you walk a little faster, said the whiting to the snail:
> There's a Porpoise close behind us, and he's treading on my tail.

We are chased by our Purposes, we flee before them, and when the time comes for Purposes to relinquish their pursuit, how good to sit and breathe! Then it is that one learns whether or no 'the Work has had for its end the Sacrifice.' If, in however small degree, appointed activities have been purely impelled by disinterested passion to share in creative and redemptive energy, then and only then the summons to lay these activities aside may be welcomed with weary satisfaction.

IV

They may be laid aside, for fuller life to be known. Energy, when work is over, can be transferred. One of the perquisites of age is that it renders possible a wide expansion of sympathies. Through middle life, most of us have to specialize rigorously. We teach the classics: our chief reading must be confined to the field in which light may be sought on the art and thought of the past. We are working for Old Age Pensions: even within the strict confines of sociology, there is much we have no time to explore. Doctor, scientist, business man, have by the exigence of modern standards to concentrate more and more fiercely on lines more and more restricted; time for side excursions is scant, if one wishes to accomplish anything in one's chosen field. . . .

(As I write these lines, a letter is handed me from a younger friend whom I had invited to help me in securing signatures for Norman Thomas's campaign. She is sorry to refuse; she is in full sympathy; but she cannot spare the

time from her research in problems of New Testament criticism.)

We are part-men all; it is the modern way. There is good to it — and ill.

But for me! I can flaunt the obsolete Baconian motto, I can take all knowledge to be my province! No time ahead to be thorough on any new line, but plenty of time to enjoy a number. I have been a financial expert; I can now turn my attention to excavations in Crete. I have been head of a settlement; let me now rejoice in Byzantine art. I have taught economics; now let me explore mathematical physics and try to understand Poincaré. What fun, my masters! What fun, I repeat, to dabble, with no least idea of utilizing one's knowledge — to make contacts with fascinating subjects, at one's own sweet will, for pure delight!

For instance, my ignorance of geology is vast. Yet how impoverished the mind to which rocks can tell no story! There are popular treatises aplenty to initiate me into elementary knowledge which will add zest to travel. I shall amuse myself with Numismatics if I like. I know a dear lady who in her eighties took up Greek, and carried study far enough to retreat behind O'Neill straight to Æschylus.

Observation of some young American Ph.D.'s suggests — the fact is notorious — that there is real danger to general culture in our earnest and conscientious pursuit of specialized knowledge. Is it not possible that on the aged, whose definite tasks are over, might devolve the happy care of maintaining the ancient cultures, by seeking the delights of study and reading as ends in themselves? Cultural values ought to be preserved. The young can't or won't preserve them; they are too busy getting ready to earn their living, to follow their specialties; moreover, they need all their free time for motoring or sports. The middle-aged can't do it; that beast of a Purpose is forever treading on their tail. But the aged, the elderly — ah, let them maintain the balance of civilization!

I perceive that in my own despite I have become utilitarian. Alas, *c'est de mon âge.* Disregard, I pray, these last remarks. Don't do all this to preserve the balance of civilization. Do it for fun. I counsel all aged people, when withdrawal from active life befalls them, to take up at once some interest remote from any they ever had before. This policy will, among other advantages, help to keep them young, and it will hugely entertain their juniors. 'Look at Grandmother reading that book on Egyptology!' And they will have a good time. Happiness, in old age, does not come of itself; does it ever, after childhood? To be happy means to be selective, to be disciplined, to cultivate a rigorous attitude. Happiness is an *ascesis.* But the 'great task' is, I claim, at least as possible in old age as in youth. And in some ways more possible, for it may rest on firmer foundation; it may strike roots into the soil of eternity. This, if one does not falter. And not to falter is important, for the world needs nothing more than it needs happy people.

Yet here comes a question. Eternity? You are making a shockingly bad preparation for it, says someone, in thus increasing the range of terrestrial interests.

I can only reply, I don't think so. Nor will I stop to explain, further than to say that every innocent and worthwhile interest on earth seems to me to have a sacramental quality; and that I agree with Æ, the Irish mystic, in correlating 'the politics of time,' and I may add the arts, sciences, and philosophies of time, with 'the politics' *et al.* 'of eternity.'

It is, of course, a sad fact to be frankly faced that one does not remem-

ber what one acquires. Memory is often the first faculty to fade, though with many people in the seventies and even the eighties it remains fairly intact. But take the situation at its worst, accept the failure of powers, which is naturally the basic reason why one's work is done; it matters little. The difference between the keenest and the dullest memory vanishes or is very slight if scrutinized. The power of enjoyment is worth gratifying so long as it survives; interest is the chief thing, and that it is within our compass to retain.

Also, be it said in passing, there is a hope which robs this loss of memory of its worst sting. The loss seems a presage of the loss of one's very being, the first hint of waiting extinction. When one begins to realize it, one is very sober. Now to be ready for extinction, if the rhythm of the universe so demands, is to my mind part of the essential spiritual process, and may carry a strange sad ecstasy of its own. But the loss of memory does not necessarily portend such fate. For there is reason to believe that memory is suspended rather than gone. I have known two cases where a mind apparently reduced to puerile futility was restored to radiant clarity, in which each detail of past and present shone clear, before the approach of death. Never have I felt more convincing proof of immortality.

V

Does someone mourn that this extension of interests for which we plead, made possible by the increasing leisure of age, is cold comfort even if possible? Are we reminded of the encroaching loneliness, normal destiny of most old people, as more and more 'precious friends' are 'hid in death's dateless night'? The married, who have families, children and grandchildren rallying around them, may feel this loneliness less; yet to them also life is likely to grow more and more solitary as the long years pass. There is no use in evasion. Early youth before ties are formed, advanced age when most ties are severed, are assuredly, by natural law, the lonely periods in life's journey.

What forces shall we rally, we the aged, to meet this situation? Again let us call on that good gift of imagination. It is quite possible to satisfy in a measure the craving for fellowship by cultivating intimacy with people who interest us, in history, and even, save the mark, in fiction. A good novel can help a great deal to rescue one from solitude. One can live pleasantly with its characters, suffering less from friction than in many more substantial contacts, and, agreeable thought, one can escape when one likes. But further, and in entire seriousness, there is exquisite and unique satisfaction in cultivating affections which make no personal claims, especially toward small children and toward persons who have no idea that you take special interest in them. For here is love without desire.

Moreover, one clear fact of experience consoles and reassures. Those 'precious friends' — are they really 'hid in death's dateless night'? On the contrary — this is fact, not sentiment — one becomes slowly, awesomely aware that they are present; that each dear life is known in its completeness as never when it was close to us in the flesh. One can possess and cherish the beloved dead in a sense peculiar and blessed; for death holds a unique revelation of personality. This is the surprise that comes to many, sometimes out of the very first acuteness of bereavement, but usually at some later point, when grief is a more sober wayfarer at our side. Suddenly the lost awareness returns — the Beloved, perceived with a perfection never possible in the flux of time, is here. . . .

These are high matters and mystical. It is not well to treat of them in words. Better, perhaps, to quote the aspiration of a saintly soul toward the Eternal Lover: 'O Father of the fatherless, God of the lonely: let loneliness be Thy Presence in my soul.'

VI

So the noises of earth withdraw. So the voices, one's own voice first of all, fall into silence. And in that silence, which can be most dear, deep undertones of an abiding harmony are slowly heard. The best of old age is that it gives us the opportunity to understand how the eternity which awaits us so very soon is even now our home. We can in a measure at last 'sweep away the Illusion of Time; glance from the near moving-cause to its far-distant Mover.' We take rest, ere we be gone once more on our adventure brave and new — if such adventure is to be. If not, one may at least hope to attain, before the darkness falls, some clearer vision of reality.

Oriental and Catholic wisdom at their best agree in telling us that to wait, to listen, is the attitude best befitting the Pilgrim of Eternity. Is it ironical to bid an American, even when elderly, to listen and to wait? The attitude is not one easily assumed by modern man or woman; and perhaps it should not be assumed often by the young, except as the power is cultivated to dwell in 'the cell of the heart.' But years bestow the faculty. One is free now to align one's life in accord with the insight of the ages. What is demanded of us in last analysis is to receive rather than to give; to receive, and to adore. It is in the eyes, not of Matilda, but of Beatrice that 'the smile of the Universe' is caught by Dante. One would like so to look out on the complex tumultuous scene in which one is no longer called to bear a part that 'the smile of the universe' might be reflected in one's eyes.

Let us not sentimentalize. It is not easy to-day to perceive that the universe smiles. On the contrary, we aging people contemplate just now a very piteous spectacle. No one can offer to old age to-day — or ever, for that matter — a facile optimism. Yet there is help in the perspective which the vantage of years affords. 'Another race hath been and other palms are won.' One's own memory blends strangely, looking back, with the rare memory which has seen empires rise and fall, and has seen life forever renewed. The most desolate mountains become clothed with glory when beheld from afar through depths of luminous air. The European traveler, finding the records of anguish and bitter strife to be essential elements in the harmony of the landscape, may cry: 'Earth's ancient pain, outworn, becomes her peace.' The wayside Cross, which adds to the countryside something that leaves our own secular country blank by comparison, is a sign no longer of shame but of salvation. So the aging vision trusts to behold beauty, which is the language of eternal love, emerge triumphant from all the horrors and ugliness of modern times; and already, in the light shining from eternity, that beauty may at times be seen.

Those who live deeply always live by paradox. To gain from her authorities 'the Privilege of Poverty' was to Saint Clare, the disciple of Saint Francis of Assisi, the crowning victory of life. It is not a privilege commonly coveted. I have written this study of the Privilege of Age in the assured conviction that this privilege also may be a crown of victory.

THE TWO OF THEM

BY RICHARD SHERMAN

I

THERE were only the two of them at first, and they were rather poor. They did n't mind, though, because they knew there would be more money later on. Being young and poor was n't 'fun,' as so many people tried to tell you, but it could be borne if you felt that better days were coming; if you were sure, for instance, that Julian would eventually be making a much larger salary, and that sometime you would n't have to depend wholly on a salary anyway, the investments being enough: Julian clerked for a LaSalle Street brokerage house and had an eye for the market tables.

Their slender budget was one reason why they had n't had Bernard right away. Amy's mother thought them selfish. She had long talks with Amy, and afterward Julian would come home to find his wife white-lipped and taut. Then he knew that Mother had been over, and he would say that he wished to God she'd let them alone; which made Amy cry and say, 'Oh, she means all right. She just does n't understand.' For there was another reason, besides money, why Amy did n't want a baby: she feared childbirth; she feared the physical pain of it. 'It's been twenty-six years since Mother had me, and she's forgotten that babies bring agony, and sometimes . . .' She never said 'death' aloud.

'Am I a coward, Julian? Tell me I'm not a coward.'

And he said, 'No, my dear, it's not cowardice; it's' — but for a long time whatever he said was of no use, for Amy only argued self-accusingly, 'I'm afraid. I'm afraid.' So he talked to her patiently, made her listen. He told her that the risk was much less than formerly. It would be no worse than — not so bad as — having her appendix out, and she had not minded that at all, once she had got up her nerve. Gradually, after a period of months, he won her over. 'Yes,' she said, 'I am no longer afraid; when we have enough in the bank, we'll have Bernard — since you want him so much.'

'You want him too, don't you?' he asked.

'I want just you. I need no one else.'

Her attitude hurt Julian more than he let her know. Finally he rationalized it: Amy was one of those women who have no maternal feelings until they have had a child — she would love the baby as much as he, but first she had to have it. To him, a son would be the completion, the crowning, of their marriage. His own father — he who first bore the name of Bernard — had died three months before Julian was born, and his mother had been too busy trying to rear the family on the small insurance income to give them companionship. So Julian, hearing of other fathers from other sons, idealized the paternal relationship. A boy and his father — he realized he was sentimen-

tal about it; yet he knew too that it must be the greatest love in life. What love could be greater?

Because he wanted Bernard so much he decided, and Amy only too readily agreed, that they should n't have him until he could come into the right sort of home. This was what Amy's mother did not know, and, if she had known, would not have understood. Bernard was to be born into a house where scrimping and meanness were past and forgotten. He was to have the best of everything, right from the start. They talked of it often, Julian especially. His mother had not been particularly pleased when he was born. 'I wanted you,' she once told him, 'but — but even before you came the rest of us had n't had too much to eat.'

They were certain that the child would be a boy. Sometimes Amy said teasingly, 'And if it should be a girl by any chance . . .' But Julian interrupted quickly with, 'He won't. He'll be a boy. He'll be Bernard.' He said that he would hate a girl; what he wanted was to see a boy grow up, to know him and love him from the time he was a child till he became a man. It was not that he longed for someone to carry on his name. He was n't vain. He just wanted a boy because — well, he just wanted a boy. Amy laughed at that, and said, 'You'd get used to a daughter.' But he always shook his head. 'I would n't. I'd drown it.' A girl baby was 'it,' and Bernard was 'he.'

They were living on the South Side then, in a tiny apartment in a not very good district. It took Julian a long time to get to the office, but the place had its advantages. It was cheap, for Chicago, and fairly close to a park. Also, it was a good distance from Amy's mother; she lived in a family hotel in Oak Park, a hotel filled with widows her own age with whom she could play whist and discuss each other's children.

Coming home at night was the part Julian liked best. Although their building was identical with the hundreds which surrounded it, and he had to climb four darkish flights — Amy was waiting. If she had had her own way, she would n't have been there; she too would have been coming home from an office. Julian would n't hear of that, however. Wives did n't hold jobs in 1911. They stayed at home and had babies. But, said Amy, what if your baby is being postponed? The matter was a source of arguments, even quarrels.

'Well, at least we'd have more money,' she said. 'We should n't have to count every cent.'

'Don't talk like that. You know why we're saving. Meanwhile, your place is here.'

'Woman's place,' she mocked. 'In the home.'

Then Julian would sulk. 'I want you here, right here, when I get home.' Her job would come when Bernard came. Until then, he would work — work hard and long — and she would wait.

So she waited, her real day beginning at dusk when she heard his step on the stairs, or often dwindling to nothing as he telephoned to say that he was working at the office that evening.

'I'm lonely, Julian,' she would cry.

Sometimes he asked himself, 'Am I selfish?' And answered, 'No; this is the way it has to be — for now.'

II

Nineteen-thirteen, fourteen. . . . . Julian was making good money, and making it work for him by means of shrewd, sound investments. War meant only increased profits, for when it finally might have touched him he was

rejected by the army because of a heart ailment, leaving him nothing to do but give, sometimes more than he could afford, to relief funds. Still, the market was up and his savings grew. People wondered, Amy's mother mostly, why they did n't move.

'You're foolish not to *make* him take a better place. Why, it's ridiculous, with all he must be earning.'

'We're not ready yet, Mother. Julian says later.'

Amy was so hard occasionally. Almost as if she hated her mother!

'But why? Why?'

Yet when they did rent a large, handsome apartment in Evanston, a few months later, Mother was no less puzzled, and no more content.

'You're crazy, Amy. Look at all this room. From the South Side to Evanston in one jump! It is n't as if you had children, you know.'

Amy smiled. 'I'm going to have a baby,' she said. 'I'm going to have a son.'

'At last!' Mother began to weep, and then to talk, lowering her voice to give old wives' warnings.

For a while Amy had thought that after they had saved all this money Bernard was n't coming. 'Remember,' she said to Julian, 'we're neither of us so awfully young.' (He was thirty-five, she two years younger.) 'They say that women who don't — well, who don't particularly care for children often can't have them.' And Julian said, 'You'll care for him when he comes — and he will come.'

Almost a year had gone by before the day arrived when she could tell him. Together they laughed, and Amy cried. Seeing her tears, he said, 'You are n't afraid? That has n't come back, has it?'

She laughed too, then. 'No — no. I'm happy — that's all. Because you're happy.'

'Bernard!' said Julian. Bernard was going to be born into peace and plenty. He was going to learn to walk in this living room — a fine, tasteful living room with a view out toward the Lake. No poverty for him. He should never feel that he was unwanted.

Somehow Amy's fears of childbirth all dissipated the moment she knew that she was going to have a child. But her confinement was a bad one, and she suffered a great deal. During those last weeks, Julian almost wished that they were n't going to have a baby. What if — if Amy died? What good would a child, even Bernard, do him then? He had told Amy that it would be all right, that having a baby was no worse than — how could he have said things like that? What did he know about it? As he waited for the doctor to come out of the hospital room, he realized that he looked like the pictures of the young father in the comic weeklies; but he did n't care. People made jokes about this. They smiled and said, as he himself had said, 'Oh, she'll pull through all right.' Meanwhile, on the other side of that wall, Amy screamed.

Then, after years, the door opened and the doctor came toward him.

'Your wife is fine,' he said. 'And you have a son.'

Back home, Amy well again, they settled down to their real life, for Julian felt that their life had just begun, that up to now they had simply been marking time. Amy's mother was satisfied now. 'Don't you feel better, Julian, now that you're a father? Are n't you sorry that you and Amy did n't have the baby before? Just think — he would have been able to talk to you by this time.'

'Yes, yes, of course. . . .' Julian, looking down at the crib, smiled.

Amy smiled too. Would she, she wondered, ever become as unseeing as

her mother? And then she took the baby in her arms. This was Bernard. This was what they had been waiting for, and what she had feared. Her fears were gone now, but oddly enough she as yet felt no great love for the child — though Julian had said that it would come. She was grateful that he was a boy, and that she had given Julian his wish. Love might come later. And even if it did n't . . .

Julian worked harder than ever after the baby was born, remaining late at the office weeks on end, staying Saturday afternoons, sometimes being away whole Sundays. Amy told him that he should take things easier now. They had Bernard, and Bernard had everything he could want. But Julian said he must keep on. 'You see, we have to look ahead. There's school, and then college.' This while Bernard was still at Amy's breast — a dark little bundle with her eyes and nose.

'But, Julian, his college fund has been in the bank for months. More than he'll ever need.'

'He might want even more than that. To be — to be an artist, perhaps. Why should he grub at business as his father has done?'

'And is doing.'

Yes, there were school and college. Julian had gone to public school and to no college at all. Bernard was to go to Lake Forest, and then perhaps to some Eastern school; Exeter, or maybe Groton. Afterward there would be Princeton.

Even now Julian followed Princeton football games with a frantic interest, which was the more unusual because he was not naturally interested in sports. He would wave the paper in front of the baby's gurgling face. 'See! See what we did to 'em!' Amy told him not to be silly, but somehow she liked it. Julian thought so much of Bernard, loved him so.

III

Her own attitude toward the baby was changing. From thinking of him as a gift which she had bought Julian and paid for in blood and sweat and torture, she began slowly — when it started she never knew — to love him; terribly, even achingly. And he meant more to her as time went on. There was no one else, after all, with Julian at the office most of the time, and with Mother, fortunately, in Oak Park. They had n't many friends in Evanston — only a few couples to play bridge with now and then. She never felt safe in accepting an invitation, for only too often had Julian telephoned at the last moment to say that he was remaining in town to work.

Anyway, she preferred to stay at home with the baby. It seemed incredible, but here was Bernard noticing things, learning to talk, to walk. Her mother said that they were making fools of themselves over the child. She said they had no lives of their own, that they simply existed for the boy.

On Julian's desk — a big, mahogany desk now, in a private office, with a secretary in the next room — stood a large photograph of Amy and Bernard. Sometimes during business conferences he would realize that he had been staring at the picture, not hearing what was being said.

'Oh — sorry. Guess my mind was wandering.'

'Well, mine would wander, too, if it had something like that to wander to.' Bargainers came to learn that the one way to soften the shrewd Julian was to compliment him on his family.

As Bernard got older Amy found herself less lonely, for, though Julian was at the office even more than ever, she at least had the boy, who was bright, intelligent, and good company.

She did think, of course, that he should see more of his father. Julian's enlarging interests necessitated monthly business trips to New York, during which the two of them were left alone, except for the maid. Yet it was fun to be alone with the child, to have its complete attention. Gradually they became accustomed to being without Julian, and when he came home his son would be afraid at first, as if this man who picked him up and kissed him so soundly were a stranger. Bernard ran to Amy then. 'There, there!' she laughed.

Julian laughed too, and, laughing, concealed a wound. Well, he could n't be as close to them as he wished and still continue to pile up the fortune from which they would both benefit. After a while he could relax and enjoy what he was now slaving to earn. He did n't want the money for himself; he spent little personally, and could have got along on much less. His goal was ahead of him; when he reached it, he would stop.

There was an argument when it came time for Bernard to enter kindergarten. Amy wanted a governess to come in; Julian wanted the child to go to one of the North Shore private schools. 'It will be better for him, Amy. He's too much of a Mother's boy.'

That rankled, and in defense she said: 'Mother's boy! You're jealous because he won't cuddle up to you. He's — he's afraid of you.'

After that, he tried to be at home more frequently. He found, however, that Amy had been right: the boy *was* afraid of him. All his jokes — blundering, heavy jokes — and his caresses only made Bernard silent and ill at ease. Still, he thought, it's just his age; he's no longer a baby and not yet a real boy. When he's older, it'll be different. When he's older, we'll have good times together as father and son should, and as I've always planned. When he's older . . .

IV

Then Bernard was older. It was hard for Julian to realize it, but the years had come and gone until now the boy was ten, and in the academy at Lake Forest. Amy would n't hear of his being a boarding student. The chauffeur (there was a chauffeur now, and three cars, and a house in Winnetka) must drive him back and forth to school daily. Bernard himself wanted it that way, too. Once there had been a bad storm and he had been obliged to stay at the school overnight. Amy telephoned him, torturing herself while he pleaded with her to come for him. She spent the night crying, and when Julian tried to comfort her by saying that it was all right, that every boy was lonesome his first night under another roof, she told him he did n't know what he was talking about. 'You don't know Bernard! He might be the neighbors' child for all the attention you pay him.'

Yet Julian knew that whenever he did try to be intimate with the boy — whenever, for instance, he took him for a Sunday drive alone, just the two of them — Amy was angry. On their return she would be cold and indifferent. 'Well, Bernard, did you have a nice time?' And Bernard always said, in a strained, formal way, 'Yes, Mum. We drove out north, and then came back through . . .' He did n't say, and neither did his father, that they had hardly exchanged a word during the long ride. Only Mike, talking to the cook, commented on those difficult silences. 'So there they were behind me, both like tombs. Sometimes the old man would say, "See over there, Son — that's such-and-such." And

the kid'd say, "Yes, Father. I see, Father," coldlike. Such a pair!'

The boy was not always so uncommunicative. Julian knew that, for sometimes he came home and found Bernard laughing and talking with his mother; but at the sight of him they always stopped suddenly, as if they shared some secret. Julian cried, 'Hello, hello! What's up between you two?' Amy rarely answered directly, — she was growing strangely silent toward him, — so Bernard usually said, 'Oh, nothing, Father. I was just telling Mum about something that happened at school.' Then, when Julian said, 'What is it?' he would stammer and reply, 'Oh — oh, nothing.' Occasionally Julian insisted that he be told too; but he soon stopped that, for Bernard would narrate some childish incident and end lamely with, 'It was n't anything, you see. Just silly, I guess.' Meanwhile Amy sat by and looked blankly out of the window, or hurried from the room on some trivial errand.

And after dinner things were no better. Julian sat in his big chair, listening to the two of them at the piano in the small music room; listening to her shaky soprano and the boy's shrill treble. He would make an effort to call back what he, what they, had lost and were losing.

'Amy, dear, that was nice. Play it again.'

But, though she might repeat the song, the life had gone out of it and the music soon stopped. Together she and Bernard came wandering back into the drawing-room, Amy to take up some novel, her son to sit watching her.

The clock ticked through the long evening, and Julian knew that he had failed again. Then it was ten, and Amy was saying, 'Come, Bernard, it's time for bed.'

'Oh, Mum. . . . Well, all right.'

He crossed to Julian's chair to shake his hand dutifully.

'Good night, Father.'

Why did the boy never look at you, but keep his eyes on the rug, the walls, on his mother waiting at the foot of the stairs — anywhere but on yours?

'Good night, Bernard.'

There were times, of course, when the three of them were quite happy together. Amy seemed to set the mood. When she was gay, Bernard was gay; when she was cool and distant, Bernard was silent toward Julian — and a little afraid. Then it was that Amy spoke an oblique language of hostility; then Julian was no longer Julian, but 'your father.' 'Did n't you hear, Bernard? Your father asked you how you are getting along with your French. . . . . Bernard, your father says you may have a pony next summer.'

'Thank you, Father. Thank you very much.'

Later she might become herself again, grow warm, natural; and, with her, Bernard, chattering on as if he were used to his father's presence. Then again, for some unknown reason, the barrier would rise. Perhaps it was when she and Julian were alone together, coming home from some infrequent dinner party, sitting in the back of the car and watching the passing lights.

'It was a nice evening, was n't it, Amy?'

Silence. He looked at her dark profile silhouetted against the gleaming glass.

'Was n't it, Amy?'

'Yes,' and the coldness of that monosyllable told him what lay in store for him during the coming days, even weeks — until the time she relented and admitted him again into the circle of love. What had he done? Stupid, perhaps, to badger her with

senseless questions; but after she had been so pleasant, why should she so suddenly, and without reason, change? He could have stood it better if it were not for her influence over Bernard, who, when next they met, would again be as a stranger to him — shy, unnatural, even seemingly afraid. One against him, his wife, he could have borne; but two . . .

'Who is my son?' he asked himself. 'What is he?'

Once, when Bernard was thirteen, Julian decided to have things out with Amy. For almost a month he had been in Coventry, and now he accused her — awkwardly, uncertainly — of setting the boy against him, or at least of doing all she could to prevent any real companionship between them. She sat and listened without interruption as he blunderingly stated his position. He said that for years she had managed their son so as to keep him from his father, making impossible the thing he had most desired.

'You know how much I wanted to be to him,' he said, 'and what I wanted him to be to me, to us. Don't you remember how, even before he was born . . . ?'

She made no sign.

'What is the matter with me?' he asked. 'Or with you? Or with him? This is not a family. This is not what we planned when we hoped for a son.' Feeling suddenly weak, as if fighting against darkness, he stopped short, waiting for her to speak. She rose, then, ready to leave the room.

'You think I poisoned his mind,' she said.

'No — no. I, I merely meant —'

She laughed, without mirth. 'Well, I did n't. His mind is his own, and always has been. But his heart — '

'His heart — ?'

She looked straight at him, yet did not seem to see him. 'Bernard is like me,' she said. 'He can love but one person at a time. Why? Either because he has so little love to give, or because he loves so fiercely. I don't know which it is. I only know it's true, for I am like that also.'

Somehow he understood at once, he even knew what she was about to say, yet when she paused before going on he did not move or speak.

'When I married you,' she said, 'I needed no other thing or person. You were all I had, and all I ever cared to have. But you wanted a son; you wanted Bernard. So he was born. And then, after he came, somehow I —'

'Stop!' he cried. 'Don't say it.'

'I've got to say it! I started to love him, and my love grew and grew until there was no room . . .'

But Julian had brushed past her — away, away, out through the door, upstairs to his bed, where he lay in the dark, trembling.

V

At sixteen, Bernard went East to school. While the three of them sat silently watching the back of Mike's neck as he drove them to the station, Julian all at once realized that the boy was almost a man. Other fathers were always telling him that when the children went away to school it was the end. 'It's never the same, you know. They come home, of course, but it's never the same.' The same as what, he wondered.

At any rate, he thought — and he was not bitter, for all bitterness had long since left him, even as he had ceased, after that night, to hope for success in his attempts to break the wall separating him from his wife and son — at any rate, this parting would be less heartbreaking than most; for him, at least, since a son could not leave a father to whom he had never been bound. But Amy — he knew that

she must be suffering an almost physical pain, though only her tightly clenched hands gave any hint of strain. After she had finally agreed that an Eastern school was the place for Bernard, she had gone about preparing for his departure stoically. She had even decided to send him away alone, instead of going with him to see him safely installed for his first year. Julian saw her reasoning: if it was to be good-bye, then let it be here; she could not have left the boy in strange surroundings, homesick already. Now, at least he was pleasantly excited by the unknown schoolboy world which lay before him.

As the car swung round a corner his hand jolted against Bernard's knee. How thin and bony the boy was! It was time he went away and mixed with other lads his age. He had been too long under his mother's care.

'School will fatten you up, Son, put muscle on you.'

Amy, sitting on the other side of Bernard, gazed out at the Loop traffic. 'Sometimes your father speaks of you as if you were an animal,' she said.

'But he is.' Julian tried to be jocular. 'We all are. And the stronger an animal is, the better.'

Amy turned and pressed her hand on Bernard's arm. 'Life lies in the spirit, Bernard, not the flesh. . . . And remember what I said about games. Some of them are so dangerous. Football, you know. . . .'

Julian lighted a cigarette. Again he had said the wrong thing. Always, with them, he said the wrong thing. At one moment he might feel that he had Bernard, that at last he knew him — and then, somehow, some way, the moment fled and he had lost him. Yet he was forever trying to reach him once more, hoping really to get at him. Why did he keep on trying? After all, he knew definitely — had known for years — how matters stood. But something made him go on.

If only the boy would talk! If only he would come out and say, as Amy had said, 'I can love but one person at a time. There is no room. . . .' If Bernard would say that, Julian felt that he would be grateful. But he did not say that. Instead, he only looked at his father with a meaning Julian could not fathom. His eyes were large and dark (Amy's eyes), and they did not reveal what lay behind them.

At the station, Mike went on ahead with the luggage. As Julian walked along beside his wife and his son, he wished that the parting were over. He dreaded it, for Amy's tenseness was a bad omen. Bernard, perhaps dreading it also, began to talk about little things — a book he had neglected to pack, whether he would meet any boys on the train. He seemed unusually gay. 'He's afraid of wounding her,' thought Julian. 'He knows how much he means to her — that's why he's asking her those questions, speaking those unimportant words. He does not talk to me.'

They reached the train shed, then Bernard's Pullman. Five minutes left — five minutes in which Amy must break with the son from whom she had never been separated.

Even that short time was too much for her. 'I shan't wait,' she said. 'Your father can put you on.'

Then, as if she were the child and he the mother, Bernard took her in his arms, and he was almost as tall as she was. 'Good-bye, Mother.' Amy held him tightly, and then she kissed him. 'Good-bye, my dear, my dear.' She began to cry, and tore herself from him and started to walk hurriedly, breaking into a run, down the platform.

Julian looked at the boy. He was

taking it well — staring after her almost stolidly, watching her until she disappeared from view. He turned to his father.

'She loves you, Bernard,' said Julian. 'You're all she has.'

'I know.'

A queer thing for him to say — 'I know.'

The porter started to take up the step. 'Ready, sir,' he said. 'It's all right,' said Bernard. 'I'll hop on.' He was looking at his father.

Now that the time had come, Julian discovered that he did n't know how to say good-bye. He wanted to kiss the boy, as Amy had done, for he knew that although there had been little enough show of affection between them in the past, there would be even less after this year was over and Bernard came back with schoolboy formalities and conventions. So he took Bernard's hand and squeezed it hard.

'Good-bye, Son. Write to your mother often — and to me now and then. Work a lot, and play a lot, too.' He stopped, for Bernard was crying. Crying? Why was he crying now? He had not cried when Amy left him.

'Bernard!' he said, and as the word left him the boy clutched him and kissed him full on the mouth. Julian clasped him close, lifting him completely off the ground and straining him to himself as if he were a child. The father could not speak, but only felt his son's face pressed to his.

Then the train started to move, and the boy scrambled up the steps and disappeared into the car without looking back.

Julian stood motionless as the train rolled down into the blackness. Thinking of nothing, hardly breathing, he kept his eyes on the red-and-yellow disk on the last car until it went out like a spark. When it was gone he let his breath go with a sharp gasp. Into his mind flashed four words: 'I have a son.' Immediately he remembered Amy, waiting in the car, waiting for him to take her back to an empty house. He faced about and started quickly toward the street, with long, sure strides. Suddenly he stopped short.

'No, I must not tell her,' he thought. 'I must not let her know.'

And he began to walk again, slowly, and his face was like a mask.

SKIP

A Strong Icelandic Noun

BY JAMES NORMAN HALL

I

In the modest commodity of blessings with which I was endowed at birth, I have never been able to discover one that might be mistaken for the philological faculty. I have never been lifted, even for a moment, to the regions mild of calm and serene air where the true scholar, of whatever kind, lives, surveying some broad fair province of human knowledge that he has made his own. Even the foothills to those distant heights are untrod by me. I can only gaze upon them from afar, from a dike-protected plain of hopeless ignorance even below the sea level of common human experience.

There was a time when I should have hesitated to make such a confession; but upon growing older I have been convinced of the folly of making pretenses. An honest man is something, at least, even though his candor must concern itself chiefly with confessing his pathetic lack of everything but that. Let him live in his own house, I say, however crazily built; however poor the showing it makes in comparison with the stately palaces on the lofty peaks above him. Some bit of ground he may call his own, though it be nothing but a sand bar or a mud flat. Let his dwelling be erected there; and, if it defies the law of gravity, the more reason for smiling with gentle resignation as he paces its uneven floors, climbs the attic stairs to reach the basement, mistakes the kitchen for the bathroom, and searches for his toilet articles under what passes for the front porch.

To return to the matter of philology, I once believed that I had a gift for languages. I had no reason for holding such a belief; it was merely one of those stubborn fixed ideas that await the dismemberment of the atom for the energy sufficient to blast them from the mind of youth. Both at school and at college I was offered sufficient proof of my lack of any gift for languages. Latin, French, German, Spanish — whatever speech I studied, the result was the same. And yet I struggled doggedly on, laying the blame for my lack of success on the wrongness of methods of teaching, never upon my imperviousness to all method.

Even in English it was so: grammar I could never master. 'Shall' and 'will,' 'should' and 'would,' remain, for me, the stumblingblocks they have always been. In the sea of uncertainty in which I still flounder, I should (would?) have gone under long since had it not been for the example of the man who went down near me, shrieking: 'I will drown! No one shall save me!' His last bubbling cry made so deep an impression upon me that I have since been able to keep afloat,

after a fashion, with my nose, at least, above the surface of future and conditional statements. But I am by no means safe or comfortable, and often, in the course of a single statement, as I draw in the breath to make it, I draw in with it the broken water of ineradicable error.

As for the comparatively simple matter of pronunciation, I am as much of a duffer at that as at grammar. Often, when reading aloud, I have been halted in the midst of a sentence, even by children, and had my absurd mistakes pointed out to me. I have consulted my dictionary at least fifty times for the pronunciation of the word 'automaton,' and I now consult it for the fifty-first time to inform anyone who may not know that the word is *not* pronounced 'automā'ton.' But although I say this with such confidence now, should you ask me tomorrow, doubt would again seize me. I should have to open my dictionary for the fifty-second time.

II

But to proceed. Recently, while sorting over a box of old papers, the accumulation of the past ten years and more, I came upon some verses I had written in Iceland, in the winter of 1922. Being by profession a journalist, old manuscripts, or the fragments of manuscripts, have for me a peculiar evocative value. Bearing as they do my own inkshed, no matter how ancient they may be they call to mind at once, and vividly, the circumstances under which the words got themselves spread out on sheets of paper. So it was with this particular page, for it was no more than that. It lay at the bottom of the box, and upon unfolding it I found myself in a moment of time beyond the farthest Hebrides; walking, in fact, along one of the principal streets of Reykjavik, the capital of Iceland, and once more trying to realize that I had at last reached the country I had come so far to see.

Not that I lacked reminders of strangeness. On the contrary, everything was strange, and mind and spirit could not receive and classify the unaccustomed influences floating in from every side. Every word spoken by passers-by brought home to me the fact that I was indeed far from home; that I had passed the borders into a new world — at least, new to me.

'If only I understood this language!' I mused, ruefully. By a curious chance I had in my pocket a copy of Bacon's *Essays*, and these words, from his essay 'Of Travel,' were running through my head: 'Travel, in the younger sort, is a part of education; in the elder, a part of experience. He that traveleth into a country, before he hath some entrance into the language, goeth to school, and not to travel.' There was wisdom, met with all too tardily. Children should be brought up on Bacon's *Essays*. They are written with that crystal-like clarity which children love in books, and if they were to be used as reading lessons in the primary grades it is to be supposed that the children would imbibe, by the way, some of the virtue they contain. Had I been introduced earlier to the *Essays*, it is possible that I might not have been walking the streets of Reykjavik so light in the luggage of language equipment.

'But perhaps Bacon is not wholly right here?' I thought. 'Or he may have wished to exaggerate a little for the sake of emphasis. What is to prevent me from going to school and traveling at the same time?' The healthy ghost of my old conviction with respect to my philological gifts returned to comfort me. Surely, by

diligence and application, I should be able to learn a great deal of the language before the winter had passed. The wind of self-confidence blew with increasing freshness as I considered the matter, fanning enthusiasm into a blaze. As I walked along the street, words vaguely familiar struck my ear; at moments it seemed that I could all but understand what people around me were saying.

Presently I found myself in front of a bookshop window and I examined the contents with interest. A great variety of books were displayed there, not only in Icelandic — in Danish and French and German and English as well. Among the latter I saw belles-lettres, poetry, fiction, and many scholarly works, all of them speaking well for the taste, in our literature, of the Icelanders. They seemed to choose of our best and of little but that.

In one corner of the window I spied a conversation manual — *The Englishman on Iceland* it was called. Precisely what I wanted for the start. I entered the bookshop at once, and it was a relief to find that the shop mistress spoke excellent English. I bought the conversation manual, published by a German firm. 'Useful Phrases Only,' the subtitle read. 'Contains all that is necessary in intercourse with the public. Correct pronunciation by means of which you will be able to speak the language IMMEDIATELY.'

This was encouragement indeed, but the shop mistress was not so sanguine about immediate results as the compiler of the manual.

'Yes,' she said, 'it may be useful, but you will need other books if you really wish to learn something of our speech. Shall you be long in Iceland?'

'All the winter through,' I replied, and I went on to tell her of my love for the country, and of the curious feeling I had as of coming home, to my own people. I explained that I had come all the way from Tahiti.

'Tahiti? Where is that?' she asked.

'It is an island in the tropical Pacific,' I said; 'in French Oceania.'

'Well! You *have* come a long way!' she replied. 'And now that you are here, you are not disappointed?'

'Far from it!' I replied. 'Iceland is all and more than I expected or hoped it would be.'

This was nothing more than the barest truth. For beauty of landscape, for healthful and invigorating climate, for old-fashioned simplicity and homeliness of living, I can think of no country that excels Iceland. And what a pleasure it was to visit a land almost untouched by the industrial revolution that has all but ruined the rest of the world. No factories, no slums, no street cars, no motor cars, — or almost none at that time, — no roads, in our meaning of the word, no chain drug stores, no real-estate agents and subdividers, no stock exchange, no elevated or subway trains, no Sunday newspapers or news stands loaded with accumulations of trash, no quick-lunch rooms with people standing four-deep behind the stools, waiting for a chance to gobble a sandwich and rush back to their offices. All these abominations were notable for their absence. To me Iceland seemed a paradise, and in the years that have passed since I was there I have been afraid to make inquiries concerning the country lest the people should have been seized, meanwhile, with the disease we Americans call Progress. God forbid!

III

I had a pleasant chat with the shop mistress, and presently she supplied me with an English-Icelandic dictionary and a grammar. I sat down with

the enthusiasm of the novice to glance through my purchases.

'You appear to be enjoying yourself,' the shop mistress said, a few moments later.

'Yes,' I replied. 'It is encouraging to find so many familiar words here; I can recognize them at sight. I had no idea that English derived from the Icelandic to such an extent. I don't think I shall have much difficulty in mastering the language. But this dictionary, I see, is of old Icelandic. Will it serve my purpose?'

'Very well,' she replied; 'almost as well as a modern one. Our speech has changed very little since the saga period of our history, a thousand years ago. The grammar, unfortunately, is an English grammar for Icelandic students. We have little call for an Icelandic grammar for English students. Not many English-speaking people take the trouble to learn our language.'

'Is it so difficult?'

'Not at all. If you have even a small gift for languages, you will be speaking Icelandic fluently in a year's time. I have known Germans to do so in less than a year, but, of course, they are more patient and industrious than most people.'

'Could you give me a few hints about the grammar?' I asked. 'Merely something to show me what I have in store?'

She reflected for a moment. 'Yes, I think I can. Perhaps it would be best to speak of the nouns; foreigners seem to have difficulty with them, although I don't understand why. There are two classes of nouns: the strong and the weak. Each noun, whether strong or weak, has, of course, the same number of cases: the nominative, accusative, dative, and genitive — or possessive, as I believe you call it in English. If you know the ending of the accusative plural you can usually tell to which class a noun belongs. Shall I give you an example?'

'I wish you would,' I replied.

'Very well. Consider the word *skip* — in English, "ship." That is a strong neuter noun of the first group. It is declined as follows: *skip, skip, skipi, skips;* plural: *skip, skip, skipum, skipa.* This is the declension of *a* ship — any ship; but if you are speaking of *the* ship, a particular one, the declension is: *skipid, skipid, skipinu, skipsins;* plural: *skipin, skipin, skipunum, skipanna.* This last has the definite article incorporated with the word itself. With the definite article as a separate word, followed by an adjective, we have: *hid skip, hid skip, hinu skipi, hins skips;* plural: *hin skip, hin skip, hinum skipum, hinna skipa.* The article, of course, as you see, is declined as well, and agrees in gender with its noun. As to the agreement of adjectives . . .'

A little dazed, I interrupted at this point. 'I'm afraid I'm not quite following,' I said. 'Is n't a ship, in Iceland, always a ship, as it is with us? And must I learn the declension of every noun before I can hope to speak Icelandic?'

'To be sure you must; but you will not find it at all difficult once you are fairly started. Now let me tell you something of the prepositions and the cases they govern.'

I was given an excellent lesson which cost me only the trouble of following it, which, I admit, was considerable. In fact, it was more than considerable. I was ashamed of my stupidity, and of the pretense I was making of following intelligently when, in reality, I was merely splashing along through prepositions, nouns, verbs, adjectives, declensions, and conjugations in the same muddled way I remembered so well from my school days. I got more and more mixed up, and when I left the

shop the effect upon what I call my brain was as though I had been riding for hours on a merry-go-round, first in one direction, then in the other.

IV

Nevertheless, I went back to my lodgings determined not to be overcome by a mere noun, however strong it was. After an excellent supper — and for those who wish to know hunger at its keenest, and the deep pleasure of satisfying it, I can recommend Iceland and the Icelandic cuisine — I went up to my room determined not only to board *hid skip*, but to do some intelligent navigating as well.

One thing that has always helped me to memorize, from the days of boyhood to the present, is a jingle of some sort. More than likely I should not know, even now, how many days there are in each month had I not learned

> Thirty days hath September,
> April, June, and November. . . .

To be quite frank, there are few things I can learn unless I can put them into a rhyme; so I decided to write a jingle as a first aid to the conquest of a strong Icelandic noun. No sooner had the decision been made than I found the words of the old song,

> I saw a ship go 'round the bend,
> Good-bye, my lover, good-bye,

running through my head. That was the suggestion I wanted. First, I marshaled out of my grammar, on a sheet of clean fresh paper, all the various forms of *skip*, whether a *skip* in general or a definite one. Then I proceeded to the verses which were to help me to remember the various forms and endings.

> You saw *a* ship go 'round the bend
> In Iceland? Call it *skip*, my friend;
> But if you saw *the* ship, you use
> *Hid skip*, or *skipid*, as you choose.

> Supposing then that to this ship
> You wished to go. You can't say, *skip*
> (The nominative case). No, no!
> Rather, to *skipsins* do you go.

> Then up the ship's side clamber you . .
> *Hid skip* or *hin skip* will not do;
> Again 't is the possessive case:
> *Hins skips*, or *skipsins* used in place.

> But, coming 'round the bend, maybe,
> Two ships, or three, or four you see.
> Then *skipin* see you, or *hin skip*,
> Plural accusative of 'ship.'

> If to the 'ships' you wend your way,
> Is *skipin* still the word? Nay, nay!
> You now to *hinna skipa* go,
> Or *til skipanna* walk or row.

> And pray be careful lest you trip
> Over a dative on the ship.
> Many have come to grief ere you
> And barked their shins on *skipinu*.

> 'Enough!' you say. 'In heaven's name, come!
> Let's leave this blooming *skipinum!*
> Let's leave this ship that is no ship
> But various forms and kinds of *skip!*'

> All right, if you insist, but we
> Must take our leave grammatic'lly:
> *Hid skip*, or *skipid*, leave we now;
> To *hinna skipa* make our bow;

> Against *skipunum* far and near
> Echoes our heartfelt parting cheer:
> '*Hid skip*, farewell! And SHIP ahoy!
> God give Icelandic students joy!'

I did not leave off at this point. I proceeded to work in earnest, with the grammar open before me. Perhaps it was the intensity of the mental effort, or perhaps it was the hearty dinner I had eaten. However this may be, my eyes grew heavier and heavier, and presently I found myself far out at sea in command of *Hid Skip* (or *Skipid*), manned by a crew of landsmen as panic-stricken as myself. Many other *skip* were about us, as badly managed as our own, and together we were drifting on a lee shore. One after another the vessels came to grief. Some drove like things possessed on the submerged rocks of the possessive case; others

heeled over, broke up, and sank on a shoal of datives. We met ends as various as the endings of *skip* itself. As my own ship struck, I awoke with a start to find that I was sleeping with head and arms on the table. What a familiar attitude that was to find myself in, with an open grammar on the table before me!

Later, being unwilling to acknowledge myself beaten, I attacked the weak nouns, but I found them weak in name only.

I hope that no Icelandic scholar reads this melancholy narrative, for I am by no means certain that I saw *hid skip* (or *skipid*), or approached *skipsins*, or boarded *hins skips*, or left *hid skip*, as correctly as I thought at the time. More than likely I should borrow a title for my jingle from Browning, and call it 'A Grammarian's Funeral.'

JUNGLE BYWAYS IN INDIA

BY SIR JOHN CAMPBELL

I

My tents were pitched in an old mango grove, overlooking the wide plain that stretched down to the river bank. Behind, to the north, was a sea of white flowering elephant grass, through which emerged the tops of the various clumps of trees that formed the outliers of the great forest. To the south, covering the plain as far as the eye could reach, there was nothing but coarse grass, dull yellowish-brown, sullen and forbidding-looking even in the brilliant light of a morning of early April. Here and there bits of the river — one of the great rivers of India, snow-fed, turbid, wandering at will in its wide bed — gleamed in the sunlight. The snows were already beginning to melt on the distant Himalaya, and the plain we looked down on would soon be hidden beneath a waste of hurrying waters.

I was working at a table under the trees. The sun, not yet too hot, filtered pleasantly through the dark green foliage; the air was perfumed with the sweet fruity smell of the mango blossoms; from that part of the grove where the servants had their tents came, mellowed by distance, a hum of activity; every now and then one had a faint whiff of wood fires. I was typing furiously at a judgment in an important rent case when I heard behind me the silvery tinkle of tiny bells. I turned, to find the owner of the grove — the owner of everything in sight, and for many miles beyond — approaching with a peregrine falcon on his wrist. The usual crowd of retainers followed at a respectful distance.

'Salaam, Raja Sahib. And how is your general health?'

'Very good, by the favor of your honor.'

'Be good enough to place the effulgence of your glory,' and I pointed to a chair.

We rattled through the customary formalities; the stilted Persian phrases that politeness prescribed seemed more

than usually incongruous. The Raja was in worn jodhpurs, stained and torn from many incidents of field and flood; his shooting coat had once been mainly green; it was now a medley of colors, with dark brown bloodstains here and there, and hanging tatters where the jungle thorns had torn it. But it was eminently workmanlike, and it had the merit of invisibility against almost any background likely to be encountered. The long leather guard on his left wrist and forearm was rough with claw marks; on it perched the falcon, hooded. A saucy little aigrette of bright colors quivered as the bird moved its head.

'It is a morning for hawking, Sahib. And this one is a very king among falcons. Stop all that' — he waved a plump hand toward my table — 'and come and see my bird at work.'

'I have got to get this off by the runner in time for the mid-day train at Pullanpore.'

'It is an affair of half an hour. And never was there such a bird.' He flicked off the hood; the falcon moved uneasily on its perch, and spread out its wings. Dark brown, dappled with black; keen, fierce, yellow-circled eyes — eyes 'that held no memories,' that stared boldly and fixedly; the great wings overlapped behind the body; one had an instant impression of race, of breeding, of supreme fitness for the business of killing, of aloofness and complete self-absorption. The powerful body lines flowed smoothly, in graceful and satisfying curves, from the proud head to the hooked talons. The hood was slipped on again with a faint click, and the falcon became quiet on its perch.

'Yes — a very king among birds. Never does he miss his kill. And he has been kept hungry for this morning's work. Come, Sahib; this is something one does not see every day: it is a thing of wonder.'

II

We strolled off slowly to the plain in front.

'What are we searching for, Raja Sahib?'

'Ibis. They are best.'

He was taciturn and preoccupied now, his quick beady eyes searching right and left in the area — thinly grassed — that we traversed. Here and there a blue jay fluttered off excitedly; doves flickered round the sparse acacia trees; once or twice a peacock rose lumberingly a hundred yards or so off, squawking with alarm. But the Raja cared for none of these things.

We walked slowly on; and then, with a grunt of satisfaction, he took me by the arm. 'Now it has been met with! What is that?' Less than a hundred yards off, I saw perhaps ten or twelve ibises in a bare patch among the grass.

The hood was flicked off, the jesses released, and the falcon thrown into the air, in the general direction of the ibises. It swept toward them, flying low over the grass with powerful strokes that seemed curiously unhurried. The ibises rose almost at once; and, crowded together, began to beat upward flurriedly. The falcon swept round them, in wide circles, making no effort to gain height, but shepherding the wisp of birds steadily upward. They rose rapidly into the pale blue sky: the ibises with short, jerky, almost convulsive wing movements; the falcon sweeping round in circles with the ease and precision of a machine. Up and up they went, and one's eyes blinked in the strong light.

One of the Raja's hunters standing beside me spoke: 'Now they are making words among themselves. They are making the decision.'

'What decision?' I asked.

'It is always thus. On the way up, they make words among themselves.

One of them must die: now they are deciding which.' He peered into the sky absorbedly, and went on: 'Never is there doubt or hesitation. It is a decision. It is carried out. Always is it so. I have seen it a hundred times.'

We stood, necks craned back, eyes shaded with cupped hands, staring almost vertically upward at the rapidly rising birds. The falcon was swinging round, as steady and smooth and powerful as the head of a connecting rod, driving the ibises higher and higher. As we peered with half-closed eyes, it suddenly narrowed its circle and then shot upward; simultaneously, one of the ibises detached itself from the flock of birds and flew away, dropping almost vertically. The falcon shot downward at once.

They were perhaps twelve or fifteen hundred feet up, and it was difficult to follow exactly what happened. It seemed, however, that the falcon was falling with wings only half extended; and that every now and then it aided the falling motion with powerful sweeps of the full wings. Whatever the mechanism, it was clear that the falcon was covering the distance at almost double the speed of the ibis. The little dots — they were hardly more — rapidly closed; then, when they seemed one, the eye caught an awkward, convulsive movement. I thought I could see the outstretched neck of the ibis pointing skyward; the wings appeared crumpled and helpless; but almost instantaneously one realized that the falcon had missed its kill; that the ibis, unharmed, was off again in another direction, and that the falcon was recovering for a new attack in one smooth, exquisite loop that kept most of the advantage of its downward speed.

The whole manœuvre was over in less than half a second. Then the downward rush continued; the dots — bigger now, and more clearly seen — merged again; and an instant later I saw the falcon, with its wings spread to the fullest extent, holding the ibis in its talons. From the moment of the kill, the falcon did not beat its wings, but kept them extended, checking the downward rush; and it came quite slowly to earth, lurching heavily from side to side as the air filled, and spilled from, each wing in turn.

I asked the Raja's shikari how the kill was actually effected. He told me that the falcon, stooping to a quarry, took it with the thick of its wing, just a little below the head of the bird attacked. The neck was usually broken immediately by the force of the blow. If that failed, — and it did not often fail, he said, — then the falcon seized the quarry in its talons, and killed by striking its curved beak into the brain.

We ran through the tussocky grass to the point, less than three hundred yards away, where the falcon had come to earth. When I arrived, I found it with the ibis firmly held in its talons; the breast was already half eaten, and the bird was rending fiercely at the warm flesh. Its keeper knelt down, picked off little morsels of the meat, rolled them into pellets in his fingers, with small feathers he plucked from the breast, and offered them to the falcon — which seemed to prefer them to the neat meat. It was soon gorged; the hood was slipped on again; and within the half hour I was back at my table in the mango grove, with the Raja pouring out lyrical rhapsodies to his 'king of birds.'

III

The next morning, about six o'clock, my orderly informed me, as I worked at my files in the open, that 'a leopard had been brought for inspection.' Seated, fifty yards off, were two obvious

'junglies.' I strolled toward them, and found that they had traveled all night with an exceptionally large leopard, beautifully marked, hung from a long bamboo pole. The men were *banjaras* — gypsies. I asked them how they had killed the beast; it bore no mark that I could detect.

'We were asked to slay it, and were offered four annas [say eight cents] if we did. It had been killing the goats and calves of the village we happened to be near. But we knew, too, that the Presence would give us ten rupees from the Government. Will your honor pay us the ten rupees?'

'How did you kill it?'

'We killed it in the usual manner, the manner of our caste.' They seemed disinclined to enlarge on this, for further questions merely led to more evasive replies.

'Good. You won't tell me how you killed it. You may have picked it up, dead, in the jungle. I pay no reward.'

'Nay, Sahib. I speak straight words. I killed it — I alone; but my father's sister's son gave aid in bringing it here.'

'And how did you kill? I pay no reward unless you tell me.'

'Good. I shall speak a true word. I asked the man who wished that the leopard should be killed what its customs were. He told me. It came from the big jungle; pressing itself down, pressing itself down, all the time, it came along a very shallow watercourse to the grazing grounds near the village. There it went with great care from one patch of grass to another, watching the goats and calves, and ever getting nearer. If anything moved, it flattened out. When a chance came — and it was very patient — it killed. If men came, it bolted back to the big jungle. But it did not eat fear at any time. I prepared my bow, and three arrows. The arrows were poisoned. I poisoned them.'

'How?' But that, despite many efforts, he would not tell me. It was, he said, a secret of the caste; he would never tell that.

'Good. Speak.'

'I waited, hidden in a tuft of grass, for the leopard. I waited many hours, day after day, at the right times, and at last he came. At twenty paces I gave the arrow, and he ate a wound in his flank. Then he did according to custom in such cases: he bounded to the nearest patch of grass and walked round and round, biting sometimes at the arrow, till he lay down, tired. Then I came out of my tuft with great carefulness, and went back to my people. The next morning, very early, I picked up the leopard, dead.'

'Do you kill other animals like that?'

'Without doubt. One kills and eats. One time I killed a tiger like that: I gave the arrow at fifteen paces.'

'Is there no fear of the poison?'

'There is no fear. The flesh near the point of the arrow gets black; that is cut away; the rest is very good.'

They got their ten rupees. The skin was useless, for the leopard had been carried in a burning sun all day, and then through the night. The body was already swollen.

That was one of the many times I tried to discover the secret of the poisoned arrows — of the effectiveness of which there can be no possible doubt. And always I had failed. It was years before I got any information on the point, and it finally came from a *pasi* — one of the thief caste — who considered himself under a quite special obligation to me. Here is the prescription as I got it: —

'You choose a day, in the middle of the hot days, when the air is still and no wind strikes. You seek tall ele-

phant grass, in flower, and you look for a stem that shakes when all else is still. This is only met with in patches in the big jungle, far from any places where men live. The heat is great; the forest is still; here and there, after much searching, you may find a stem that shakes of itself. Dig up the root, and there you will find little things like the roots of a yam. You grind them with water, and tip your arrow. And where that arrow strikes, it kills.'

I often looked for the stems of elephant grass, in flower, that quivered when all else was still; but I never found them.

IV

Near the end of a long day of unsuccessful search after big game, Landale and I found ourselves approaching a deep, long depression which formed part of the old bed of the great river — now ten miles or more away. Landale desired mightily to fire 'at something'; and since this particular *kund*, as such depressions are usually called, generally held at least one large crocodile, I stopped the elephants at a suitable distance and sent one of the shikaris forward to reconnoitre.

He came back in a few minutes with the report that a very large crocodile was sunning itself, plastered against a steep muddy slope on the edge of the kund. It was arranged that Landale and I should stalk it together; that he should take the shot; and that I should fire immediately afterward so as to prevent the crocodile, if possible, from slipping into the water.

Everything worked at first 'according to plan.' Landale had an easy shot at less than seventy yards, and hit the massive beast in the neck with a .500 bullet; my shot was necessarily hasty, but I got the crocodile close to the spine, and between the shoulders, with a split .450 cordite express bullet. The crocodile was of course mortally wounded, and with any reasonable luck it would have been paralyzed and recoverable; but, as so often happens, it had just strength enough, aided by the steep and slippery slope, to slip into the water and disappear.

Landale's sorrow rose to high heaven. So far he had nothing whatever to show for ten hard days' work; could nothing be done?

We clustered under the sparse shade of the shisham trees and discussed the possibilities amicably, the shikaris and mahouts taking a notable part. No one was really interested except Landale; a crocodile, however big, was, after all, very mean game; but everyone was sympathetic, and I was tolerant of a feeling, and of hopes, that at some time or other all of us had known or cherished. So, at long last, — and with considerable misgivings on the part of several of us, — it was decided to send one of the elephants into the pool to see whether it could find the dead crocodile, and perhaps work it gradually ashore. The water was about seven feet deep, but the bottom was known to be firm and even.

Moti Piyari slid down the steep bank with her haunches well under her. She stopped herself neatly on the little ledge near the kund, prospecting gingerly with her trunk as to the stability of the edge, and slowly entered the water. She strolled about casually, with the water lapping halfway up her great side, searching with her feet. No one was paying much attention to her when we heard a muffled 'bruuump,' — her trunk was in the water, — and before I had time to turn my head I heard the rush of her body through the water as she tore for the bank.

She came out very hurriedly, limping badly. I slipped down the trunk of my

elephant, and met her as she reached the high ground on which we stood. The nail on her off forefoot had been half bitten and half torn out, apparently by the root — a nail bigger than the back of one's hand. She was obviously in great pain, and stood silently, her wounded foot tilted up on the heel, her trunk relaxed and resting on the ground, her body braced back and quivering. The wound was so contused that there was very little bleeding. One could see her fiery little eye glowing; and I realized, from her attitude and manner, the intense pain she was suffering. Her mahout did his best, and murmured endearments. Then he turned to me.

'Sahib. She wants her friend.'

I looked at the group of elephants. 'Where is Maulia?'

It appeared that Maulia, whose mahout knew that there would be nothing doing for some time, had been taken to a considerable distance to feed on a pipal tree spotted as they came along; work was practically over for the day.

'Call her at once.'

One of the mahouts, cupping his hands round his mouth, sent out the cry, almost unintelligible near by, that filters through the long distances and comes out clear and sharp a mile or more away. Moti Piyari — the 'beloved pearl' — had been badly hurt, and wanted her friend 'in one breath.' Almost at once, thin and clear, came the reply: she was coming with much haste.

I picked her up soon after, striding along with her great legs working like huge pistons, thundering across the level plain at top speed. She crashed through some young trees near where we stood, and went straight to her friend. Trunk rustled dryly against trunk; Maulia rubbed her forehead gently against Moti Piyari's great shoulder; there were little murmurs and tiny squeals, gentle pressures, gurgles. Maulia poured out her sympathy in generous measure; and Moti Piyari, little by little, relaxed. The pig eye was less fiery; the bunched muscles softened.

I left them talking to one another, and prepared a suitable solution of carbolic acid. After perhaps half an hour, Moti Piyari's mahout explained to her that the sahib would treat her wound; it would hurt; but it was all for her good. She must stand quiet; she was his own daughter, and would understand. She did.

I washed the wound gently, and then treated it with the carbolic. She squealed a little, despite Maulia's encouragements, but the sting was momentary only. We tore up one of the pad coverings, soaked dry grass with the carbolic solution and bound it over my handkerchief on the wound, and finally dispatched Moti Piyari and her friend to the nearest Government dispensary, about eight miles off, with a note in Hindustani as to the treatment to be given her. Two other elephants were sent with them to help with fodder, and to carry her pad and equipment. Moti Piyari had the distinction of being an 'out-patient,' borne on the Government books, for several weeks, during which time she enjoyed the uninterrupted society of Maulia.

When I next saw her, some four months later, she had, to my very great satisfaction, a brand-new and gleaming white nail.

FOR HELEN

(From Ronsard)

LEAVING for France Cythera's garden-alleys
  wooded Amanthus and Mount Eryx shaded,
  — the god with bow apparent — love upbraided
my barratry in all his sacred valleys.
Three times with lighter wings than falling lilies
  he brushed my eyes, and, seared, the vision faded,
  and all my heart was wounds, that praised, as they did,
Helen's delight and love's immortal malice.
'"T is yours alone to praise those lips and eyes
  (and therefore sing) where beauty matches kindness.
  'But if her wonder should transcend my line?'
'I also am a singer,' love replies.
  'And, if yours fail, my eyes will heal their blindness,
  for, though the pen is yours, the words are mine.'

Love, be not arrogant, nor mock, superb,
  the accidental malice of my Fate.
  For all must ache with love or soon or late,
and naught's too settled — seeming to disturb.
We are the noun, but Nemesis the verb
  that, white or black, we cannot conjugate;
  nor, like a tyrant, be you proudly great
but keep me still, though ridden on the curb.
Aye! love and war in this one thing are brothers —
  For, as the victor may succumb to-morrow
  to him to-day in speechless fear who flies,
so love's despair may rally with the others,
  in proof whereof behold my wreathèd sorrow,
  trophy of the long battle with your eyes.

HUMBERT WOLFE

UNIVERSE IN THE RED

BY GEORGE W. GRAY

I

An acquaintance, whose experience with affairs gives him the lingo of business, described the shaky condition of a near-bankrupt as 'deep in the red.' I had forgotten this color scheme of accountancy, by which profits are recorded in black ink and losses in red. It gives a chromatic effect to bookkeeping. The Bank of the United States was 'in the red' — so it 'folded up,' to borrow another of my neighbor's Wall Street terms. Ivar Kreuger was 'in the red' — so he ventured what Cato did and Addison approved. Great Britain was 'in the red' — so it went off the gold standard. 'In the red' becomes a label for depletion, debts, deficits. The history of the world-wide economic depression may be epitomized as a shifting of material values into the red.

Now, the strangest upturn in modern science — perhaps the deepest mystery of astronomy — is the recent discovery that the whole stellar universe is partaking of a persistent shifting into the red. In astrophysics, to be sure, the phrase has a different meaning technically from its meaning in finance; and yet, when these meanings are analyzed and interpreted, their implications are not far different. For just as the shifting of bookkeeping accounts into the red measures disintegrating, scattering, dissipating financial resources, so the shifting of starlight into the red indicates disintegrating, scattering, dissipating physical resources. It says that the universe is running down, the atomic clock is ticking off suns and planets along with its radioactive particles, matter is dispersing into space and dissipating into radiation, the stupendous pocketbook of the cosmos is emptying itself irrevocably, taking its cash and letting its credit go — at least, so it seems on the most probable hypothesis.

II

The physical world is complex, but for the purpose of this paper it may be viewed, I think, as consisting of two parts: (1) our own stellar system, the Galaxy or Milky Way, in which the sun is one speeding orb among millions, including all the stars that one can see with the unaided eye; and (2) the stellar systems outside our Galaxy, sometime known as the spiral nebulæ, or extra-galactic nebulæ, or 'island universes.' Originally these outside objects were thought to be clouds of accumulated star dust and so were called nebulæ; but as telescopes of greater power were built and turned on the nearer of them, the clouds were resolved into individual stars, and it was seen that a spiral nebula is a counterpart of the Milky Way. From this we infer that our Milky Way is also a spiral nebula, gigantic, perhaps larger than any of the outside systems, but still of their

nature and form — a vast whirling pinwheel of stars.

A few years ago Dr. V. M. Slipher, of the Lowell Observatory in Arizona, began a study of these outside galaxies. The only way he could make such a study was by observing or photographing their light — for, except for a few sporadic high-speed meteorites, all that we know of the world outside the solar system comes by the grace of light. Stars have been weighed, their diameters measured, their density felt, their temperature taken, their chemical elements identified, their age determined, their distances, motions, and velocities recorded; all these and even more intimate details have been ascertained by means of that delicate, fragile, feeble medium — the vibrant light of a star.

When starlight is spread out into its spectrum, or rainbow pattern, thousands of parallel lines are seen crossing the bands of color. They are the identifying marks of the elements burning in the star. There are certain lines which mean iron, hundreds of them; other lines mean hydrogen; and so with all of the sixty chemical elements that have been sighted in that nearest of the stars, the sun: each element has its telltale lines arranged in immutable series, as individual as thumb prints. Though more than 20,000 spectral lines have been found, each has its fixed position relative to the other lines, some in the violet band, some in the blue, some in the green, some in the yellow, and some in the red.

Dr. Slipher, in his study of the outside galaxies, discovered that almost all of them showed a shifting of their lines toward the red end of the spectrum. Out of forty-one galaxies examined, he found only five in which the lines were not displaced in that direction.

Beginning about 1928, Dr. Edwin Hubble, of Mount Wilson Observatory, took up a similar study, and with the aid of the great 100-inch telescope was able to penetrate deeper into space and to obtain spectra of even more remote galaxies. By the spring of 1932, Dr. Hubble and his associate, Dr. Milton L. Humason, had photographed forty-eight other galaxies; and they found precisely what Dr. Slipher had discovered: that almost all of these faint far-away patches of starlight showed their spectral lines shifted predominantly toward the red.

Pondering this strange one-sidedness of extragalactic light, Dr. Hubble noticed another point. He found that when he listed the galaxies in a series according to the extent of their shift, beginning with the one which showed the least displacement, going on to the one next in order of displacement, and so on, until he had put at the bottom of his list the object showing the largest shift — he found that his list also corresponded to the order of distance of the galaxies. In other words, the nearer objects showed the slighter shift toward the red, the farthest showed the greatest shift. Observations on even more distant objects during the last year have confirmed the conclusion, and the relationship is now generally accepted as a fact.

This, then, is how the matter stands at the end of 1932: —

A total of ninety-one outside galaxies has been observed and photographed.

Of these, eighty-four show unmistakably their lines shifted toward the red.

Of the remaining seven, two show an opposite shift so slight that the probable error of measurement exceeds the degree of their apparent displacement — which therefore may be toward, rather than away from, the red.

Of the eighty-four, all whose distances it has been possible to approximate show the operation of that strange relationship found by Hubble — the

more remote the galaxy, the more pronounced is the lurch of its light toward the red. Curious!

'Curiouser and curiouser!' cried Alice, when she found herself shifting up, up, up, away from her feet, opening out like the largest telescope that ever was. 'Good-bye, feet!' For when she looked down at her feet they seemed to be almost out of sight, they were getting so far off. . . . 'Oh dear, what nonsense I'm talking!' Just at this moment her head struck against the roof of the hall.

None of the astrophysical heads has yet bumped the roof — but what is happening Out There in the deep abyss of space is 'curiouser' and more 'nonsensical' than anything ever gasped at down in the rabbit hole.

III

Three explanations have been proposed to account for this strange propensity of extragalactic light for the red. The cause lies in the lengthening of the wave length, for red rays represent the vibrations of lowest frequency and longest wave length. The length of a red ray's wave is about double that of a violet ray's, and theoretically it is possible to change blue light into red by decreasing its frequency. But by what alchemy is this transmutation wrought in the long journey through space? What are the agencies that may operate to lengthen the wave in a degree strictly proportionate to the number of millions of years that the ray has traveled?

Dr. F. Zwicky, of the California Institute of Technology, says it is a gravitational drag that causes the shift. As light vibrates through space it passes innumerable particles of matter, random atoms, wandering electrons, the tenuous débris of stars. Collision with one of these particles absorbs or deflects the light; but, even if they do not collide, the gravitational attraction between the particle of matter and the photon, or particle of light, subtracts something of the photon's momentum and energy, and thereby decreases its frequency. Obviously, the farther the ray of light travels, the more particles it must pass and the more times it will be preyed upon by these gravitational forces. Professor Zwicky has computed the probable effect from the estimated density of space, and arrives at a value approximately in agreement with Hubble's observations of the shift-distance relationship.

Dr. W. D. MacMillan, of the University of Chicago, offers a different hypothesis in a communication to the British weekly, *Nature*. His idea is that the photon loses energy in its long journey of millions of years — a loss attributable, not to collisions with matter, but to collisions with other photons or perhaps to the inherent instability of the particle of light. On this hypothesis, light ceases to be the dependable, inviolable messenger that physics has long taken it to be, and becomes a chameleon changing its hue progressively with the operation of time and by virtue of its shifting nature.

Both of these suggested explanations involve a re-inventory of many of the data of astrophysics. One of the urgent practical problems of pure science is to determine the degree to which space is transparent and light immutable. It is well known that certain patches of the sky — such as the Coalsack in the region of the Southern Cross, for example — are closed to our inquiry by reason of dense concentrations of dark matter. It is also known that a cloud, in which calcium atoms predominate, seems to permeate interstellar space. Dr. Harlan T. Stetson tells me that one of the tasks to which he will put the great 69-inch telescope of Perkins Observatory, in

Ohio, this year, will be this problem of the interstellar cloud. He will seek to measure more precisely than has yet been done the extent, distribution, and nature of the diffuse matter. When that survey is completed (and it will take many years and the coöperation of many observers), we may be able to calculate more accurately than is possible to-day the degree to which starlight is absorbed, dragged upon, pulled out of its original path and pattern, slowed into lower frequencies, evaporated, and distorted by reason of its journey through time and space.

The third hypothesis offered to explain the redward trend of extragalactic light involves paradoxes inexplicable. Indeed, this explanation seems to dictate an entirely new world picture — upsetting in its drastic curtailment of the time scale, and breath-taking in its dramatic portrayal of a universe unstable, in flight, in dispersal.

This hypothesis is based on a well-known physical effect which any passing locomotive whistle will demonstrate. As the locomotive approaches, we hear the whistle at a higher screech than that of the sound waves emitted at its mouth. This is because the speed of the oncoming locomotive crowds the sound waves upon one another, shortening their wave length; the ear receives more waves per second than it would from a stationary whistle. As the locomotive passes, its speed of recession has the opposite effect: the sound waves are dragged into longer wave lengths, and the pitch drops to a low bass.

Exactly the same process operates with light. A star that is approaching at a speed of many miles a second presses its light waves upon one another; they are thereby shortened, shifted toward the soprano end of the spectrum — the violet. A receding star pulls its waves out, lengthens them, and the pitch of its light takes on a bass note — that is, it shifts toward the red. This optical phenomenon, called, from the name of its discoverer, the Doppler effect, has long been known and used in astronomy. By measuring the direction and extent of the line shift in the spectrum, the rotation of the sun on its axis has been measured, the varying rotations of Saturn's rings, the approach of oncoming stars like Vega, and the recession of departing stars.

The effect has been checked and rechecked in numerous observations within the solar system and on the nearer stars, and there is no speedometer better accredited and more confidently used by the astronomer. Yet, when Drs. Slipher, Hubble, and Humason first announced their measurements of the red shift in the distant galaxies, the tendency was to account for the phenomenon on grounds other than that of the Doppler effect. It was suggested that the red shift in these spectra was a relativity effect, an apparent crumpling of space, the result of some mysterious process operating out in the great curve of the universe to slow down the atomic clock. No one in authority came out boldly and announced that the outside galaxies were actually receding, as the Doppler effect would indicate them to be.

Why? Well, for one thing, because it seemed incredible that the bodies could be moving outward with such unanimity. According to the generally accepted theory of relativity, space is finite, the universe is a sphere of fixed radius. To entertain this preposterous idea of all these massive star systems racing outward was to accept a radically new picture of the cosmos — a universe in expansion, a vast bubble blowing, distending, scattering, thinning out into gossamer, losing itself. The snug, tight, stable world of Einstein had room for no such flights. To

accept this astronomical bolshevism meant scrapping the accepted time scale, scrapping the whole concept of stability on which both Einstein and De Sitter had built their beautifully reasoned cosmologies.

And yet, this is precisely what many of the deep thinkers in science have done. They have come to the conclusion that the evidence cannot be sidetracked into a special interpretation, that the red shift of extragalactic light means what the red shift of sunlight means — namely, a motion of recession on the part of the light source. Such a conception, carried to the development which it has received at the hands of Sir Arthur Eddington, portrays this outward flight of the galaxies — our Milky Way included — as a perpetual process. 'About every 1500 million years it [the universe] will double its radius, and its size will go on expanding in this way in geometrical progression forever.'

An eternally exploding universe? . . .

IV

The distinction of being the first to work out an acceptable model of the universe accounting for this runaway flight of the galaxies rests on a young priest of the Roman Catholic Church, the Abbé George Henry Joseph Edward Lemaître, of the University of Louvain. In the fall of 1924 he arrived in Cardinal O'Connell's archdiocese of Boston, crossed the river to Cambridge, and called at the Harvard College Observatory, where he had arranged to have access to its voluminous store of astronomical data. A room was assigned him in the west wing of the old building, and for some months he labored here with pencil and paper, working out complicated equations. At intervals he had a conference with Dr. Shapley, but for the most part his work at the Observatory was pursued in solitude. Certain studies in physics were also made at the near-by Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Leaving Cambridge in February 1925, Lemaître visited observatories on the Pacific coast. He returned to Belgium, and two years later published a paper in the *Annals of the Scientific Society of Brussels*. The title of this paper advertised the revolutionary content of its subject matter: 'A Homogeneous Universe of Constant Mass and Increasing Radius accounting for the Radial Velocity of Extragalactic Nebulæ,' but no one seems to have noticed it. At that time, in 1927, the red shift had not yet become a matter of serious concern in astronomical meetings, and Lemaître's paper was soon buried in the continually growing mountain heap of relativity literature.

But by 1930 the subject was dominant. Wherever two or three astronomers were gathered together, their talk was almost certain to drift around to the findings of Slipher, Hubble, and Humason. Eddington, speaking at the May meeting of the Royal Astronomical Society that year, publicly expressed his belief that the red shift was evidence of the expansion of the universe — and at the same time called attention to the need of a mathematical solution which would account for the phenomenon. Then it was that Lemaître's unknown paper was called to his attention — by Lemaître himself.

Lemaître was formerly a student under Eddington, and doubtless there was more than intellectual satisfaction in the Cambridge professor's reading of this treatise of his young disciple. Immediately he 'recognized the elegance and completeness of Lemaître's work,' and called De Sitter's attention to it. They heralded it to others. The Royal Astronomical Society translated the paper into English and gave

it circulation in the Society's *Monthly Notices*.

Thus was a new world concept brought forward — to devastate many accepted notions of time and space, and to electrify the interest of the entire astronomical fraternity. To-day the Belgian's bubble universe holds the centre of the cosmological stage.

V

If we accept Lemaître's world as real, we must admit some amazing speed contrasts. Thus, in the constellation Hunting Dogs is the famous Whirlpool nebula, first of the spirals to be identified. It is a comparatively near neighbor, since its light takes only about two million years to reach us. The red shift clocks its speed as relatively slow, only 175 miles a second.

The most remote objects yet measured are two faint galaxies discovered at Mount Wilson in January 1932. They are 135 million light years distant; and, according to the red shift, they are outward bound at the rate of 15,000 miles a second.

Between these extremes the record shows a wide range of velocities, and in every instance the velocity increases as the remoteness of the object increases. From the full data Dr. Hubble computes that for every million light years of distance the rate of recession increases about 100 miles a second. If this relationship holds throughout time and space, it provides a basis for estimating the size and age of the universe — since we can reckon back from their present velocities the time that has elapsed since the galaxies left their starting point.

What was the starting point? The speculations are many. Lemaître has suggested that the beginning may have been a single quantum, a unique atom into which was packed all the mass of the universe, and its present state represents a development of that first unit.

Another suggestion is that the universe may have begun large and then shrunk to smaller size, from which it is now expanding. Dr. R. C. Tolman, of the California Institute of Technology, is the author of an oscillating model in which the universe performs a succession of alternate expansions and contractions of increasing amplitude without ever reaching the cold death which certain other cosmologists predict as inevitable.

De Sitter estimates that the original radius of the universe was 1000 million light years, and the present radius 3000 million light years, though, he adds, 'it may be much larger.' If, as Eddington says, it doubles in size every 1500 million years, then it would seem (using De Sitter's figures) that the age of the universe is of the order of a little more than 2000 million years — which is preposterously brief.

For where is there time — in 2000 million years or in ten or even fifty times that scale — for the stars to evolve, the planets to form, the earth to cool, and life to emerge?

The earth itself is at least 2000 million years old, according to the testimony of the radioactive rocks. The sun must have been in existence millions of millions of years before there occurred that supposed encounter with a passing star which caused (we believe) the solar disruptions that eventually hardened into planets and moons. An old star like the sun or Alpha Centauri must be at least 70 million million years old, according to astrophysical data; even a young star like Betelgeuse is rated as around a million million years old.

The intrinsic evidence of the stars, says Sir James Jeans, makes it 'very difficult to believe that the universe can

be such an ephemeral concern as the apparent speeds of recession of the nebulæ would suggest.'

Eddington attacked the problem by a different approach. He computed from atomic theory, from the wave equation of the electron, what the rate of cosmic expansion should be. He arrived at a figure not far from that observed by Hubble — a confirmation of observation by theory that seems significant.

Dr. Harlow Shapley suggests that final interpretation of the red shift may have to await the development of new means of research. 'Man may need to invent a new set of mathematical tools and a new system of mechanics before he can grasp the strange seeming paradox of a universe in expansion. So far as our present tools permit us to measure distances and so far as our present census of the metagalaxy goes, the total number of star systems and the radius of space may both be infinite.'

VI

We are building a 200-inch telescope, and when that is attained we shall probably build a larger. Can we not eventually, if we build an eye big enough, see the whole breadth of space?

No, answers Abbé Lemaître, for, as telescopes probe deeper, the light from the yet more distant galaxies will be shifted farther into the red, until finally the rays disappear in the infra-red to which eyes and photographic plates are insensitive. Thus, 'the largest part of the universe is forever out of our reach,' concludes the Abbé. For us it is already 'Good-bye, feet!' and probably 'Good-bye, knees.' We can never hope to see around the vast growing curve of our bubble, because the light with which we see will have degenerated into invisible rays before it reaches us.

A weird world: a world in which the parts seem older than the whole which produced them, in which the child outdates its parent, in which repulsion overrules the familiar laws of attraction. But the testimony of the most ponderous physical bodies that exist seems to say that the picture is a true one — that the universe in the red truly signifies the universe in disruption.

Fleeting, evanescent, evaporating into light, which in turn is fading into invisibility — that is our solid physical world of suns, and planets, and skyscrapers, and gold, and flesh. 'Look upon the world as a bubble,' said Buddha, 'look upon it as a mirage: the king of death does not see him who thus looks down upon the world.'

'THIS QUIET DUST WAS GENTLEMEN AND LADIES'

The Midst of Life. II

BY MINA CURTISS

June twenty-third

I WONDER if one could prove statistically that there is always more fog and rain in haying week than at any other time. I suppose not. I suppose it is just that one watches more closely. We cut it Monday. Tuesday, when it should have dried, was the foggiest day of the year as well as the longest. The fog gave me a curious feeling of being hung in space, for there was a salt tang to it not indigenous to any inland fog, and also a rarefied, Alpine feel, hardly justified by this altitude. I lapsed into a state of suspension, conscious only that I must store up the longest day in the year against the time when daylight is a fleeting luxury — and that the hay was n't drying. Yesterday, however, it dried very well, and, although the rain wet it last night, the wind which has been blowing about fifty miles an hour has made it safe enough to put in the barn.

Does it seem to you odd — my preoccupation with hay? I don't imagine it does, even though the danger of fire from fermentation was the only fact about it that worried or interested me when you were here. But after you died I found the list of fields that you planned to change into mowings, and although I can't now remember taking any interest in anything at that time, except externally, for the reassurance of my friends, I insisted that extra fertilizer be bought and spread, and that for the first time we raise all our own hay. That meant, of course, the rebuilding and strengthening of the big barn at the farmer's house; and quickly, too, for there was no other storage space, and you know how slowly work done by the natives ordinarily progresses. But I developed the zeal of a fanatic, and soon rocks were being hauled for a new foundation, beams were laid, the level was changed, and the old barn became a reproduction of the new one you had planned in your mind. I used to go up every day and talk to the men about the work, using technical phrases whose meaning I did n't really know and whose issuance from my lips never ceased surprising me.

Once, two years after you were dead, the man whose gestures had reminded me of you said to me: 'You're not one person. You're two. . . . Is your voice like your husband's as well?' I was shocked into a vivid curiosity by the remark; for I realized that, whatever significance it held for him, for me it was a radical and dangerous truth. I knew that nothing in nature could fulfill its life span split in two.

Suddenly I remembered an incident the spring after you died. Alice and I

had gone to garner lilacs from a deserted farm. I was busy breaking off branches when from nowhere appeared a sour-faced, wizened little man who, while displaying his sheriff's badge, said in that acid Yankee drawl, 'What d' ye mean — stealing them thar lilacs?'

'Oh, dear,' I thought. 'I hate policemen. And this one I can't even flatter. He's sure to arrest me, and then what shall I do?'

'I have no intention of stealing these lilacs,' my voice said. 'The house, as far as I can see, is deserted; the property is n't posted, and I saw no reason for believing they belonged to anyone in particular.'

'Wa'al, they do,' he said; 'and I can have you prosecuted to the full extent o' the law, if I like, too.'

'Yes, you can,' I thought. 'And then I'd have to go to court with a lot of strange people. I could n't bear that.'

'You could *try* to prosecute me,' I said; 'but, considering I had no intention of stealing and that I am quite willing to pay for the lilacs, I think you 'd have a hard time proving your case.'

He was staring at the Connecticut license plates on the car.

'Whar's your registration papers for that car, and whar's your own license, too?'

'Oh, God,' I thought. 'This is the end.' It was a secondhand car I had just bought, and the registration papers had n't come through.

'I have n't them with me. I'm sorry,' announced my voice.

'Wa'al now,' he said, shaking his head with pleasure. 'Haow do I know you ain't stolen that car just like you was stealin' the lilacs?'

'I don't know how,' I thought. 'All I want is to go home, away from you, you loathsome little man.'

'You don't know,' I said firmly. 'But if you want to know, you can first find out my name and address, and then you can send me a summons, and then I'll tell you in front of a judge in court.'

I leaped into the car, slammed the door, and drove off with my lilacs.

'Were you surprised,' I asked Alice, 'at the way I talked to him?'

'It did n't sound like you at all,' she said.

And of course it was n't I. It was you, taking the words out of my mouth, as they say, or putting them in. It all came back to me when the man said, 'You're two people, not one.' Ever since, I've been fighting to become one again — and that was two years ago.

For the past day or two I have wanted to write you about the haying, just casually — the little things that happen — the covey of young partridges barely saved from being slaughtered by the mowing machine; the young cat whose leg was nearly cut off by it, and the little wild rabbit that emerged from his hole at the wrong moment, to be nearly mowed down — the perpetual danger of sudden death and destruction that gives life in the country its pattern of excitement. But I could n't write. Some unexpressed and heavy feeling weighed me down. This morning, however, the moment flashed back over me when I had first stood alone in the rebuilt barn, all filled with our own hay, grown from our own land, to feed the cattle, which in turn feed us and fertilize the land that nourishes them. You were there, too. I know it; and I write this because you must know that I know it. We stood together on that same island in space and time where we had stood the night those words were read over us — 'for better or for worse, in sickness and in health, until death us do part.' Our marriage bed was a stack of hay — sweet, resilient, and indestructible, growing afresh each year.

That was our second marriage. Of the third there will be no writing.

June twenty-fourth

I'm in a foul humor this morning. I thought at first I ought to write you only when I was feeling, if not happy, at least collected. But I do realize that, since you did n't mind my black moods when you could n't escape them, they certainly can't offend you now. I suspect, anyway, that before ever they could reach eternity these pettinesses would dissolve like the smoke from skyrockets.

And I think even you would be cross if you were here, for the thermometer has dropped below fifty and the wind is blowing the trees so hard they look like crazy women doing æsthetic dancing and losing their garments all over the lawn. I resent these unnecessary readjustments. It's bad enough to live through winters anywhere, without October's being introduced into June. One wants at least some visible and tangible evidence that there is a semblance of order in nature. Once when I was a little girl at the beach it was so cold on the Fourth of July we had to light the fire, and I have never forgotten the *malaise* caused me by such irregularity. That's how I feel to-day.

But now that I have complained to you, miraculously, without even a touch of your hand, you have done it again. You have once more restored my equanimity.

For, of course, there are advantages to cold days, even in June. The flies did n't bother me yesterday when I rode through the woods to Cockaday's house. Although it is still empty, it has n't yet begun to show bad signs of decay, and stands inviting and remote on top of the little cleared hill, deep in the woods. The irises were still in bloom by the front door, and at the back door a heavily laden white moss-rose bush and some sweet Williams reverted, alas, to the universal magenta.

I always feel the same sharp emotion at the sight of perennial flowers, persisting long after the hands that planted them are back unfeeling in the soil they once so consciously cultivated. Do you remember one July night when we were starting out to the Marches for dinner, feeling very gay? As we drove by the garden with the spikes of blue Delphinium sticking up way over the hemlock hedge, — they don't any more, it's grown so tall, — I said, 'You know, we could always be as gay and frivolous as this if we liked, and the Delphinium would go right on growing even after we were dead.'

The next time I remembered that fact there was no longer any gaiety left in the world. You were dying in a New York hotel bedroom. I was sitting in the next room with Gregory, waiting for the doctors to come out. Their last chance, they had said, was to puncture the lung and drain out the fluid. Crises annihilate barriers. Once Gregory had written me a charming letter, glad that I was going to marry you, sure I would not encroach on your so perfect stylization: 'a museum piece,' he called you. But now we spoke quite simply of how much we both loved you, the best friend, the best husband, man or woman ever had. And always the punctuating chorus: 'He can't die. He can't die. They can't let him die.'

How long we sat there I can't tell, but eventually the two doctors came out and stood in the doorway, faces pale and drawn. They did n't speak a word. We waited. Then Gregory said, 'Can't you say something — just something?'

'If only we could,' Dr. Bristol said.

'You mean there's no hope?'

'One can't say that. We've simply failed to puncture the lung. Some miracle may happen.'

'And I'm sure it will,' I said, in an unnaturally cordial tone, as if not to

hurt their feelings. 'I know you've done your best, but if one has reached the limits of science, one can't lose by believing in miracles, can one?'

They left, poor men, weary and nerve-racked, — it was a very bad winter for pneumonia, they told me, — and I turned to Gregory.

'You believe in miracles, don't you?'

'I believe in this one — with all my heart.'

But miracles require symbols. For the moment I was stumped. Just then someone came from another room — you took almost the whole floor of a hotel to die in — and said London was on the telephone. It was Patricia. Someone had cabled her of your illness, and she wanted reassurance. Like a miracle it was, to hear the very timbre of her voice so many thousand miles away; but when the voice stopped, nothing remained. Mechanics are no fit symbol for miracles. It was then I thought of the Delphinium in the garden, growing year after year. Somehow I thought if we both could think very hard about it for a long time, you would n't die. At the time it did n't seem to me at all a fatuous idea. I went and sat on your bed, and was afraid to speak.

'That Trimble's a grand man.' You spoke in gasps, with a great effort not to appear breathless. 'He's gentle as a woman, and strong as a panther. And what do you think Bristol's name is? Cyril. Is n't that perfect?'

Your debonairness frightened me. I've only learned the game of sportsmanship since that time.

'So they did n't pull it off, eh? I could have told them they would n't. Now, what I need — '

'Dearest, what you need is rest and quiet. Please don't talk so much. You must keep your strength.'

'You're right. Run along, then; I'll go to sleep. Kiss me, Jinny.'

'There's something I thought of I want to say to you. I thought if you were, oh, bored maybe — and did n't know what to think about — why — you might remember the Delphinium in the garden. I was just thinking about them myself, that's all.'

'I've plenty to think about.'

You spoke so sternly, and what you were really saying was, 'You ought to know better than to try to put the fear of death in me.' I can see now how it must have seemed to you, carving out your own way of death. But I was so frightened, and you had so long before conquered fear. I remember lying in bed one morning talking about fear. You said you were no longer afraid of anything, either in life or in death. Death's only terror for you, you said, would be leaving me. Then it all seemed very far away.

I suppose I never really believed in miracles. For, if I had, I should hate Delphinium for having failed me. But when I look up from writing you I see the big copper kettle in the curve of the piano filled with them — marvelous big ones, each flower a whole spectrum of varying blues, like the windows of Chartres, like the color of forget-me-nots, like the brilliance of your eyes — a magical alembic, even if it failed to save your life.

July fourth

I left New York early this morning, driving in a sort of coma. I grow weary of motoring alone, though I mind it least in the spring. Then there is a particular kind of rushing, time-ridden excitement that is magnetic. One thinks one can see the leaves hurrying to fulfill their growth. And the blossoms are so frail, so perfect, so doomed to destruction or fruition, whichever one calls it. Electrified into a heightened consciousness of the poignancy of transition and growth and

change, one strains one's eye to distinguish between blossom and leaf. But now the trees are in full foliage, green and mature, and I can never believe summer is n't here forever, a safe, relaxed, and easy season.

So I dozed my way as far as Simsbury, where I came to with a start. For there the same picture always recurs in my mind. Do you remember the first time we ever motored together in that antiquated yellow car of yours? We were going to New Haven, to what you always called the Harvard game, and what I had been accustomed to calling the Yale game. We thought ourselves so securely set on the rippling current of flirtation after you had braved what you chose to call the perilous path to my door.

When we stopped at your friend Ned's house in Simsbury to take him along to New Haven, we were greeted by a new maid who gave you the message that Ned would be late and you were to wait for him. She turned to me and said, 'Would you like to go upstairs, Mrs. Sherburn?' Into an uncharted sea flowed the rippling current of flirtation. I waited for you to explain, but you did n't. And when I came downstairs we sat at opposite ends of the room and pushed hard against silence. The furniture was old and good, set catty-cornered. Numbers of large green glass rum bottles reflected the light, distorting our faces into patterns of unreality. After æons of time, Ned came. I who had never met him before welcomed him like an old friend.

You drove to New Haven as though Lucifer himself were at your heels. Ned kept begging you to slow down, to consider his wife, his children, if you cared nothing for your own life and ours. We flew even faster. Finally he appealed to me. 'Miss Cary, can't you do something with him?'

I put my hand on your knee and said, 'Are n't you being rather childish?' and you answered, 'Is that what *you* call it? I don't know. I've never felt this way before.' But you did slow down.

Sometimes I wonder whether it was n't the unsuspecting maid who really married us.

July fifth

To-day was a weather breeder — warm, sunny, and deceptively clear, with the breeze always blowing due east. A splendid day for work, and I never realize how much there is to do until John's two months are up. From May first until July first, I feel like a lady with a gardener, though I doubt whether even in eternity John could assume any such stature to you. But from July on I'm a lady with a garden, and a very demanding one, too. It is n't just my hard work to-day, though, that makes me think you have always underestimated John.

I remember so well the first time you pointed out to me his house, bleak to abstraction. The Duke, you said, resided there in his shooting box. He never worked but two months in the year, had let his own house be sold for taxes; but, perfectly turned out in corduroy jacket and excellent English rifle, he took full advantage of the shooting season. I have since found it untrue that he never works. The speed of his movements is so restrained that it renders them invisible. But not so the results.

The slogan still holds around here — and it's no legend — that Mr. Sherburn could do the work of three men in a day. And who knows that better than I? But did you ever transplant all the minute seedlings without breaking one? Did you put away the beds so that not one plant was winter-killed? Perhaps you could have, but I am afraid you

expended your patience in other ways. John has always done it, and I feel as though he always should. But I was shocked this week to learn that John is seventy, and his rheumatism not fictitious.

I can hear the tempo of John's speech as I can see the rhythm of his walk, though I have never been able to stay in one place long enough to listen to the end of a sentence. His words are pronounced like the very slowest beat of the metronome when you are learning to play whole notes with full tone. But, however much extra pay John's sloth has earned him, he has repaid me in gifts — two bobtailed kittens when I was already possessed of four mother cats and fourteen young, though they were all long-tailed; some wild forget-me-not plants for the bank of the pool, unfortunately pecked to destruction by the ducks; and a pitcher plant in flower, which bloomed all through a coal-gaseous New York winter.

No, John is worth his weight in gold. I know, for, having done his work just one day, I am worth mine only in sleep.

July tenth

How strange is this business of things! I have thought about it a great deal in these five days when people have been coming and going, and my thread to eternity has served only to lead me through the labyrinthine immediate.

The satisfaction in things lies in the one-sidedness of one's relation to them. When a man or woman with a flair for companionship has passed through the age of experimentation into permanence, then through a period of desperation, and out again into the smooth and detached state where relationships are entered upon merely from a need for flattery and diversion, people are bound to be less satisfying than things. That sounds miserly, but by people, of course, I don't mean one's three or four good friends. I mean the little personal cycles with which one embroiders life — from casualness through intensity, to intimacy, and back again to casualness. They serve to emphasize the solidity of the background against which they are temporary ornaments. Their design varies, and sometimes they may even form a pattern which becomes permanently a part of the whole. Usually, however, these decorations are born of some transitory need — a woman's desire for reassurance of her beauty or her charm, a man's wish for a slight variation from the routine of responsibility. As in a game of chance, some of the cards are inevitably discarded. With *things* it is otherwise. One does not surround one's self with objects which have not withstood the test of daily use or scrutiny.

I am not trying to defend the collector's instinct. That is quite another matter, and one with which I have little sympathy. Sometimes when strangers are brought to see 'your beautiful and interesting house,' they say, 'Oh, I see you collect antiques.' I wonder they don't say, 'So you collect emotions, or thoughts, or the color green.' The misconception that money is able to purchase the quality which a personally imagined and executed chair or table has gathered to itself in centuries of use, I find actively painful and irritating. For to me old things have been a balm.

I look at the crewelwork curtains, woven at least two centuries ago by patient and accomplished waiting women, embroidered by great ladies who had few ways of expressing their talents and their imagination. They, too, married and loved and were happy, just as I was. Their husbands and lovers, too, were snatched from them

in war or illness or sudden death. All the sharpened perception of happiness or anxiety or grief has gone into the design, the delicate stitches of these still beautiful, faded blue and yellow wool flowers. The draperies of old linen hang in my windows, exquisite in themselves, shielding the room against the too bright light of day, the heavy dark of night — and me from the penetrating consciousness of isolated sorrow.

When first I came home after you died, I used to sit for hours on that uncomfortable old pine bench in front of the fireplace. Stiffer and stiffer my spine would grow until sharp pain gripped the back of my neck, relief from the hurt which could know no physical expression. I used to trace with my eyes and my finger tips the scratches and bruises and carved initials that mar the smoothness of the wide pine plank.

'How hastily this rough bench was thrown together,' I would think. 'Some pioneer chopped down the great broad tree, cut out the right-sized board, planed it off not very smooth, cut and stripped a sapling of its bark, and used it for the four legs that transform part of the tree into an object of household use. And all the time, perhaps, his ear was cocked, listening for the Indians, his eye watching to keep his few precious cattle from straying out of the small and newly cleared pasture.'

Sometimes as I sat there by the fire, stiff and alone, I would glance over the *Register of the Deaths in N——*, 'from the First Settlement of the Town, in 1658, to August 1824; copied from the Town Records, and from the Records of Deac. Ebenezer Hunt, Rev. John Hooker, Rev. Solomon Williams, Doct. Eben Hunt, Doct. David Hunt' — my eye resting on such entries as the following: —

1665

Apr. 28 Matthew Cole, Killed by lightnmg
Oct. 17 Samuel Wright, died in his chair

1675

Mar. 14 Robert Bartlett, Thomas Holton, Mary Earle, Increase Whelstone and James Mackrannels, slain by Indians

1685

Apr. 7 Henry Woodward, Killed at corn mill

1704

May 13 Capt. John Taylor . . . Benoni Janes and two children . . . Deac. Benj. Janes and four children . . . Moses Hutchinson and one child . . . . . and Patience Webb; all killed by the Indians at Paskhornuck

1707

Oct. 8 Esther Alvord & John Parsons, drowned

1708

July 9 Samuel and Joseph Parsons, killed by Indians

1709

Nov. 3 Deliverance, son of Timothy Baker, died at New Haven

1739

Dec. Phenix, Negro

1740

Dec. 26 Jonah, Negro child

1742

Dec. 8 Abigail & Hannah, daughters of John Lyman, burnt to death

1746

Aug. Pompey, an Indian

1748

Feb. 14 Daughter of Rev. Jonathan Edwards

1755

Aug. 27 Capt. Hawley, Lt. Pomeroy and Thomas Wait, killed at Lake George

1769

July 5 Thankful and Jonathan Hunt, killed by lightning

1771

Aug. 22 Ebenezer Edwards, accidentally killed

1776

Sept. 26 Clark, Bartlett, Alvord and Ervin, in the army
Oct. 30 Polly Province
Judd, Riley and Brewer, in the army
Richard Stillingfleet, midshipman

1779

Apr. 23 Lieut. Elihu Root, drowned

1786

May 5 Widow Thankful Hunt

1788

Aug. 27 Freelove Johnson

1789

May 5 Samuel Marshall, fall from a horse

1797

Feb. 9 Wealthy Pomeroy

1802

May 25 John Pomeroy, at the Island of Trinidad
Aug. 8 Susy Wells, black girl

1803

Nov. 17 John Wyer, perished in hard storm

1806

Mar. 11 John Allis, said to be hung by his wife and an Irishman

1807

Apr. 6 Widow Margaret Bryant, perished in the woods
" 10 Arunah Strong's daughter, died by drowning
Aug. 20 Martin Ely, Jr. by fall of clock weight

1808

Jan. 9 Enos Kingsley, Jr. scalded

1809

Apr. 7 David Sparks' child, perished in woods

1810

Jan. 26 John Starr, distracted man

1812

Mar. 25 Mrs. Bradford, at Shepherd's factory
Apr. 27 Hervey Humphrey, from a fall

1814

Mar. 22 Abigail Ely, at Shepherd's factory

1816

Mar. 6 —— Gilbert, at Shepherd's factory

1817

Dec. 15 John Lathwood, old British soldier
" 26 Friend Smith, drowned

1819

Nov. 7 Caleb Strong, 11 years Gov. of Mass.

1820

Sept. 15 Charles P. son of Daniel Butler, at Bay of St. Louis
Oct. 10 Lt. Robert Lyman, U. S. army, son of Levi Lyman, at Bay of St. Louis

1821

Feb. 14 Erastus Dwight, found dead in his house
Aug. 18 Peter, Dutchman
Oct. 13 Charles, son of Dr. C. L. Seeger, at sea

1822

Apr. 14 Lill Church, a colored person

1824

Feb. 9 Experience Day

The little mouldering, crudely bound book would fall from my hand and the dark have come in.

'I must draw the curtains,' I would think, 'the curtains into which some great lady in France may have embroidered her thoughts at the very same time that Benoni Janes's or Captain John Taylor's widow sat on this bench, grieving for her husband, wishing it were not always the best and bravest men the Indians slew.'

My stiffness would go, the tight pain at the back of my neck relax. No longer an entity, only a minor lay figure in the continuous pageant of being, I am become close to the Frenchwoman who sat in her Louis XV *bergère*, to the Englishwoman, that early American, who dropped down tired from her work on this bench where I sit idle to-day. Peace they both found, if not as I have, at least in the grave.

July eighteenth

It has been a long time — a week or more — since I have written you. The days have been much populated. Why, I can't tell, for everything but you and me seems accidental. The evenings I can sum up for you in snatches of words that people say to me: 'But for me you are always a refuge . . .' or 'Why — oh, why not?'

Only to-night is real, real as death. The bowl of the sky is covered with clouds, a bulwark against the dew. But over through the wooded hill the moon is a shining oval, darkly striped. The light is like death, or perhaps merely life inverted. Shapes, patterns, and outlines are clear, but no variation in color and only the sharpest movements are visible. The fireflies dart through the black shadows like the shining lost periods to unwritten sentences of revelation.

I stroll about the lawn with a man I have not seen since I knew you. This week we met for the first time in eight years. No longer is there even a trace of the former quick magic flickering between us; just the relaxed ease of friends. I feel old, and a little tired. He is thinking of and wishing for the young girl who yesterday caught his heart and fancy. We stand in the garden, inhaling the heavy pungent odor of Regal lilies, observing with interest that, no dew having fallen, the day lilies retain their open bell shapes, outlines abstract and colorless in the muted moonlight. The Delphinium, no longer cerulean or azure or sky-blue, hover, erect shadows, dark or light, over the pure white phlox. Do you remember, when I planted the flaming Coquelicot, I asked you why there was so much white phlox in the garden? You said, 'Once you've seen it by full moonlight you will know why.'

Together it bathed us in its arrested white silence, and I thought I knew. But one learns only as much as one needs for the time being.

To-night, with my friend in the garden, knowing so well the island on which he stood (Were she here, what should he say to her? Kiss her, perhaps, there among the white phlox), I understood my island, too. No space, no time, the clouds a monstrous multi-fingered dark gray hand against a smoky yellow.

'It is a relief,' I started to say, 'on such a night to know that at thirty one's life stopped, that the future, however unexperienced, is only a series of incidents already perceived. And one's entity is as controlled by the past as is the quality of this white phlox by certain refracted rays of moonlight.'

'No time or space to-night,' I said.

'No,' he answered, 'no time or space, but the feeling — and uncanny, too — of a thousand people there in the orchards and woods, lighting their cigarettes from the fireflies.'

A thousand people, or two, or one — and the white phlox you planted so long ago to shine in the moonlight.

August second

To-day I returned from a motor journey to Virginia. It always takes me a day or two to become acclimatized. There is so much to do when I first come home — all the new flowers and vegetables to see, the dogs to greet and the news to hear.

The Vet had stopped by on his way to test our neighbor's cows, and left word that Sandy must never again be ridden by anyone weighing more than a hundred and ten pounds, and that even then his lameness might continue. Can you picture me, a long, lank, black-haired skeleton, astride a slightly lame chestnut horse? Not with corn about to ripen, and raspberries and blueberries demanding the accompaniment of thickest cream. If I

try to be frivolous, it is because I believe neither in sentimentality about animals nor in undue emotion over one's possessions. But it was you, after all, who gave him to me for a wedding present. 'No,' you would say; 'for a saddle horse. If you can't ride him, shoot him.' I'm afraid that is what I shall have to do, but he is such a charming character, his gaits are so easy, and I have no other horse to ride.

The cows would fill you with pride. There is nothing so attractive, at least in the bovine world, as a two-year-old Jersey. Built with such style, so neatly turned and so adequate, with its slim legs and ankles, and its round, downy, peach-colored bags, teats full for milking time. The youngest one dropped a bull calf this morning, thus winning me a bet with the farmer. For we have had two heifer calves this summer, and he predicted they would run in threes. But I thought of how good veal would taste in November, and bet him a new dahlia bulb the next calf would be a bull.

I do wish you could be here to eat some of it. I should think one of the penalties of being dead would be never to taste any more the delicious foods you liked so much — no rich stock soup, no peas fresh from the garden cooked barely at all, no tender green lettuce dressed in the best French oil, tarragon vinegar, and herbs.

I have thought a great deal about food and dying. I used to think funeral meats a myth or a feckless convention, but I know better now. For the whole first week you were ill, you ate so conscientiously, knowing your strength depended on it, even when weak and breathless, that the broth or milk gagged you. One day you asked for custard, and I ordered some, but when it came you did n't like it. You said you wanted the kind you had when you were a little boy. Your thoughts going so far back frightened me, but I telephoned your mother, and she made some herself and brought it right in to you. That you ate quite painlessly.

For that first week I could n't touch any food, but afterward when you could n't eat I forced myself. It became a curious ritual with me — so many pounds of steak to keep us both alive. I can still see the plated hotel platter with the fried potatoes and water cress, and in the centre a flat piece of rare steak with the black grill-marks on it. I used to cut it all up in little pieces the way I broke up my two squares of bedtime Peter's chocolate when I was a little girl. There seemed something unctuous and important about it, though at the time I did n't realize. But the night you died — I had been sitting on your bed all day — they came in at nine o'clock and said I must eat. So I went into the other room and ate a great big steak. With each swallow I'd think, 'Jack's dying in the next room, but I must chew my steak.' I suppose it was a purely animal feeling. All my mind and spirit wanted to go with you, but some deep-down instinct to live made me strengthen myself against my own will. For once that day we did both die and I brought you back again. Twice would have been too much.

All day you sat propped against the pillows, that ghastly tent of canvas and isinglass surrounding you with the oxygen you could n't draw into your lungs. Only your hand, thin and feverish, unlike the strong and sinewy one that knew me so well, lay on my bare breast, on my heart. The black doctors and white nurses came and went like automata. I felt no shame. Once when I was a little girl I was shocked almost to sickness at the sight of a woman in a railroad station suckling her child, oblivious of the laughter of some lewd young boys. Suddenly that

moment flashed back to me, and I knew that birth and death, life's beginning and life's end, were the same. You were my husband and my father and my child, who must be given life. Your hand lay heavier on my breast. The nurse, taking your pulse, shook her head. I could feel the life flowing out of you. Down, down we went into a black smothering abyss.

'We can't die,' I thought. 'We can't die like this in a black smothering hole. I'll breathe for him. My lungs shall be his lungs. My heart is his heart. O God, bring us up out of this black and terrible valley. . . .' That time we came back together. The next time you went alone.

For a few hours you rested more peacefully, and when I came back into the room from eating my steak the old glint was in your eye and you said to the nurse, 'That's me boid. Does n't she look beautiful?' The picture your words evoked — our overhearing in a railroad station, filled with American Legionnaires, one veteran introducing his girl friend to another with the phrase, 'Meet me boid' — that picture, relieving the tension of the sick room, cutting through the interminable noise of the oxygen machine, was a blessed stroke of tact no one but you would ever have conferred.

Those few moments were a summation of all our gaiety. How heavy-witted I must have seemed to you when I could only say, 'You need n't flirt with me. I'm just your wife.' That remark puzzled me for a long time afterward, for it hardly seemed characteristic of a woman who bridled at the very suggestion of uxoriousness. But now I understand it. The shock of seeing such concentrated joy in the eyes of one so near to death made me understand what I had not grasped before — that you were really too sick to live. After such pain and such ecstasy, life could only have been stale. Instinctively perceiving that to be your highest moment of consciousness, I spoke the only truth I knew: 'I'm just your wife.'

(*To be continued in the next issue*)

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

'Calomel, I Think'

I remember once rummaging through a certain old lady's medicine closet and finding a box labeled, 'Calomel, I Think.' The little box had survived a quarter century of annual house cleanings, and with its equivocal label still occupied its sacred corner in the cupboard.

No doubt psychoanalysts would name this curious trait in human nature after some ancient hero. They might call it the Homeric Complex in honor of the celebrated Catalogue of the Ships in which that poet has embalmed for all time in the amber of his verse the swarms of insignificant warriors that beset the lofty towers of Ilium. But this complex reaches farther back into the realms of pre-history. It may be observed in certain animals like wood rats that pack off to their nests all sorts of articles none of which could be of any use to the colony.

A glance at the attics and basements of any long-established home will reveal how strong is this trait in the human animal. Only the other day I noticed in my own attic a 'dress form' on which the stylish dames of the fashionable nineties used to shape their quaint costumes. Stiff and uncompromising with papier-mâché bust and steel straps, it has stood in its corner for forty years or more looking in stern protest at the scandalous modern dresses hanging limply with not a button to their back or a stay to their ribs! But, who knows? Whalebone may return; hoops may come back. It may again be necessary to encase the female form in protective armor plate. Better not be in too great a hurry to send it to the city dump heap. 'Calomel, I think.'

There is no use arguing with the victims of this malady. They can all give a dozen reasons, excellent ones, for their delusion. The collector of postage stamps will urge the æsthetic importance of his collection. But do not take his assurances too seriously. Here, for instance, is a dreadful little daub, smeared over with cancellation ink and nearly illegible. A very Thersites of stamps! The ugliest thing that ever found its way into the aristocratic company of royal Spaniards and Persians. You comment with some confidence on its vile appearance; its besmirched condition; its miserable colors; its lack of distinction. Alas, you have picked for censure the darling of the whole album! That is one of the really important stamps. It is valued at some fabulous amount. It was got with cunning and deceit from some poor wretch who did not know what a treasure it was. Imperfect? Its very imperfection gives it its value! Only seven sheets were struck off before the imperfection was discovered, and this is one of seven that went through the mails! You tremblingly make your obeisance to the ugly little daub and turn to some page where noble examples of the exquisite art of engraving are grouped in colorful array. 'These? No, they are n't much. Some day, maybe, but not now. They are just for trading. What was it you said? Calomel? No, they are from Colombia.'

I remember an astonishing outbreak of the wood-rat complex in my own family of small children some years ago. The pasteboard covers of milk bottles suddenly became the most important matter in the whole world. Every mail brought additions to the collection. There was one priceless one from Skowhegan, Maine, or some such place. The local ones were much more artistic, but they were only useful for trading purposes. 'Don't throw any of them away! Some day they will be worth a lot!' (There is always a trace of the gambling instinct in this wood-rat complex.) There is a box of them now, after many years, in a corner of the attic. I guess we had better keep them for the grandchildren.

Naturally the victims of this malady are easily imposed upon. There was the case of the great French mathematician, Chasles,

who wasted enormous sums collecting the private letters of famous women of old — Cleopatra, Sappho, and Helen of Troy. Everyone knows — except, of course, those who are bitten by the germ — that there are conscienceless fellows who make a profitable business of manufacturing antique furniture which has all the creaking joints and wormholes of the stuff that has been stored for a century in the attics of New England wood rats. Those of us who do not happen to have been bitten by this particular microbe can laugh heartily at the plots and counterplots of these poor wretches; but all the while we ourselves may have a furtive eye out for some shabby, dog-eared first edition, or perhaps we shall be sitting with reverent attention while some dreadful old woman in the Great Smoky Mountains whines through some execrable ballad, every note of which is an abomination to the ear, and every one of its hundred and sixteen verses the purest and most indefensible doggerel.

Often the victims of the wood-rat complex try to explain their activities with some plausible chatter about historical research. One would think they all were anthropologists, ethnologists, philologists, archæologists — any ologist whatever, rather than just plain collectors of milk-bottle tops. One should never take a walk just to see the landscape. One should take a gun or a fishing rod along so as to be able to give some intelligible explanation of his strange behavior to himself as well as to others. It has to be admitted that the uncovering of a laundry bill of Shakespeare, or of Dante, or even of Homer, might be of some historical importance. It might throw some vivid light on the social and industrial life of old times. But this can hardly be urged as a valid reason for preserving *in sæcula sæculorum* every scrap of paper that pertains to modern poets. Observe what damage has been done to the reputation of Shelley and Keats by these pickers-up of bones in the camps of the hunters. What end, save the satisfaction of the morbid craving of a wood rat, can be served by dragging forth the puerile efforts of callow youth? 'Important historical document found! First draft of "Over the Hill to the Poor House"! Startling variations!' The rough draft is framed and hung in some library for all the world to see that a poet sometimes rewrites his poems. Once hung, it remains forever on the wall. 'Calomel, I think.'

But what a gift from the gods these junk piles in our libraries are for the young fellow who must write a doctor's thesis! All you have to do is to burrow around till you find some third- or fourth-rate author's name whose books have been forgotten (and deservedly so) by all save a few confirmed wood rats; drag to light all his glorious imperfections; and lo, you will have another piece of junk to add to the garbage heap for some later candidate to dig up and add to his collection of milk-bottle tops! The discovery of the neglected author is as full of excitement as the discovery by the little girl of the 'perfectly good cat' in the alley. There is always the chance of finding some poem which the neglected poet (for very good reasons) was unable to get into print. This is called a 'literary discovery,' and entitles the finder to a doctor's degree. Usually the disease abates after the publication of the thesis, and the victim appears to make a complete recovery. He is found, however, in most cases to be a carrier of the disease. He may no longer show symptoms himself, but he may be capable of inoculating others with it.

But whatever form the disease may take, it seems to have filled our libraries, our museums, our attics, our anthologies, our scientific journals, our educational institutions, and even our minds with a mass of undigested and undigestible material which calls for a strong dose of Calomel, I think.

DERRICK N. LEHMER

THIRTY — AND SINGLE

MY friends are watching me closely these days, closely and carefully, for I am a source of peculiar behaviorisms and mannerisms. Any day now I am likely to do something entirely irrational — even horrible. And the reason for all this concern is (I say it softly) that I am thirty and still single.

Ever since that fatal thirtieth birthday which found me with no husband more or less securely attached, I have been a different person. Those things I did with impunity before I was thirty are now just

further indications of the terrible state into which I have fallen. When I was twenty-nine I could wipe the noses and wash the faces of dozens of dirty urchins without exciting any comment. Now, if I so much as give a youngster a friendly pat, I am trying to satisfy a 'thwarted maternal instinct.' If I remark how lucky this or that friend is to have two lovely children, if I like to wander through the doll section of a department store, it is that maternal instinct showing itself again.

I wonder where I kept it all these years? Perhaps it was just sitting around quietly, waiting for that thirtieth birthday; now it can show itself and chortle, 'I'm your thwarted maternal instinct. Don't pretend you don't know me. All your acquaintances say my place is with you. Better be satisfied with me and say nothing.' Until now I have not complained.

Just when I had become accustomed to the thwarted maternal instinct, I discovered I was supposed to be neurotic. It all happened this way. It had been a terrible week, one disappointment and trial after another, and I sat down to have a good old-fashioned cry, the kind I used to have before I was thirty. But did I receive a kindly pat on the back and encouraging words as formerly I did? I did not. Now they tell me I am neurotic when I cry. When I was twenty-nine I could sob for no reason at all, and nothing was thought of it. Now I must do all my weeping at a dark movie where all my friends are too busy wiping away their own tears to notice my neurotic tendencies.

Now that I am thirty, my friends are sure there is nothing in life I want more than a husband. They tell me I must be very circumspect and careful, for, after thirty, so strong is the desire for a mate that a young woman will take any man — object matrimony. This is rather surprising news to hear about myself, and I hasten to explain that since turning thirty I have refused a proposal of marriage. At that explanation, my friends shake their heads and say compassionately yet reprovingly, 'Well, you're getting too particular. After thirty a girl thinks no man is good enough for her.' And they look at me as if they secretly thought I was doing a little prevaricating. Yes, when a woman is twenty-nine she may refuse a proposal of marriage and be sane; but if she refuses after she is thirty, her mind is slightly unbalanced.

Sometimes I feel my well-meaning friends are a little disappointed when I fail to appreciate their efforts to find a life partner for me. And when at some party, during which their attempts at matchmaking have been very obvious and crude, I remonstrate with them, they subside a little ungraciously. But I know it is not to be for long. After my departure they will talk about me and resolve to do something to show me the errors of my ways. My hostess will say, 'I can't see how it is that Alice never married. She's a rather good-looking girl, dresses well, is talented and agreeable enough. She probably has some peculiar ideas about marriage. It really is a shame. Before she knows it she will be one of those funny old maids, and no one will want to marry her.'

By the time the last guest has departed, I shall have been completely psychoanalyzed according to Freud, Adler, and a dozen others. My complexes will have been brought out for inspection, criticism, diagnosis, and prognosis; I shall have been given credit for several kinds of neuroses, dangerous and harmless. And as my hostess prepares for bed she will most likely say to a sleepy and bored mate, 'Well, if Alice is going to persist in acting the way she does, I'm not going to bother any more about her. I've done all I could for her.'

In some devious manner she will again impart that news to someone who will be sure to forward it to me, and I shall sit and wonder if I deserve all this censure. I shall think and think, but no solution to the problem will come except this: I am thirty — and single!

ALICE ORDWAY

THE PERFECT WORD

THE perfect word — when to say it, how to say it, when not to say it. . . . I pondered this problem as I walked in the pleasant rain along the top of Catoctin Mountain, from whence one may look down upon two of the loveliest valleys in Maryland, Frederick Valley on one side and

Middletown on the other; while every now and again the wind — 'air in a hurry,' as some schoolboy has defined it — snatched from the wet catnip by the roadside wafts of fragrance that rebuked all human speech. One fleeting breath of its perfume said to my nose more things of moment than I could say to anybody's ears in the whole of a long life.

Nevertheless, I reflected, scrunching happily along the wet lane, though we may not speak with the ecstasy of fragrance, yet we humans do sometimes, in our own poor way, come very near to perfection in the art of words. This I thought because just the day before I had heard what appeared to me to be the perfect word spoken in a perfect way, and by just the right person.

To my mind the perfect word must be much more than merely an apt or witty reflection; it must not only relieve a situation with exquisite tact, but must also raise the spirits and rejoice the heart, so that for all concerned the world becomes a pleasanter place because for a moment certain words have patterned the air. Moreover, my own preference is not, as a rule, for the sayings of the great upon great occasions, but rather for those of the man in the street, or the woman in the kitchen, tossed off casually in shirt sleeves, or spoken from behind gingham aprons. All of which is a large order, perhaps, but it has been done in the past — just yesterday, for instance — and I hope for it again in the future.

Would that I might recall some remark of my own to offer as Exhibit A in a collection of perfect words; but for myself, alas, I can only offer examples of the imperfect word, or how not to do it. In the matter of felicitous speech any old colored mammy of the South can give me points. Here is an instance: I am a visitor, but have overslept, and am so late for breakfast that I come down to an empty dining room. I apologize for my lateness to the old colored waitress. 'Oh, you is n't late — *we's* early,' she responds with prompt courtesy.

Indeed, so many classic examples of happy speech on the part of the old-time Negro — or the new-time one as well, for that matter — rise to my memory that I am happy to think that sometimes the perfect word has been spoken to them. Dr. Moton, the head of Tuskegee, tells this incident of his father, who, when still in his teens, went to the war with his master as his body servant. The master was killed, and the Negro boy, taking his watch and epaulets, started for home with the sad news. In attempting to slip through the Northern lines, however, he was captured, and brought before General Grant. The boy was in great distress — anguish over the death of his master, and wild panic over being captured by the enemy. The tears were rolling down his cheeks.

Grant, a figure of supreme terror to the captive, was slouching in a low camp chair.

'What are you doing here?' he thundered.

The boy made out to tell his story as best he could.

'My master's been killed, an' I promised my mistress I'd take good keer of him, but now he's dead, an' — an' so I'm takin' his watch an' things on back home.'

'What do you go back there for? Stay here!' Grant shot at him, still slouching in his chair, and glaring at him.

'No, sah,' the boy sobbed. 'I gotter git back. My master's dead, an' —'

'Stay here, and we'll set you free,' he was offered.

'No, sah, no!' he persisted through his tears. 'I *got* ter git on back — I jest got to! My master's dead, an' I promised I'd take keer of him — an' I'm takin' his things back. I — I promised — an' now he's dead —'

Then Grant straightened up, tore a sliver from a newspaper, wrote and signed, 'Pass Negro boy with trophies of his master through the lines, and give him every assistance.'

Perfect words, I submit; still they were written long ago, while the ones which started me on these reflections were spoken just yesterday.

My friend and I, in her motor, slipped down the long slope of Catoctin Mountain. In the distance was South Mountain, a battlefield of the War between the States, as my Southern friends insist it should be called; or the War of the Rebellion, as my New England grandmother, with a flash in her eye, used to startle me by calling it; or the Civil War, as just anybody calls it.

All the road we traveled, indeed, knew the alarums and excursions of that period. But now the valley is healed of conflict, and lay so still and serene that one could imagine its heart to be tuned to the Negro spiritual, 'Ain't goin' study 'bout war no more.' So in the golden light of afternoon we came at last to our destination, Harpers Ferry, where, rushing out of the mountains, the two lovely rivers swirl their waters together, and three states touch.

The first citizen to approach was an ancient Negro, making what speed he could on two sticks to cross the road to us for the sake of selling picture postcards of the town. As we bought of him, he exploded spontaneously into speech. My dull ears failed to catch what he said, but my friend was transfixed. 'Oh, you must hear this!' she cried, turning to me. 'This old uncle says his father was owned by George Washington's father, and that Washington told the father his first son must be named after him and all his brothers. He was the first son, so his name is — ' She turned back to the smiling old colored man. 'Lawrence,' he prompted her, bowing happily. 'Lawrence,' my friend tossed neatly on to me. 'Augustine George,' the old darky continued. 'Augustine George,' my friend amplified. I caught George all right, but muffed Augustine, as he was new to me. So it went on like some quaint game of ball, the names of Washington and all his brothers flying gayly about from mouth to mouth in the open street, until at last I had them all, and realized that before me, done in ebony, stood Lawrence Augustine George Samuel John Charles Washington.

I was stunned. Was it possible, even old as this old citizen undoubtedly was, that his father could have been owned by Washington's father? No doubt those wise in dates — in which I am otherwise — could have settled the matter at once, but my mind was teased by it all through our inspection of Harpers Ferry. So much so that I could not keep my doubts decently to myself, but needs must blurt them out to all the world, when on our departure we paused at the toll bridge. 'Uncle' had returned to what was evidently his accustomed seat near the bridge. My friend, pointing him out to the toll keeper, said, 'That old colored man says his father was owned by George Washington's father.' Whereat I, always as blundering as a June bug indoors, and not realizing that Lawrence Augustine George Samuel John Charles Washington might overhear me and be hurt, broke in with, 'Oh, that can't be so!'

Then it was that the toll keeper, in one clean leap of words, rose, as it seemed to me, to the starry heights of speech. Evincing none of the Anglo-Saxon superiority to the African race to which he was heir, and too courteous to insult our ignorance with dates, he permitted just the faintest flicker of amusement to dawdle over his face — none of your broad sarcastic grins, only the merest twinkle from the banked fires of mirth within, as he drawled, 'Must be so if he says it.'

The perfect word! The whole situation was saved, everybody was pleased, nobody's feelings were hurt, and truth, if not exactly established, had been at least respected. 'Uncle' waved a forgiving hand to us, crying, 'Hope you-all gits home safe!' And we sped away across the bridge, laughing. We laughed and laughed, all the way from Harpers Ferry to the Merry Land Tract in Maryland.

I laughed again as I recalled it this morning, twirling my umbrella in the rain on Catoctin Mountain. And as I did so even the catnip, in a fresh gust of fragrance, offered what seemed to me its applause as well.

MARGARET PRESCOTT MONTAGUE

A LONDON LAND TRANSACTION

A FRIEND of mine here in London has just received a rather valuable piece of land, given her, curiously enough, by her six-year-old son.

She took him, the Saturday before her enrichment, to buy his school outfit. The mere nature of the errand removed him completely from the baby school he had shamefully attended the year before. Some of the big-boy garments he consented to have sent home, but to part from his football costume would have been more than he could bear. So the parcel with the boots and the cherry-red and black shirt and the

shorts he carried cautiously all the way himself. As soon as he got home, he hurried into them, and, since no one had made him self-conscious about vanity, for most of an hour he admired himself earnestly and without misgivings before the glass.

His father came home for lunch, and John ate in his football boots, from time to time lifting his feet politely to the level of the table to make sure they were still shod with the doughty symbols of his maturity. At bedtime he protested against removing them. 'The nights are getting so cold now, Mummie,' he urged. She compromised by tying them together and hanging them over the top of the bed, and then she added a long string, so that the soles, with their impressive great bars, all but touched the head on the pillow.

On Sunday he asked to be taken to church in his sporting togs. 'They're much the best clothes I ever had,' he argued. On Monday he had a tea party for his great-aunts. 'It would be too bad if you missed seeing me in my shorts,' he explained when he invited them. This was far truer than he knew. He admired himself eagerly, to be sure, but only maturity could appreciate all the loveliness of his innocent little face. On Tuesday he was feverish. His high hopes were exhausting him. My heart sank when I looked at him, for of course he would be disappointed with the school.

But when he came home Wednesday it was evident he had entered into his first ecstasy. His eyes were tired of admiring. His tongue was entirely inadequate.

'Oh, Mummie, you did n't tell me how nice prayers are! We march up to the hall with the big boys in a line. I do love prayers! They kick you from behind all the time! Mummie, how did you guess what we should have for lunch? You said we should have potatoes and cabbage, and we did, and nobody but men and boys, and if you forget to say "sir," they poke you in the ribs. What time is it now, Mummie? I wish I could go to prayers right now!'

On Thursday his raptures were undiminished. I was having tea with his mother that afternoon, and he sat limply at the table — I supposed because he was tired. He had paused in his excited narrative now and then to bolt a bite of bread and butter. All at once he cried, 'Oh, excuse me!'

The suddenness of his jumping from the table and the urgency of his tone suggested some physical emergency. He ran, however, not toward the bathroom door, but to the great wing chair in the farther corner of the room. He ran with a wild yell, and he grabbed that heavy creature below the knees, and brought him down, worrying him like a terrier, with fearful growls.

'What are you doing, John?' his mother exclaimed. 'Come and sit down and eat your supper!'

'I'm tackling him!' he replied, earnestly. 'That's the way the big boys tackle, Mummie!' And thereupon he fell upon the great half-back again, roaring like a bear. We rescued the furniture. He came back to the table and began bolting his food. His mother reminded him to eat slowly.

'I can't, Mummie. I've got to hurry.'

'What's the hurry?'

'I've got to go to bed.'

'At five o'clock?'

'Yes, I got to go to bed. I'm going to play football to-morrow. We've got to go to bed early, they told us. We've got to save our breafs.'

I was there when he burst into the living room on Friday. Running to his mother, he relapsed into infancy. With one arm hugging her, he kissed her unashamed. His cherry-red cap was over one ear. His cheeks were the color of the cap. His small nose was one black smudge. His long lashes drooped wearily over his shining dark eyes.

'Oh, Mummie, I played football! Oh, Mummie, I did!' he murmured, again and again. She quieted him. His hand kept tugging at his greatcoat pocket.

'What have you got there?' she asked, with a gesture of help.

'Oh, I've got you a present, Mummie. I've got you a surprise!'

And he jumped from her lap, and applied both hands for his purpose. The gift, being large, stuck stubbornly, but he managed to get it out. He handed it to her reverently.

'I've brought you a present, Mummie! Here's part of our football field for you.' And he laid in her lap a very hard large lump of clay.

MARGARET WILSON